

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2716.—VOL. XCVIII.

SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1891.

THIRTY-SIX SIXPENCE.
PAGES 3 BY POST, 6½D.



THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES OPENING THE NAVAL EXHIBITION.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

It is strange that, while golf is being taken into favour throughout the South, nothing is ever said in favour of bowls, which, with the exception of golf, is the most popular game in Scotland. In England it once had an undisputed supremacy, but, save in our universities, where the trim smooth bowling-green is still the most peaceful and picturesque spot in the college garden, it is now almost unknown: the places that once knew it are generally now desecrated by croquet or lawn tennis. In Edinburgh, however, there is many a one, tended with the reverential care that befits the scene of so much science and philosophy (chiefly of the school of Bias). Scotsmen of mature years, notwithstanding their damp climate, do not, I suppose, suffer from the rheumatism like us Southrons, or, at all events, do not groan so when there is anything heavy to be picked up: they "troll the bowl," in every sense, with much more vigour than we do. It is a pity that so fine a game should have fallen into desuetude. It had not the tediousness of cricket, with its "overs" that are never over; nor the frantic hurry of lawn tennis; nor the murderous brutality of football. Above all, it was social; it had the sympathetic partisanship of whist, without its enforced silence; and then the scene—"pure pastoral": what peace, what quiet, and what cooling drinks! You could smoke, too, all the time, except at the moment when you were delivering the bowl that came "cranking in," and with a lovely curve softly kissed "the Jack," and cut out its rivals. Unfortunately, one had to stoop to conquer: it is that stooping which (except in politics) plays the deuce with us after fifty.

The special luck of the late Marshal von Moltke in his last rubber of whist, in one game of which he is said to have won all thirteen tricks, was indeed remarkable, unless, indeed, it comes under the category of what the Scotch call being "fey"—the state of exaltation and triumph which precedes a catastrophe; for it has been laid down by a great whist-player that players in ill-health—and, of course, far more on the verge of dissolution—are unlucky. This is, generally speaking, quite true, though it is not improbable that they themselves, being out of form, "negligently contribute," as the lawyers say, to the result, and thereby help to establish a superstition. The same thing may be said of players habitually unlucky—and that such players exist is certain, let the scientific folks say what they will: they are depressed by previous ill-fortune, dare not make even justifiable finessees, and are generally "demoralised" and play "below their game."

Moltke has been a lucky man all his life—as regards fame, at all events, and not the less so in his death. If print and paper can make one immortal, half a dozen columns in the *Times* should surely do it: and Moltke got more than that. It would almost seem—from a journalist's point of view—that the great strategist timed his demise so as to produce the greatest effect. If a general election had been going on, this master of millions would not have got three columns of obituary to follow him; if there had been a European war he would have had to put up with one column. It is quite curious how so much of immortality as can be conferred by newspaper notices is dependent upon opportuneness. The most favourable time for an obituary is (as it should be) the dead season. It was remarked to me the other day, by one who understands this subject, that one of the most striking examples of maladroitness in this respect was the case of Damas the elder, who, though he had become a household word throughout two continents, and numbered his readers by the hundred thousand, was dismissed from the world in little more than a paragraph. Notwithstanding his appreciation of his own renown, he was so inconsiderate as to "join the majority" at the worst possible epoch—in the middle of the Franco-German War. The same authority went on to point out, in what I could not but consider a somewhat cynical way (but journalists are so cynical), that there are now only three men left in the world to whom six columns of obituary are likely to be devoted, even in peace time—namely, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Tennyson, and Prince Bismarck. It seems strange, when we consider the passion for personal advertisement that belongs to the present day, and from which our bards are by no means free, that no poet has embalmed in verse his aspirations to pass away in the dull season. They sing about the springtime as being so delightful for that purpose, with the birds twittering on the trees, and the flowers all a-growing and a-blowing, and so forth; but the proper time for it is really the early autumn, when Parliament is not sitting, and there is plenty of room in "Our Columns" for what journalists call obituaries and poets' coronachs.

If anyone in the fiction line of business should describe a marriage ceremony in which the bridegroom was six feet in his stockings (where there are usually but two) and the bride a dwarf, and the gentleman who gave her away had no hand to do it with, and signed the marriage certificate with the pen between his teeth, the scene would be described by the reviewers as exaggerated, and perhaps even grotesque. If he added that one of the two bridesmaids was a giantess, and the other a fire queen, he would certainly be accused of being too sensational: yet this all happened, I read, the other day, at South Shields. Unfortunately, it took place at the registrar's office, which must have deprived good churchgoers of a treat. Such is the present fashion for notoriety that many people would probably be what the late Mr. Barnum called "freaks," rather than the commonplace individuals that nature has made them; but such exceptional advantages involve many inconveniences. A "freak," if he is really freakish, cannot take his walks abroad except at night, on account of his great personal attractions, and this confinement often generates ill-temper. At the late fire in the Dime Museum at New York the "pig-faced boy," we are told, was saved with difficulty, because he flew at the firemen and others engaged on their

errand of mercy, under the impression that the conflagration was only a device for an opportunity of seeing him for nothing. This is what comes of egotism (and pig-headedness); while the behaviour of the boa-constrictor (who never, I suppose, got out at all, even at night) was so menacing and unsympathetic on the occasion in question that he was left to perish in the flames. It would be a nice question in morals whether, under such circumstances, even a member of the Anti-Vivisection Society would not be justified in leaving a boa-constrictor to his fate.

I am told—for I never go to such places—that at the Royal Academy Dinner "Literature and Science" were not a little astonished at finding themselves ignored in the list of toasts, and "Music and the Drama" substituted for them. I had the misfortune to be visited by them the next morning, when they had not at all got over it. Literature lolled in with both his hands in his pockets, pretending he didn't care, but he looked volumes (three volumes); and Science, with his hands itching to be in somebody else's pockets ("the endowment of research," you know), made even a poorer attempt to appear indifferent. Between ourselves, they are not generally in agreement, having a very genuine contempt for one another, but the common slight that had been put upon them had made them brothers, or (as it turned out) half-brothers. "I don't care for myself," said L., "for literature, like virtue (which, indeed, it greatly resembles), has always been its own reward, but that my dear friend S. should have been subjected to such an indignity, I confess, gave me great pain. To find Fiddle-de-dee returning thanks for his miserable trade, and S. sitting dumb beside me, was a most distressing experience."

"Don't think of me," said S.—with a look that was very far from good-natured, as though he would have added "you know you very seldom do"—"my calling is one entirely independent of advertisement of all kinds, but it annoyed me indeed to hear Fee-fa-fum speaking for his illegitimate calling (to say the least of it), while my dear L. was reduced to silence."

"And had to listen to him," ejaculated L. plaintively.

Here S. shook his head at me privately, as much as to say, "That was not the case; L. was past that, as usual." "No," he continued, "I don't mind the Queen and the royal family, nor the Army and Navy (*much*), nor the Church (nobody does), nor her Majesty's Ministers (though there is little enough to be got out of them), but there is 'a line' at the Academy, and I think it ought to be drawn somewhere—somewhere above Music and the Drama." Then, with a rapid change from satire to ferocity, "What the deuce did they mean by it, confound their impudence?"

"You mean the Academy?" I suggested.

"Well, of course I do," and he murmured something to himself (as S. always does when he is angry) sounding very like "You donkey!"

"Well, the fact is," said L., "they know nothing about us."

"They certainly don't seem to know much about *you*," sneered S. "They have had an American author to return thanks for English literature for the last fifteen years, and, now he's gone, I'm told they can't find any English author who can speak."

L. turned such a dreadful purple that I thought it very likely that he would never speak; or, at all events, ever speak to S. again. That gentleman, however, had taken himself off in a fury—been carried away by his passion—and we heard him, as he stamped downstairs, abusing the Royal Academy and the Pentateuch alternately.

I loosened poor L.'s shirt-collar, and offered him drinks. After three or four of them he came round. "You will not, of course, go to this dinner any more?" I said.

"Yes, I shall; it is my duty; my presence there is the only link they have to letters. They may propose 'The Circus,' for all I care (and I dare say they will next time); but what I could never stand would be their including that infernal Science in their programme and leaving Literature alone, out in the cold; and, upon my life, I believe they're capable of it!"

It was a dreadful scene, and I was glad when it was over.

Of course, the results of the American Census are much more remarkable than those of our own. They were bound to be so. The great Republic has always the advantage of us in "curios" of all kinds; for example, they have got the oldest woman in the world. In England quite a fuss is made about the discovery of a centenarian. In Philadelphia, on the other hand, there has been found a lady of 114, "still in very good health." It is, perhaps, unnecessary to add that Washington patted her head when she was a little girl. However, what is of more consequence to us is that her explanation of her long life and health tallies with the excuses given by very old people in our own country for living so much longer than has been arranged for by the compilers of the annuity tables. "The reason why I am here now," she explained, "is because I never worried about anything in my life. If I didn't have anything" (i.e., get what she wanted), "I didn't worry about it, and I've never had even a headache": this last being the more remarkable, since of late years she has taken, and very kindly, to milk-punch. Let the doctors, and the vegetarians, and the total abstainers, and the anti-everythingarians say what they will, that is the true secret of health and longevity; not to worry, nor be worried. Care will kill a cat, and a human being much more easily; but "Don't care" lives for ever. It is not necessary to be indifferent, but only not to fret. "Trust in God, and take short views," was Sydney Smith's favourite motto. It is long views—the looking ahead for troubles and meeting them halfway—that saps mankind's health and happiness. Foolish people are always talking about overwork, and also some persons who are wise after a certain fashion. I notice that rich men, who suffer poor ones who have a claim upon them to perish for want of a little assistance, always ascribe their dissolution to over-work. "The sword," they say, "wore out

the scabbard, poor fellow"; and so dismiss him (they flatter the selves) rather neatly.

There was a time—how far, far back it seems, and what revenges has the whirligig of politics brought about!—when we were told by a most competent authority in the House of Lords concerning Mr. John Bright that "the Queen would have none of him." And now, among other members of the Labour Commission, appears "our trusty and well-beloved Councillor Tom Mann, Esq." I do not question his deserts, which, for all I know, may be beyond caviar, but one fancies that mode of address from Majesty must have been unexpected to him. It almost makes me hope that the dream of my life may be accomplished, in being one day addressed as "his Serenity." That is the title, so to speak (and if I had money enough), "for my money." Nobody uses it now (perhaps the vulgar popularity of the phrase "all serene" put it out of favour); but while it lasted it was, to my mind, incomparable. St. Foix says it was at one time given to kings, but they so often lost their tempers that the term became ridiculous. It is not generally known that monarchs were originally addressed as "Your Grace," and not until Henry the Eighth's time as "your Majesty." Disraeli the elder says—what one wonders his son, on a certain occasion, did not make use of—that Selden vindicates the right of a King of England to the title of Emperor. The love of these verbal distinctions, however deplorable, is universal.

And never yet was Title did not move;
And never eke a mind that Title did not love.

HOME NEWS.

The Queen, says *Truth*, had a very bad passage from Cherbourg to Portsmouth, there being a heavy loup on the sea, which caused the Victoria and Albert to pitch and roll most uncomfortably. The Queen, contrary to her usual custom, remained in the cabin after the yacht had arrived at the railway jetty, and the Duke of Connaught, who was waiting to receive her, went on board and joined her below. Her Majesty did not appear on deck until the luggage had been landed and the train was ready to start, and then she was assisted in her progress to the saloon, in which she was to travel, by an Indian servant.

By command of the Queen, the Prince of Wales will hold Levées at St. James's Palace, on behalf of her Majesty, on Friday, May 15, and on Friday, June 5, at two o'clock. The usual announcement is made to the effect that presentations at the Levées shall be considered as equivalent to presentations to her Majesty.

The Queen came to London from Windsor on May 5. Princess Christian and Princesses Victoria and Louise of Schleswig-Holstein visited her Majesty at Buckingham Palace shortly afterwards. The Queen drove out to Hyde Park a few minutes later, with Princess Beatrice, in an open landau drawn by four fine bays ridden by postillions and preceded by a couple of outriders. Major-General Sir John McNeill and Sir Henry Ewart, the mounted equestrians in attendance, escorted the Queen and Princess.

The forty-first anniversary of the birthday of the Duke of Connaught was celebrated in London and at Windsor Castle on May 1, in the customary manner.

Lord Salisbury had an audience of the Queen at Buckingham Palace on May 5. The audience lasted an hour.

The Queen has been pleased to approve the appointment of the Right Hon. W. H. Smith, M.P., to be Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports and Constable of Dover Castle, in the room of the late Earl Granville, K.G.; and of the Earl of Derby, K.G., to be Chancellor of the University of London, in the place of the deceased peer.

A large meeting of Conservative members of Parliament has been held to protest against the Government proposals of Assisted Education, under the presidency of Sir Richard Temple. Some of those present regretted the position in which they had been placed by being asked to support a principle which they had repeatedly denounced in their addresses to their constituents. It was, however, agreed that nothing was to be gained by forming a "cave."

At the Annual Grand Lodge of English Freemasons, held on April 29, the Prince of Wales was installed as Grand Master for another year, Lord Mount-Edgumbe as his deputy, and Lord Lathom as pro-Grand Master. In the evening there was a dinner at Freemasons' Hall, at which Lord Mount-Edgumbe presided.

Mr. Patrick O'Brien, M.P., was released from Kilmainham Jail on May 5, on the expiration of his sentence of six months passed by the Tipperary magistrates.

Lord James Douglas, brother of the Marquis of Queensberry and of Lady Florence Dixie, was found dead, on May 5, at the North-Western Hotel, Euston Station. He arrived from Holyhead the previous night, having been fishing in Ireland for the last ten days. He retired to rest soon afterwards, and nothing more was seen or heard of him until 10.30 in the morning. At that hour a servant went to his bed-room with a telegram, and found Lord James lying on the floor with his throat cut.

The Royal Academy banquet, on May 2, included among its guests the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of Connaught, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, Mr. Goschen, and Mr. A. J. Balfour. The Prince of Wales, in an interesting speech, reminded the president that he had had the privilege, with a few exceptions, of responding to the toast of his health at that festival for twenty-eight years. His Royal Highness referred sympathetically to the loss of Sir Edgar Boehm. Mr. Goschen, replying to the toast of her Majesty's Ministers, made merry over the portraits of Mr. Balfour and Mr. Gladstone. "I see," he said, "that even the pugnacity of my right honourable friend the Chief Secretary for Ireland is toned down to the reflective attitude of the author of 'Philosophic Doubt'; and the mighty veteran of Parliamentary warfare, the member for Midlothian, is depicted rapt in the restful study of a favourite book." Lord Justice Bowen drew an amusing parallel between the President's picture of "Persephone" and the Clitheroe case, the Queen of Heaven returning from her husband's to her mother's embrace, released from an unwelcome honeymoon by the special order of the Court of Appeal, to which he had the honour to belong. Sir Frederick Leighton, in acknowledging the toast of his health, referred to that delightful artist and unsurpassed student of character Charles Keene: "Never have the humours of the life of certain classes of Englishmen been seized with such unerring grasp as in his works, never have they been arrested with a more masterly artistic skill."

Captain Verney, M.P., pleaded guilty at the Central Criminal Court on May 6 to divers offences under the Criminal Law Amendment Act, and was sentenced by Mr. Justice Smith to twelve months' imprisonment.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

These Land Purchase Bill debates are pretty nearly the most oppressive things in my experience. The worst of them is that they are quite unrelieved by any flashes of Celtic humour. I sigh for the days of Sir Patrick O'Brien. That legislator was quite as long-winded and involved as some of the orators who now discourse by the hour below the gangway, but he had his moments of unapproachable diversion. When Mr. Seymour Keay is affrighting time, I often recall Sir Patrick in his characteristic vein. The inexorable Keay frequently arrives at the end of a long sentence without the smallest idea of its meaning, but it is only to plunge into another equally long, and equally devoid of significance. That was not Sir Patrick's way. I well remember the occasion when he had wandered through a more labyrinthine period than usual, and the House had been waiting patiently for the full stop. The last involution came, and the final parenthesis unwound itself. Everybody sat in complete mystification. Sir Patrick paused a moment, and then, beaming on the Chair, remarked, with an eloquent wave of the hand, "That, Sir, is the consideration which has influenced me." It was an extraordinary scene. The House burst into the wildest mirth. Members who were scarcely on speaking terms dug one another in the ribs, and almost embraced in the delirium of enjoyment. Peal after peal of laughter made the welkin ring, and Sir Patrick stood with a slightly puzzled smile wondering why the consideration which had influenced him should cause such astonishing merriment. But this was not all. It was in the course of the same speech that Sir Patrick O'Brien gave some racy descriptions of his Irish colleagues. Mr. T. P. O'Connor, he said, was "our weekly Plutarch, Mr. Speaker, at two guineas a column for the syndicate." The House was sorry when this entertainment came to an end. Sir Patrick could not speak too long nor too often, and even from the Lobby came echoes of his fame; for when the Liberal whip, finding that the orator intended to vote with the Conservatives in consequence of the consideration which had influenced him, advised Sir Patrick to go home, that gallant Celt eyed his monitor for a minute, and inquired, "And so ye advise me to go home, do ye?" "Yes, Sir Patrick, I think you had better go." "Then ye don't know Lady O'Brien," was the irresistible rejoinder.

Alas! we have no such flashes of Irish humour now. This schism in the Nationalist Party has made them all desperately glum. Even the redoubtable Tim is not the humourist that he was. Mr. Sexton was once full of brilliant sallies, but now he is as sombre as Mr. William Johnston of Ballykilbeg. Dr. Tanner's voice is rarely heard. There was a touch of the old Tanner the other evening, when the Treasury explained that there was no intention of buying the seven cartoons which have been exhibited as Raphael's. The very name of Raphael excited Dr. Tanner's suspicions. You could see that he was passing before his mind's eye all the works of that immortal, and rapidly calculating the chances whether seven of them could possibly be collected for an independent exhibition in one place. It was the feat of a moment, and then Dr. Tanner rose and said, "Are you sure of their authenticity?" No intonation could have conveyed with more robust significance the suggestion that the Treasury did not know a Raphael from a sketch by Mr. Harry Furniss. "Dear me," I could hear Mr. Smith murmuring to Mr. Balfour, "I wonder whether they *are* authentic, now?" "Don't know," replied the Chief Secretary. "Ask Goschen. He's been to the Academy dinner. Perhaps he had Raphaels in his soup." "In his soup!" exclaimed Mr. Smith. "You don't mean to say they eat these things?" "Frequently," said Mr. Balfour, gravely. "They tell me some old masters make excellent mock turtle, and others go uncommonly well with"—But here Sir John Gorst made his joke.

Sir John is the unknown quantity of this Ministry. You never know exactly what he will say, and the only fixed idea the House has concerning him is that he differs absolutely from his colleagues, and has the smallest possible respect for his chiefs. He was asked for some information about the extraordinary blundering which led to the disaster in Manipur, and he gave the usual official reply—that is to say, he said nothing in elegant terms. Pressed to be explicit, he retorted, "I have made the answer which my noble friend has instructed me to make." The noble friend is Viscount Cross, who must have been delighted when he heard of Sir John's agreeable tribute to his statecraft. The relations between the Secretary of State for India and such an Under-Secretary must be ideal. You can picture conferences between them and the noble friend enjoining Sir John to be extremely circumspect, and the Under-Secretary responding with urbane irony, as much as to say, "I wish I had five thousand a year for teaching my grandmother how to suck eggs." I don't suppose that the common stock of knowledge possessed by these two statesmen about India amounts to much. The great charm of the India Office is that it is always directed by men who scarcely know even an Indian curry by sight. If Sir John Gorst's noble friend were asked suddenly to explain a curry, he would probably mistake it for a coolie, but he would certainly decline to commit himself on a departmental matter of such great importance, and he would instruct Sir John Gorst to make an adamant resistance to any curiosity on the subject that might infect the region below the gangway.

Another trait of Sir John's character is his incipient revolution. He wants to reconstruct industrial society. His noble friend positively shudders at his sentiments. It is believed by some country gentlemen who inhabit the back benches that when he was at Berlin Sir John endeavoured to persuade the Emperor to proclaim the Socialist Republic, and make him Chancellor. Mr. Chaplin has been heard to say, "I distrust Gorst! Thank Heaven there is nothing in common between him and me except an eyeglass!" But Sir John would find himself at home with any company of *sansculottes*. He would undertake the entire responsibilities of the Government at a moment's notice, and set his noble friend to mend quill pens for the emancipated Hindoo. He would turn the world upside down without taking his glass out of his eye. Such are the potentialities of Sir John Gorst, and yet I suspect that he will have no more material monument than an occasional quip at his noble friend's expense.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

MR. W. LIDDERDALE.

The City of London, especially the banking and commercial interests, will not forget the important services lately rendered by Mr. William Lidderdale, Governor of the Bank of England,

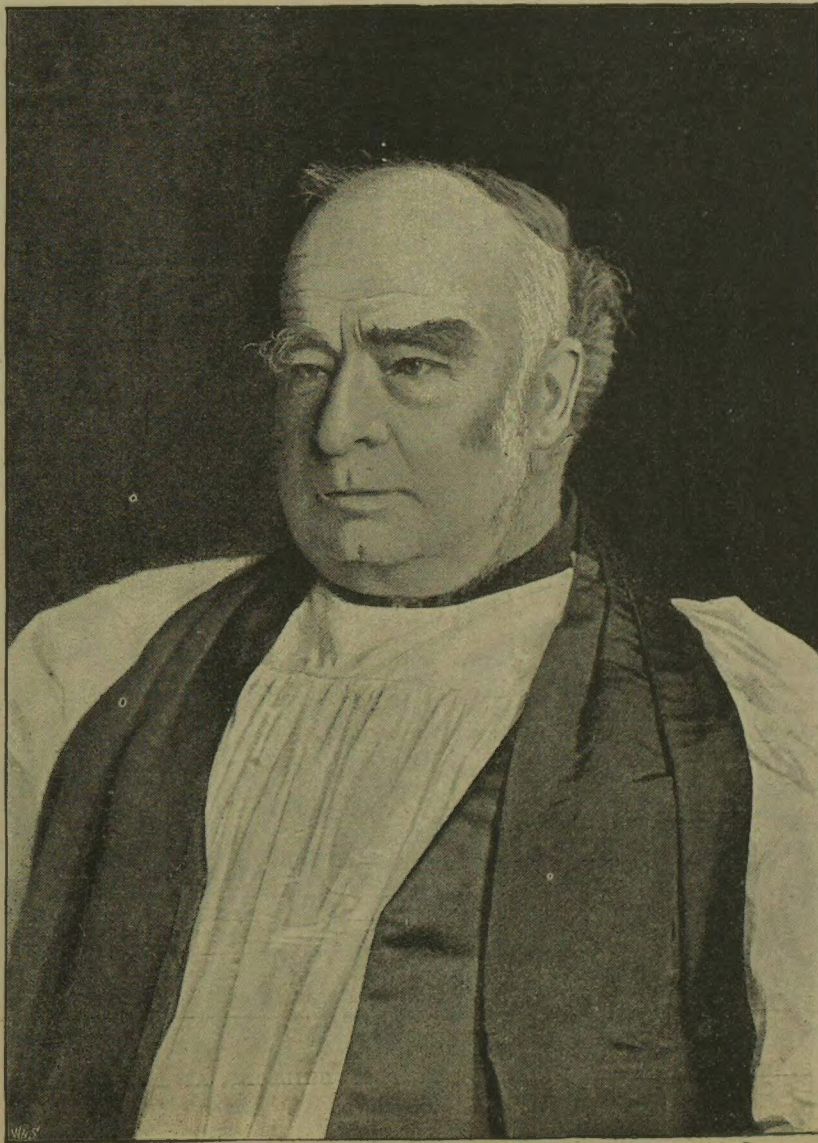


MR. W. LIDDERDALE,
GOVERNOR OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

in his action during the crisis occasioned by the embarrassment of Messrs. Baring, and in several other transactions. This gentleman, whose portrait we give, was born on July 16, 1832, at St. Petersburg, his father, of Scotch descent, being a merchant in that city. After being educated at a private school in Cheshire, he entered the establishment of Messrs. Edward Heath and Co., of Liverpool, Russia merchants, from which he passed to that of Messrs. Rathbone, and, in 1857, became, for nearly six years, their business representative at New York; in 1864 he was admitted partner in their firm, and undertook the management of its London business. Mr. Lidderdale has been a Director of the Bank of England since 1870; he was elected Deputy Governor in 1887, Governor in April 1889, and has been re-elected Governor. He married, in 1868, a daughter of Mr. Wadsworth Busk, formerly of St. Petersburg. The portrait is copied, by permission, from "Our Celebrities," the series of fine plates issued monthly by Mr. Walery, photographer to the Queen, and published by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co.

THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

The death of the Archbishop of York so soon after his elevation to Archbishop Thomson's place is nothing short of a tragedy. Lord Salisbury's choice was only made known in



THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

January, and the new Archbishop has only had a month or so of actual enjoyment of his dignity. Dr. Magee was just seventy years old; but at the time of his appointment it was thought a little doubtful whether his health would hold out. He was, perhaps, the most brilliant ecclesiastical orator of his day—style, voice, manner, and matter being all impressive.

The Archbishop's reputation as a pulpit orator was largely made during his tenure of the deanery of Cork and of the Chapel Royal, Dublin. He represented a kind of common-sense doctrine, distasteful of extremes of any kind, in no sense keenly emotional, but full of a certain luminous quality which reminded one occasionally of the great Bishop Butler. His famous saying, that he would rather see England free than sober, was a very characteristic utterance, which the Bishop (he was then Bishop of Peterborough) afterwards modified, but which stood largely for his attitude towards what he regarded as "fads" rather than principles.

His last great sermon in London was preached at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Among the audience was Mr. Gladstone. The Bishop of Peterborough had once heard Mr. Gladstone say that he had never heard a sermon on the text "They that serve the altar have a right to live of the altar," and the Bishop said that when next he preached in London he would select that text. The sermon was marked by all his characteristic originality. He did not apply it to the maintenance of the clergy, but he showed generally the congruity of all moral actions with their results. Mr. Gladstone called it one of the most eloquent sermons he had ever heard, and the Bishop of Derry, who was also among the audience and took part in the service, said that passages of it were equal to Bossuet.

Our Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Russell and Sons, 17, Baker Street.

MAY-DAY FESTIVAL IN KENT.

The village of St. Mary Cray was enlivened on Saturday, May 2, by a pretty festival, held in the Recreation Ground, which must have afforded pleasure to a large number of the people employed in the paper-mills, as well as to the rural folk. The pageant of the Court of King Henry VIII. and Queen Katharine—before that matrimonial despot had begun to get rid of successive wives—was connected with the innocent procession of an old-fashioned "Queen of the May," and with representations of the bold forest outlaws Robin Hood and Little John, the ancient diversions of tilting at the quintain, shooting with the crossbow, morris-dancing, mummers, maskers, and jesters; nor could it be said, on this occasion, "But O, but O, the hobby-horse is forgot!" Miss Ada Lisney made a charming May Queen, while Mr. and Mrs. W. Tickner personated King Henry and his consort, who were attended by lords and ladies, pages, guards, and standard-bearers, with a band of musicians.

THE FUNERAL OF COUNT MOLTKE.

The obsequies attending the removal of Field-Marshal Count von Moltke's body from the city of Berlin, on Tuesday, April 23, to be conveyed to the burial-place at Kreisau, in Silesia, his country residence for some years past, were a very impressive spectacle.

The walking procession that accompanied the open hearse, with the coffin, from the General Staff Offices to the Lehrter railway station was preceded by four squadrons of cavalry, a battalion of the 1st Foot Guards, and other infantry battalions, and three field batteries. Behind the hearse walked the Emperor and the King of Saxony, with Major von Moltke, the Count's nephew and heir, whom his Majesty has appointed one of his personal aides-de-camp. Then, walking three abreast, followed the Grand Dukes of Baden, Hesse, Saxe-Weimar, and Saxony, Prince Henry of Prussia, the Prince Regent of Brunswick, who is a Field-Marshal, and the representatives of all the German Sovereigns. After them came Sir Edward Malet, for the Queen of England, between the Ambassadors of the Czar and the King of Italy. The procession went up the Alsen Strasse, along the Kronprinzen Ufer, across the bridge named after Moltke, and on to the Lehrter Station, in front of which the troops presented arms, while artillery thundered out a farewell salute.

THE MANIPUR EXPEDITION.

The rapid and effective military occupation of Manipur by the troops under the chief command of General Graham, entering that State in three columns simultaneously from Assam, from Burmah, and from Silchar or Cachar, is a satisfactory achievement. The Sketch we have received from a correspondent, Lieutenant A. Wilson, of the 44th Goorkha Light Infantry, writing at Kohima on April 10, represents his regiment starting from Shillong for the recent expedition of the Manipur Field Force. The recruits left behind were loudly cheering the soldiers as they began their march, using a few syllables that mean, as we are told, "Victory, Children of the Raj!"—that is to say, of the Indian Government; but the words sound curiously like our "Hip, hip, hurrah!" The Goorkha regiments of the Bengal army, from all accounts, seem to be the most alert and active fighting men in the forces of British India, and the best adapted to service in a forest or highland country.

HYDE PARK DEMONSTRATION.

The Hyde Park demonstration in favour of an eight-hours day guaranteed by law was not perhaps quite equal in numbers to last year's gathering, but it was a very remarkable assembly of trade-unionists and working-men. The weather was brilliant, the sun shone on the banners and the regalia worn by the marshals and chief officials of the procession, and the pictorial side of the gathering was brilliant in the extreme. For two hours a constant stream of men marched, to the music of scores of bands, from the Embankment to Hyde Park corner, other detachments arriving by the Marble Arch. The entire demonstration was aligned round twelve platforms, forming the segment of a circle, the central point of which was the stunted growth known as the Reformers' Tree. The speakers were entirely working-men, with a slight infusion of the oratorical element supplied by Mr. Cuninghame Graham, M.P., M. Lafargue, a son-in-law of Karl Marx, and English Socialists of the type of Mr. G. B. Shaw, Mr. Hyndman, and others. Mr. Graham and Mr. John Burns were, perhaps, the greatest attractions.



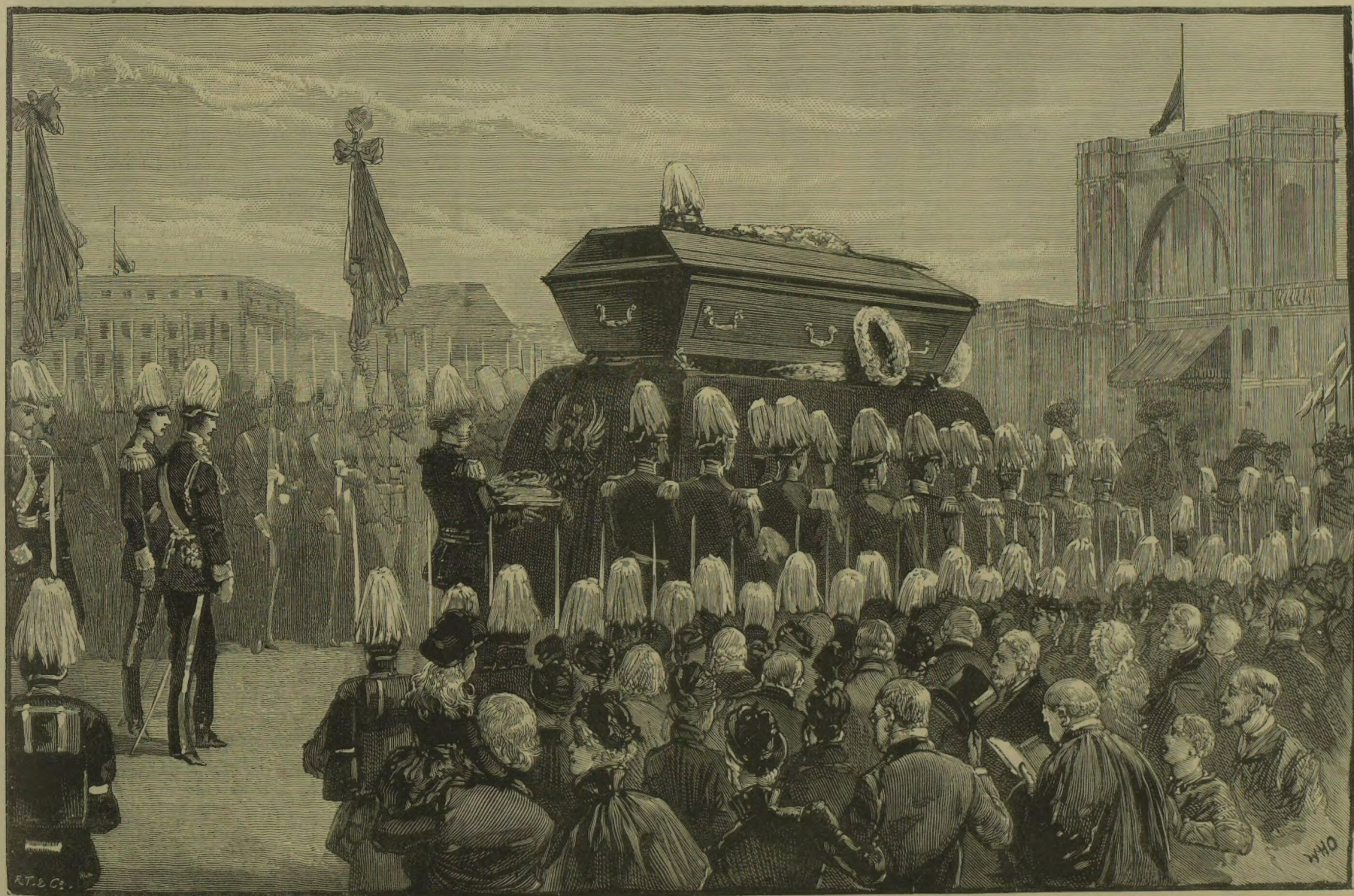
MAY-DAY PROCESSION AT ST. MARY CRAY, KENT.



THE START OF THE MANIPUR EXPEDITION FROM SHILLONG, ASSAM FRONTIER.



ARTILLERY SALUTE AT THE LEHRTER RAILWAY STATION, BERLIN.



PROCESSION TO THE LEHRTER RAILWAY STATION.
THE FUNERAL OF COUNT MOLTKE.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

A good modern play may yet be written on the subject of women's rights and the threatened subjugation of man. It has often been done on the stage, no doubt. You will find it at the root of Mr. Burnand's popular "Colonel," and of course the essence of it is in the old Haymarket play on which "The Colonel" was based, and on the French play which originated both. It came out very strongly in a sketch I once saw at the Adelphi years ago, called "Hen and Chickens," in which Mrs. Stirling and Mr. John Billington distinguished themselves. But the time has come for a very modern women's rights play of the date when women claim—and very properly claim—the right and privilege to smoke a cigarette after dinner with their friends at the Horse Shoe Hotel, in the Tottenham Court Road. Mr. Phillips and Mr. Fendall very nearly got at the fun of the matter, the other morning, at the Criterion Theatre, when a trial trip was given to "Husband and Wife." It is a merry play enough, but, as it stands, it is not quite good enough for what is called the "evening bill." At the same time, it must be granted that the authors were sufficiently unfortunate. One of the leading characters had been marked out for Miss Lottie Venne; but, unfortunately, this clever little actress had met with an accident, and at the last moment Miss Laura Lindon was called in to take her place. This put the whole farce out of gear, the prompter's voice was heard all the afternoon, actors and actresses stumbled over their words, and the whole thing went with a jolt instead of on oiled springs. Mr. George Giddens, Mr. Blakeley, Miss Carlotta Addison, clever little Edith Kenward, and others had devoted much attention to the new play, but their efforts were comparatively wasted.

Of course, much is to be said "pro" as well as "con." for the matinée or trial-play system; but it cannot be said that it works very well at present. I do not, of course, allude to the matinées given at theatres of plays that are enjoying a run. They are in every way admirable. Now that London has grown into such a huge place, and so many thousands live out of town, the new system, inaugurated by Mr. Henry Irving, and followed by Mr. John Hare and others, of giving on certain days of the week afternoon performances instead of evening performances, seems to work admirably well. Indeed, I sometimes think that the tendency of the age is to encourage play-going earlier in the day, instead of later. Our ancestors went to the play between business hours and supper time. The play of the evening was between six and ten. Now that the modern dinner has virtually become a supper, is it not more feasible to go to the play before that meal, instead of after it? If the dinner hour is fixed at eight or half past—often at nine—how is it possible to pay attention to anything but the very lightest of dramatic fare between dinner time and eleven o'clock? Except for something very special—and that certainly not of a very serious kind—people hate to be dragged off to the play after one of these late dinners. But they would vastly enjoy a dramatic entertainment after one of the popular five-o'clock teas, and be able to discuss it all comfortably when they got home at dinner, which is virtually supper.

But the matinée system, that drags away actors and actresses from their employment at various theatres, and makes their life one round of scrambled rehearsals, is earnestly to be condemned. At the present moment I know the case of one young actor almost at the head of his line of business and extensively in demand. He is playing every night at one of our leading West-End theatres, and, in accordance with his engagement, may be called upon at any moment to rehearse a new play. Meanwhile, he is engaged in the study of two, if not three, most important parts in connection with plays announced at trial or benefit matinées, and he is conscientiously bound to attend to the rehearsals of each particular play in various parts of London. What must be the condition of the poor fellow's brain, and how can he possibly attend to the commands of so many masters and mistresses! Some one must suffer—his original employer, or the new play to be produced, or the author of it, or the lady who is prepared to invest so much money in order to get a hearing. The present matinée system is infinitely worse than the old "stock company" system in the provinces, when the work was terribly hard, no doubt; but neither actors nor actresses were asked to do impossibilities.

The present system is this: Miss So-and-So wants to make an appearance, or Mr. So-and-So wants to make a trial of a new play. The cast has to be decided on. "Oh! we must have young — for that part! and, of course, we must have pretty Miss — for that part, and Mrs. — was made for the Duchess of Dash." And away they go to these hard-worked individuals with tempting offers of cash for "only one performance"; and when the wretched critics (who are always in the wrong) come to see the entertainment they find that what might have been good by study and attention has been ruined by scamped work and overtaxed energy. Nobody gains anything. The author is disappointed, the play is ruined and put on the shelf for ever, and the "exploiting" money would have been far better in the pockets of the owners of it than wasted on rent, gas, playbills, and miscellaneous expenses. Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well, but I maintain that it is absolutely impossible that plays can be well produced with borrowed artists and hole-and-corner rehearsals.

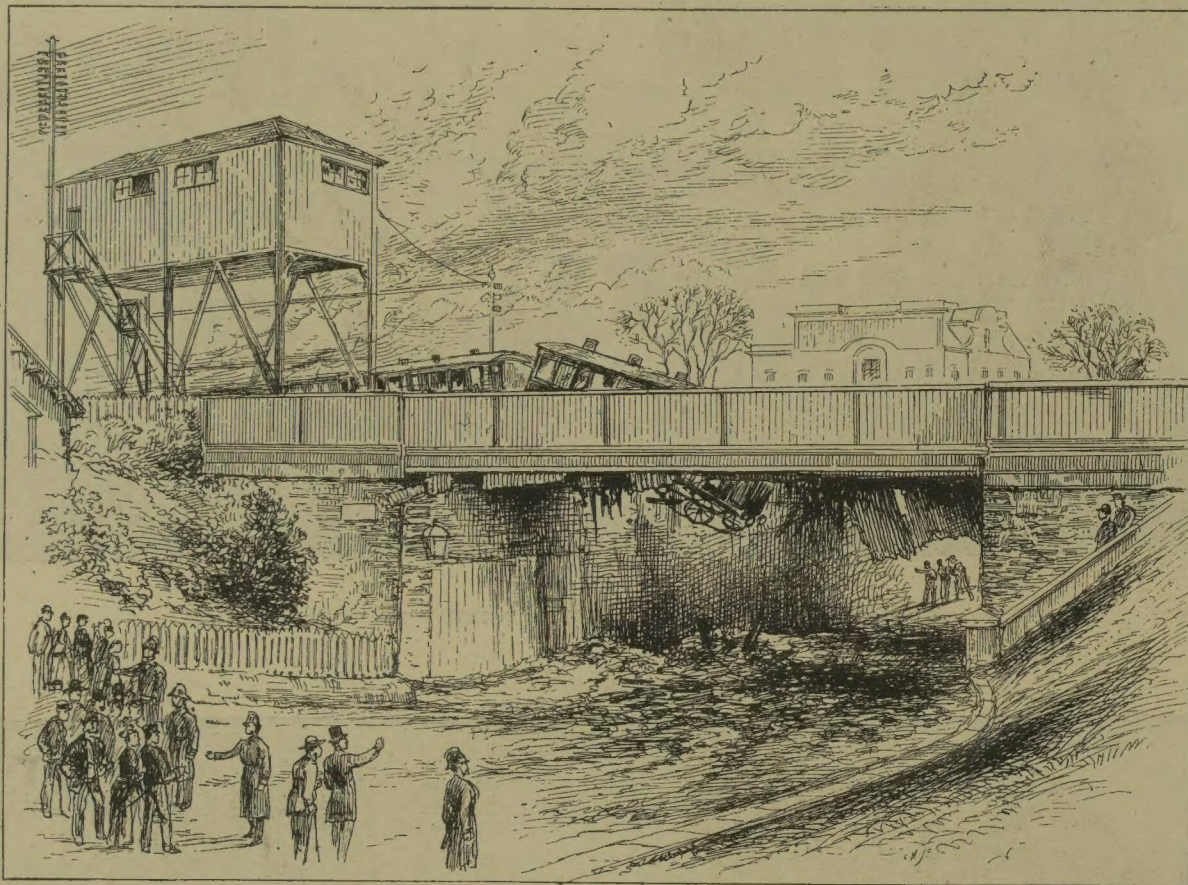
It looks as if the present dramatic season would be short and comparatively uninteresting. The "blizzard" of Ibsen and the sunny success of "L'Enfant Prodigne" are the only subjects of interest. Most of our managers are leaning heavily on the worn crutch of revivals. Mr. Henry Irving goes into the country this year for a long tour, and no doubt the "Corsican Brothers," with its weird interest and its splendid opera-house carnival, will crowd the Lyceum until the time comes for closing, particularly when it is known that

Miss Ellen Terry will be seen every night in a new character to her, "Nance Oldfield." I had the extreme pleasure the other evening of seeing this gifted artist again as Henrietta Maria in "Charles the First." She never in her life played the part so well. I thought on the first night of the revival she could not possibly have been better, but she was, although suffering agonies from neuralgia and nervous prostration. That is the way with these highly strung and emotional actresses. You never know exactly when you will catch them at their best. You must watch them very carefully, and then the good time will come. I have had the good luck to see Sarah Bernhardt at her best in "Adrienne" and "Theodora," Aimée Desclée at her best in "La Gueule du Loup," "Frou-Frou," and "La Maison Neuve," and now Ellen Terry absolutely at her best as the Queen in "Charles the First." For human acting and pure womanliness nothing was ever seen like it. I once thought she never would or could do anything better than Olivia in the days of the Court. But she has beaten her record. She stands first in the last act of "Charles the First." At least, "them's my opinions" up to the present moment. Who shall say what she has in store for us?

Poor Mr. Wilson Barrett has been compelled to close the New Olympic, with the deep sympathy of his many patrons and friends. I expect Mr. Hare will fall back on the delightful "Pair of Spectacles," which will run through the season. The "Dancing Girl" is doing better than ever at the Haymarket, and so is "The Idler" at the St. James's, now Marion Terry has come back; and, while Mr. George R. Sims and Mr. Robert Buchanan are getting ready their next Adelphi drama, we are to see an old friend in the Princess's "Streets of London"—a real cab, a real engine, and a house on fire!

THE BRIGHTON RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

The disaster on Friday, May 1, at the Norwood Junction Station of the London and Brighton Railway, from the collapse of the iron bridge over Portland Road, when an express train was passing over it, might have had most dreadful



ACCIDENT TO A BRIGHTON EXPRESS TRAIN AT NORWOOD JUNCTION.

results. Happily, no one was killed, but several passengers were seriously hurt: one had an ankle dislocated, another received some injury to his left leg or knee, a third suffered in the head, some were cut or bruised, and three or four more were badly shaken. It was the up express train which leaves Brighton at a quarter past eight in the morning, slips off its carriages for Victoria Station at East Croydon, and should reach London Bridge in good time for City business men. There was an undiscovered "latent flaw" in one of the girders of the bridge, which ought to have been reconstructed long since, as it gave way beneath a pilot-engine fourteen years ago. The train consisted of nine first-class carriages, a Pullman drawing-room car, and two brake-vans, with a powerful engine. It was going at a speed of forty miles an hour. The rails being disarranged by the slight sinking of the bridge, the train went off the rails; but the engine-driver, Harry Hargreaves, promptly stopped it with the Westinghouse brake. At the rear of the train, however, the bridge had quite broken down, leaving a wide gap, and the rear guard's van was hanging in mid-air; it afterwards fell into the road when an attempt was made to pull it on to the permanent way. If the passenger carriages had fallen into the road when the bridge gave way, there would have been some loss of life. Several of them were thrown forward and broken, and a dozen passengers suffered more or less severely. Dr. Hart, of Brighton, surgeon to the Brighton Railway Company, was in the train, with Mr. Woodhead, locomotive superintendent, and gave medical aid to those who needed it. Mr. F. W. Grierson's case, with the dislocated ankle, seemed one of the worst.

The Portuguese Government have decided to postpone the meeting of the Cortes, which were to have resumed their sittings on May 2 for a month, and they will not be called together until June 2, unless, in the meantime, the negotiations with England are brought to a conclusion.

Not much information is available from Chile, and that which reaches Europe is most fragmentary and conflicting. For the present both sides seem bent on continuing the struggle to the bitter end. From the Argentine, however, there is better news, especially from the financial point of view. Reports have reached the Committee of Bondholders, stating that with good management the resources of the country can be developed to an almost unlimited extent, and that the people of the Argentine are determined to fulfil their engagements towards the creditors of their country.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Considerable apprehension was felt on the Continent as to what was likely to happen on May Day, when labour demonstrations took place in almost every country in Europe, with the exception of Russia and Turkey. In France, Germany, Austria, Italy, Spain, and Belgium, adequate measures were taken by the civil and military authorities for the maintenance of public order, and, on the whole, the First of May passed off quietly enough. Serious disturbances, however, occurred in France, Belgium, and Italy. In Paris, early in the morning of May 1, the explosion of a dynamite-cartridge, placed by some miscreants on a window-sill of the mansion of the Duc de Trévise, caused, fortunately, more noise than damage, but alarmed the wealthy and decorous quarter of the Champs-Élysées. As the Duc de Trévise has never taken part in politics, and no private vengeance is suspected, no motive can be assigned for the outrage. With the exception of this incident and a sharp fight between a few Anarchists and a small body of policemen and gendarmes at Clichy, a Parisian suburb inhabited by workmen, no disturbance of any importance is reported to have taken place in the French capital. In the provinces, however, things took a more serious aspect. At Lyons and Marseilles there were riots, and the crowd could only be dispersed by cavalry charges; but at Fourmies, a manufacturing town situated in the department of the Nord near the Belgian frontier, the riot assumed such proportions that the police and soldiers had to make use of their arms with deadly effect, when seven persons were killed and many were wounded. It is said that the soldiers were armed with Lebel rifles, the new weapon of the French army, which causes frightful wounds.

The Belgian capital, like the French one, was very quiet on May Day. A labour demonstration took place, and gave rise to no disorder. It was not so in the provinces, where collisions between the workmen and the soldiers are reported from Mons, Charleroi, and Seraing. Since then the miners in the collieries of these various districts and of Liège and the Borinage have gone on strike, and are determined to remain out until their demands for fewer hours or increased wages are granted.

In Rome, after a comparatively uneventful day, a conflict occurred towards evening, when an Anarchist called upon the people to attack the soldiers. Shots were fired on both sides, and there were several killed and wounded. Among the latter was the well-known Socialist leader Amilcare Cipriani, who was arrested.

In consequence of the incidents in France and Italy there were stormy meetings in the respective Chambers of Deputies of both countries, the Radical representatives having violently attacked the Government for shooting down the people. But M. Constans at Paris and Signor Nicotera at Rome had no great difficulty in convincing their colleagues that in no case had the authorities exceeded their duty, and that all they did was to re-establish public order, after displaying much forbearance and patience.

Considering that labour demonstrations on an unprecedented scale were organised and took place throughout Europe, it is fortunate that no more disturbances were reported. For it should be borne in mind that the international Labour Day is not looked upon everywhere on the Continent as a purely economic or social affair, and that the Revolutionary, Anarchist, and

other bodies who are always ready to fish in troubled waters think that May Day affords a good opportunity of putting into practice their peculiar theories and ideas. On the other hand, it is a remarkable and important fact that, in a few years, the workers of Europe have been able to agree on a day in the year on which they all unite in perfect community of thought and purpose to make known their grievances and their wishes.

On May 1 the Empress Frederick opened the International Art Exhibition organised by the Berlin Artists to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of their society. The Emperor and Empress and the High Court dignitaries were present, as well as the representatives of foreign countries, but it was noticed that M. Herbet, the French Ambassador, did not put in an appearance. The opening ceremony was a very brilliant affair, and the exhibition is said to be a very excellent one. None of the English exhibitors were present, and it is to be regretted that British art is not represented in such a manner as to give an adequate idea of the vast progress accomplished within the last twenty-five years by the English school of painting, which occupies so important a place in European art.

Prince Bismarck is now a member of the Reichstag, and it remains to be seen whether he means to attend the sittings of that legislative body. At present this is very doubtful, as it is not believed that he intends to oppose the Government just now, there being no question under discussion upon which the Prince would feel disposed to speak. The result of the second ballot, when the ex-Chancellor polled 10,544 votes—a majority of 5058 over his opponent—is satisfactory so far as it goes, but it would have been more gratifying if Prince Bismarck had been elected on the first occasion.

A most important commercial treaty has just been concluded between Germany and Austria-Hungary, whereby for a term of twelve years the two empires will practically be as one country as far as their commercial relations with other nations are concerned. According to this treaty, the two empires are bound to negotiate with other countries on a common basis, so that whatever advantages are conceded by one of them are also granted by the other, while any rise in the tariff of the one is to be followed by a corresponding increase in the duties levied by the other. The importance of this arrangement to all countries having commercial relations with either Germany or Austria-Hungary need not be insisted upon.

PERSONAL.

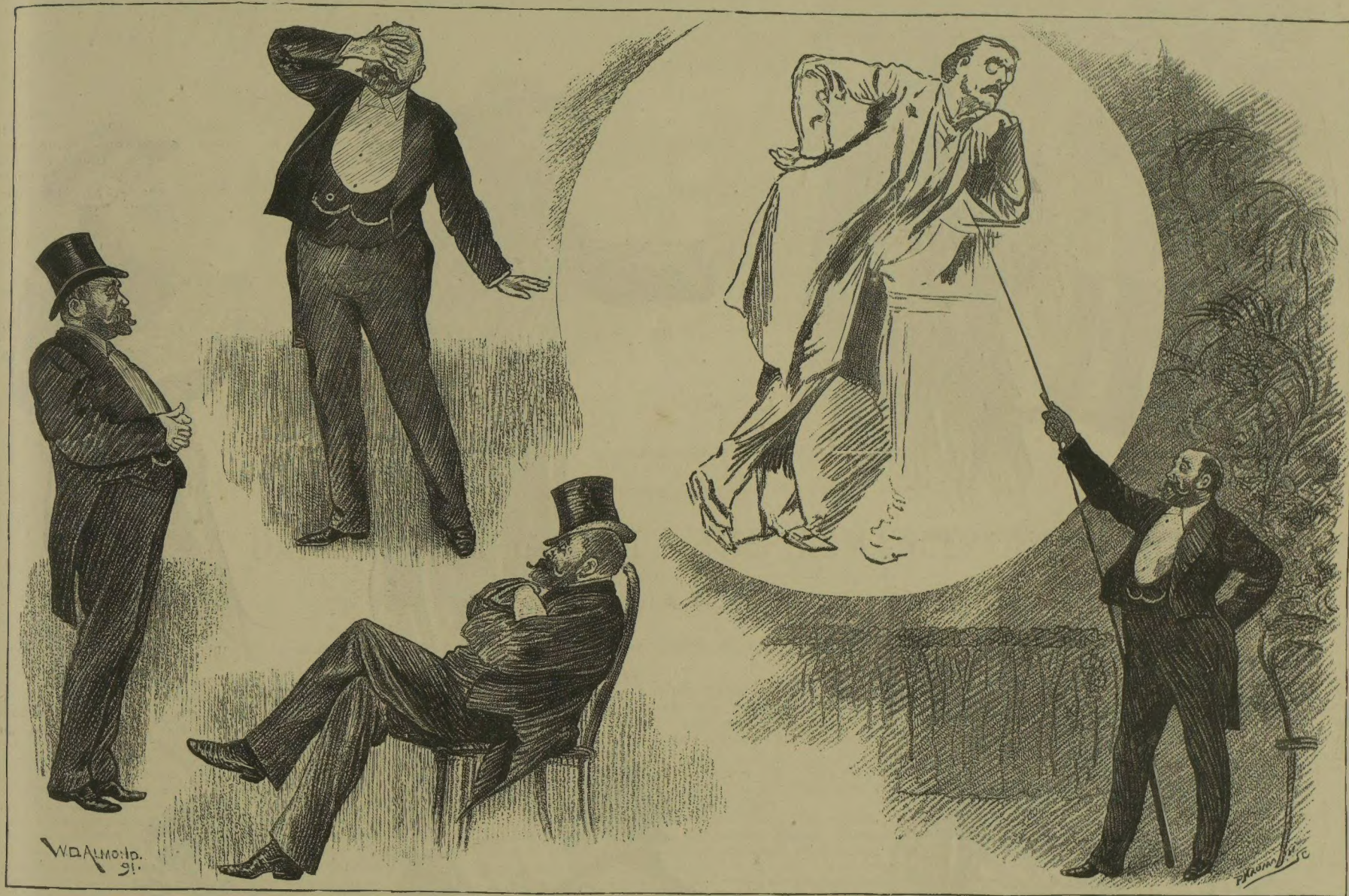
The death of Barry Sullivan removes a veteran from the stage, and obliterates a famous but somewhat bygone school of acting, of which the dead man was one of the chief representatives. Mr. Sullivan had a great career in his time, and reaped innumerable successes in every part of the English-speaking world. He played all over England and Ireland, he "toured" through Canada and the States, he played for nearly one thousand nights in Melbourne, and he displayed his stately if rather ponderous art in our Indian Empire. In London he was never a prime favourite, but he was the glory of provincial audiences, who were better pleased with his formal style of elocution, his fine voice and presence, and his dignified but rather unimaginative and monotonous conception of character.

Mr. Sullivan's best impersonation, perhaps, was Faulconbridge, but he was a powerful Richard III. and a stately

and there with pink, while the Lord Chief Justice seemed courtly and urbane as ever. His Excellency John Gennadius, the Greek Minister, Count Tornelli, Mr. Goschen, Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, and Sir John Robinson were seen here and there in the throng. A few of the representatives of art were Mr. Brett, R.A., Mr. Marcus Stone, R.A., who brought Mrs. Stone with him; Professor Herkomer, Mr. Hook, R.A., Mr. George Boughton, A.R.A., the Hon. John Collier, Mr. Colin Hunter, A.R.A., Mr. Harry Furniss, Mr. Linley Sambourne, Mr. Herbert Schmalz, and Mr. Val Prinsep, escorting Mrs. Prinsep, who wore a black gown and a black-and-red brocaded cape. Literature contributed, as is her wont, a goodly number of private viewers—Sir Edwin Arnold, wearing several decorations, Mr. Lewis Morris, Mr. and Mrs. William Black, Mr. Lecky, Mr. Ashby Sterry, Mr. A. Locker-Lampson, Mr. Wemyss Reid, Mr. Sala, Mrs. Campbell Praed, Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, Mr. Sidney Colvin, of the British Museum, and Mr. Frederick Wedmore. One of the most successful dresses was worn by Mrs. Luke Fildes, whom nothing could have suited better than her rich gown of black brocaded silk, jewelled with jet, and her black gossamer bonnet relieved with gold. There were many light-toned and prettily vivacious costumes, yet, on the whole, black-and-gold and black-and-grey seemed most in favour. One thing was especially noticeable, and that was the preponderance of beautiful faces, known and unknown.

The late Count von Moltke was a great reader and careful student of foreign literature, and a significant instance of this occurred in 1873, when the annual Parliamentary Bluebook on the moral and material progress of India appeared. Previously to that date these Bluebooks had been about as dull as English official compilations usually are, but in that year Mr. (now Sir) M. E. Grant-Duff, then Under-Secretary

Furniss complained so bitterly at Princes' Hall that the wings of the caricaturist are clipped nowadays, and that he is not allowed to wield the pencil of Rowlandson or Gillray. The practical difference between caricature now and the lampoons of those audacious draughtsmen is that we are rather more civilised in matters of taste than the public of their day. Political warfare is more humane, and our pictorial satirists do not demean themselves like drunken savages. The hearty laughter which greeted Mr. Furniss's exposition of the Parliamentary humours had no echo of malice, and everybody who listened to him felt that there was excellent sense as well as delightful fooling in some of his suggestions for the reform of legislative procedure. Possibly there is a danger in taking Mr. Furniss too literally. Charles Dickens once responded to a proposal that he should enter the House of Commons by declaring that his experience as a Parliamentary reporter had inspired him with a profound contempt for the proceedings of "that extraordinary assembly." It is the defect of the humourist that his serious opinions are apt to share the extravagance of his jests, and anyone who took Mr. Furniss as a guide to the actual calibre of the House of Commons would run some risk of being misled. But people who are familiar with the House can relish, without stint, Mr. Furniss's infinite perception of its varied absurdities, and still retain their respect for the representative council of the nation. They know the new member, who is the pride of his college debating society, though he is "neither Adonis nor Cicero," and whose maiden speech is such a disappointment to his friends; they know the fussy gentleman who asks whether it is true that the French army has been massed at Boulogne in order to invade England as soon as the Channel Tunnel is opened; they know "the



LECTURE BY MR. HARRY FURNISS ON "THE HUMOURS OF PARLIAMENT."

Hamlet, and Beverley in "The Gamester" suited him admirably. In Shakspearean drama, in general, he compared unfavourably in intellectual grasp and in subtlety of dramatic resource with such performers as Kean, Salvini, Booth, and Irving. Mr. Sullivan's idea of acting was the correct and measured delivery of blank verse in a deep sonorous voice, and with much dignity of gesture and bearing; but he was deficient in genuine pathos, in power of conception, and in variety. He was, however, a most picturesque actor. He looked well and spoke well. The closet scene in "Hamlet," as he played it, acquired fresh beauty and significance; and the actor's genuine love of romantic poetry was conspicuous in all his representations. His worst vice was "ranting"—his tremendous voice could fill the largest theatre, and he did not spare it. His income in his prosperous days was very large. The old man was of late years a familiar figure at the Savage, and his stories of his long, varied, and laborious life were keenly relished.

At the Royal Academy Private View, the crush, of course, was much tempered by the multiplicity of rooms to wander in, and the natural human impulse towards luncheon and tea, albeit in the gloomy basement. The Duchess of Westminster and Maria Marchioness of Ailesbury came in the morning, as also Lady Stanley of Alderley, in her wheeled-chair, accompanied by the Hon. Maude Stanley, and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hardy, who appeared with Lady Jeune and the Marchioness of Tweeddale. Lord and Lady Morris, Lord and Lady Spencer, the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Londonderry, Baroness de Worms, and the Countess of Berwick were prominent among the guests of Sir Frederick Leighton, who proved himself, as always, the best of hosts. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone manifested as much interest in the pictorial portion of the exhibition as was shown by the Dowager Lady Airlie. Lady Coleridge looked very charming in her light-brown dress, touched here

of State, entrusted the preparation of the Report to Mr. Clements Markham, C.B., in whose hands the multifarious subjects were thoroughly worked up, and the whole "Statement" invested for the first time with some real interest and attractiveness. Count von Moltke was not slow to hear of this publication. He read it right through from one blue cover to the other, and told our Ambassador at Berlin that he had done so, and that it was the most interesting official work he had ever come across. None of the succeeding reports appear to have commanded the old Field-Marshal's attention, and for some years past these annual compilations seem to have relapsed into their pristine dullness. It will be a fortunate day for the British reading public when the bureaucracy of our country becomes convinced that the best way to make our official literature profitable is to make it interesting.

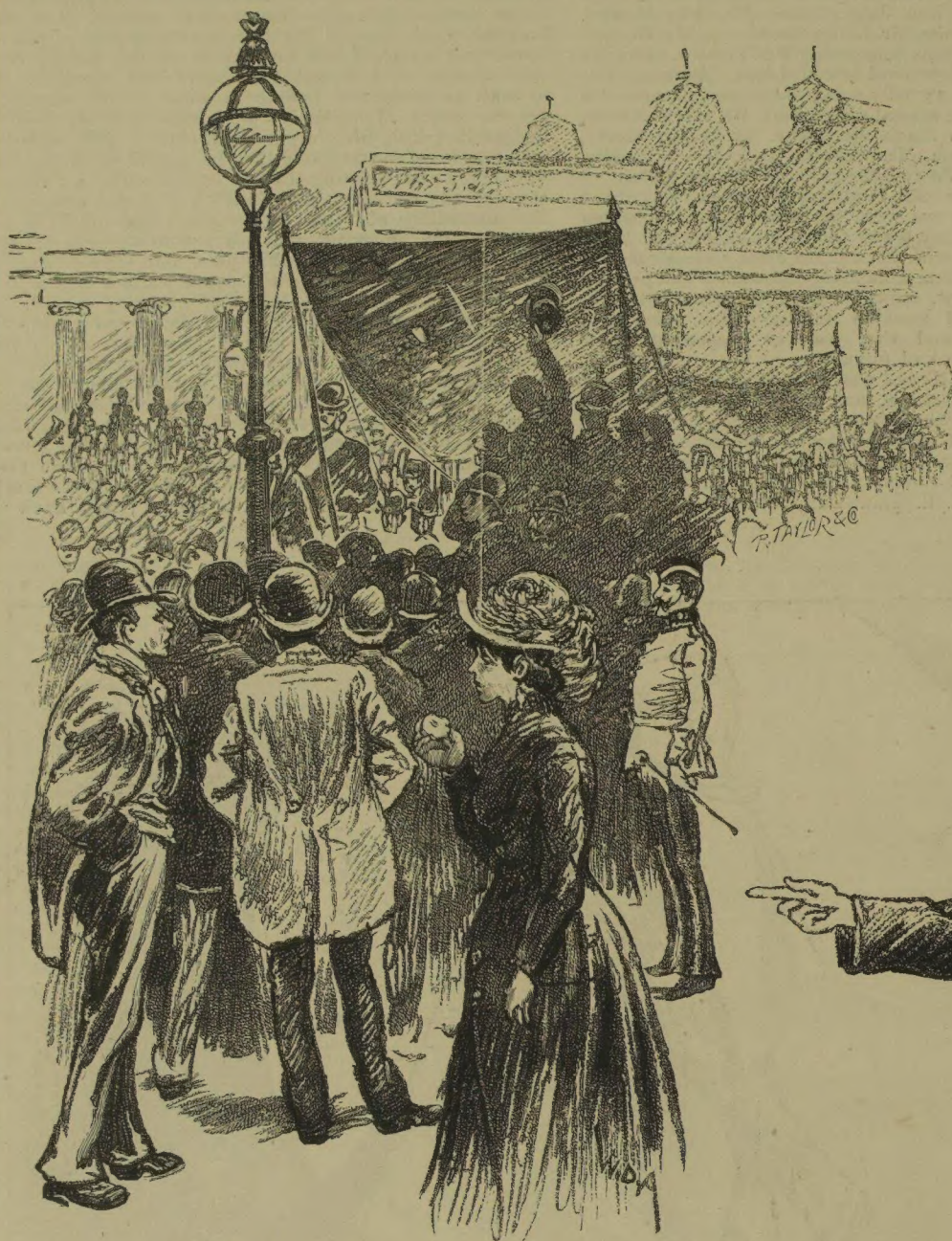
Miss Marion Lea, the charming American actress who has lately achieved such distinction in her share of the performance of "Hedda Gabler," is engaged to be married. Her much-to-be-congratulated future husband is the son of Dr. Weir-Mitchell, a prominent physician, and a poet to boot, of Philadelphia, the Quaker city. Miss Lea herself belongs to an old and esteemed Philadelphian family.

"THE HUMOURS OF PARLIAMENT."

Everybody knows that Mr. Harry Furniss is a master of the drolleries of Parliamentary ceremonial. These, together with the personal peculiarities of noteworthy legislators, make a pretty considerable field for the caricaturist. Moreover, it is perfectly within the province of the humorous artist to satirise the mental habits and political tendencies of our rulers, a privilege which is so freely exercised that many a cartoon in *Punch* has proved a far more effective weapon than the most elaborate argument. It is not quite clear, therefore, why Mr.

Scotch bore, the Irish windbag, the Saxon murderer of the Queen's English; they have laughed times without number when Black Rod has struck three blows on the door which has been carefully shut in his face, and has performed the remarkable feat of bowing himself backwards down the floor. There is nothing more grotesque in the Parliamentary etiquette than the perpetual bowing which accompanies the Royal assent to Bills in the House of Lords, and on such a theme Mr. Furniss's humour had the best of reasons for running riot. Equally happy was his suggestion that Sir George Campbell, Mr. Conybeare, Mr. Seymour Keay, and Mr. Morton should be sent as a Special Commission to India to inquire into the English vocabulary of the native politicians. Indeed, it must have been no small surprise to some of Mr. Furniss's auditory to find that his gift of speech was in certain respects even more felicitous than his pencil.

As for Mr. Furniss's sketches, which were thrown upon a screen by a powerful electric light, it must be interesting to Professor Herkomer to know that they owed nothing to photography. Even the elaborate architecture of the Houses of Parliament was faithfully drawn with pen and ink. About the fidelity of Mr. Furniss's caricatures opinions are sure to differ. He modestly confessed that his portrait of Mr. Morley was an indifferent likeness; and certainly the sketch of Sir George Campbell bears no sort of resemblance to the loquacious member for the Kirkcaldy Burghs. This fierce-looking ranter with the prominent nose is not the genial, pensive, paternal Scot whose voice is the signal for a hasty exodus. The numerous portraits of Mr. Gladstone are characteristic, but unequal; and the audience at Princes' Hall received with becoming mirth Mr. Furniss's grave assertion that, although he had been charged with having invented Mr. Gladstone's collars, there were times when those portents of linen really assumed the proportions with which he invested them.—L. F. A.



THE PROCESSION ENTERING THE PARK.



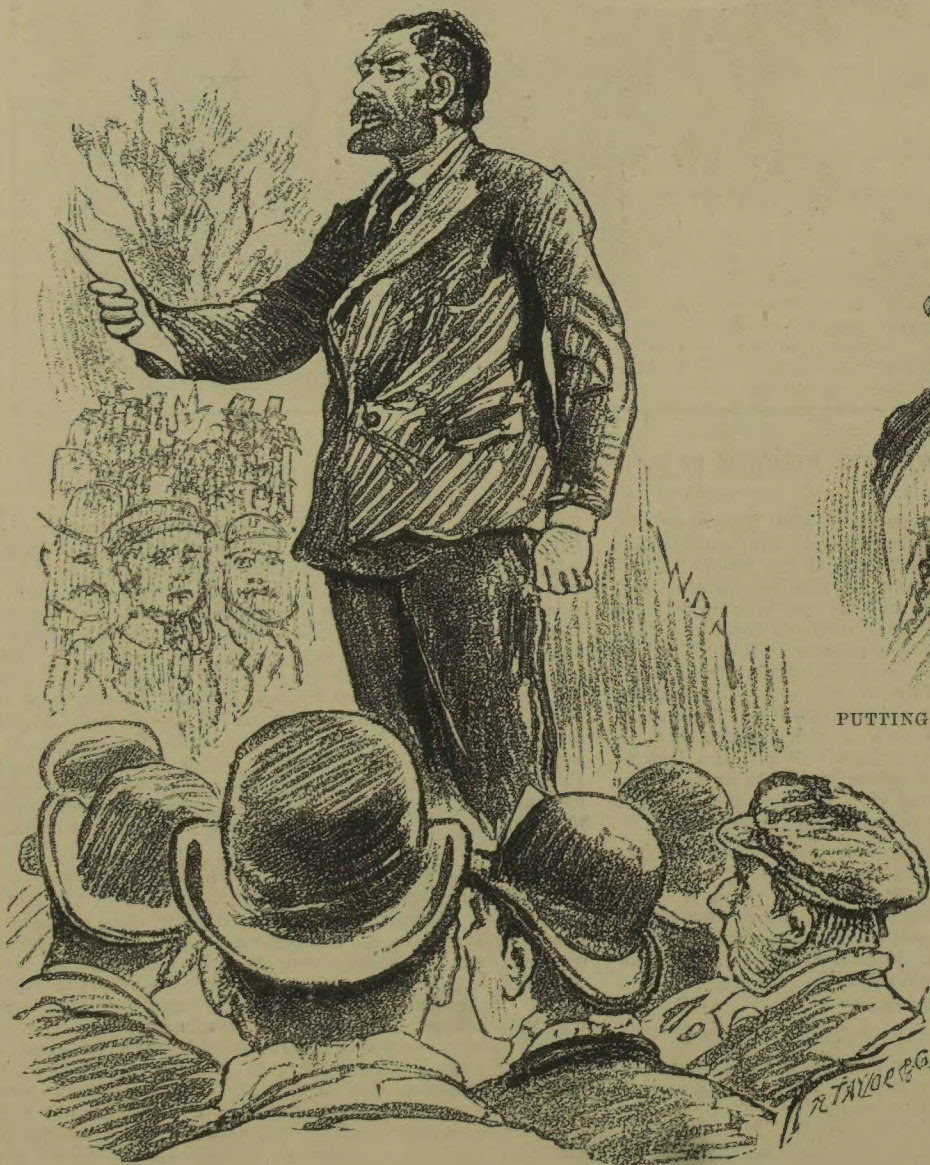
CHAIRMAN OF No. 8 PLATFORM.



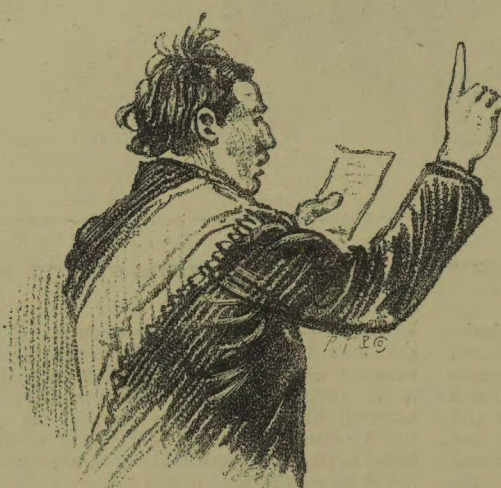
ONE OF THE SPEAKERS.



READING THE RESOLUTION.



JOHN BURNS GIVES SOME STATISTICS.



PUTTING THE RESOLUTION TO THE VOTE.

SKETCHES AT
THE GREAT LABOUR
DEMONSTRATION
IN HYDE PARK,
SUNDAY, MAY 3.



A YOUNG FORESTER.



DRAWN BY W. H. OVEREND.

"Have they read the message, do you think, Mr. Jones?" cried Helga.

MY DANISH SWEETHEART: THE ROMANCE OF A MONTH.

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL,

AUTHOR OF "THE GOLDEN HOPE," "THE DEATH SHIP," "THE WRECK OF THE GROSVENOR," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

WE ARE SPOKEN.

On the afternoon of this same day of Tuesday, Oct. 31, Helga having gone to her cabin, I stepped on deck to smoke a pipe—for my pipe was in my pocket when I ran to the life-boat, and Captain Bunting had given me a square of tobacco to cut up.

We had dined at one. During the course of the meal Helga and I had said but very little, willing that the captain should have the labour of talking. Nor did he spare us. His tongue, as sailors say, seemed to have been slung in the middle, and it wagged at both ends. His chatter was an infinite variety of nothing; but he spoke with singular enjoyment of the sound of his own voice, with a ceaseless reference, besides, in his manner to Helga, whom he continued silently and self-complacently to regard in a way that rendered her constantly uneasy, and kept her downward-looking and silent.

But nothing more at that table was said about our leaving his ship. Indeed, both Helga and I had agreed to drop the subject until an opportunity for our transference should arrive. We might, at all events, be very certain that he would not set us ashore in the Canary Islands; nor did I consider it politic to press him to land us there, for, waiving all consideration of other reasons which might induce him to detain us, it would have been unreasonable to entreat him to go out of his course to oblige us, who were without the means to repay him for his trouble and for loss of time.

He withdrew to his cabin after dinner. Helga and I sat over his draughtboard for half an hour; she then went below, and I, as I have already said, on deck, to smoke a pipe.

The wind had freshened since noon, and was now blowing a brisk and sparkling breeze out of something to the northward of east; sail had been heaped upon the barque, and when I gained the deck I found her swarming through it under overhanging wings of studding-sail, a broad wake of frost-like foam stretching behind, and many flying-fish sparking out of the blue curl from the vessel's cutwater ere the polished round of brine flashed into foam abreast of the fore-rigging. Mr. Jones stumped the deck, having relieved Abraham at noon. The fierce-faced, lemon-coloured creature with withered brow and fiery glances grasped the wheel. As I crouched under the lee of the companion-hatch to light my pipe, I curiously and intently inspected him; strangely enough finding no hindrance of embarrassment from his staring at me too: which, I take it, was owing to his exceeding ugliness, so that I looked at him as at something out of nature, whose sensibilities were not of a human sort to grieve me with a fancy of vexing them.

"Well, Mr. Jones," said I, crossing the deck and accosting the shabby figure of the mate as he slouched from one end to another in shambling slippers and in a cap with a broken peak, under which his thimble-shaped nose glowed in the middle of his pale face like—to match the poor creature with an elegant

simile—the heart of a daisy, "this is a very good wind for you, but bad for me, seeing how the ship heads. I want to get home, Mr. Jones. I have now been absent for nearly eleven days, though my start was but for an hour or two's cruise."

"There's no man at sea," said he, "but wants to get home, unless he's got no home to go to. That's my case."

"Where do you hail from, Mr. Jones?"

"Whitechapel," he answered, "when I'm ashore. I live in a big house; they call it the Sailors' Home. There are no wives to be found there, so that the good of it is to make a man glad to ship."

"The sea is a hard life," said I, "and a very great deal harder than it need be—so Nakier and his men think, I warrant you. A little too much pork, I fear, goes to the making of the captain's religious ideas."

"The pork in this ship," said he, "is better than the beef; and what is good enough for English sailors is good enough for dirt-coloured scaramouches."

"Ay! but the poor fellows' religion is opposed to pork."

"Don't you let them make you believe it, Sir," he exclaimed. "Religion! You should hear them swear in English! They want a grievance. That's the nature of everything afore the mast, no matter what be the colour of the hide it's wrapped up in."

"What sort of sailors are they?"

"Oh, they tumble about; they're monkeys aloft; they're willing enough; I'm bound to say that."

I could instinctively guess that whatever opinions I might offer on the captain's treatment of his crew would find no echo in him. Poverty must make such a man the creature of any shipmaster he sailed with.

"Have you received orders from Captain Bunting," I asked, "to signal and bring-to any homeward ship that may come along?"

"No, Sir."

"We wish to be transhipped, you know, Mr. Jones. We should be sorry to lose the opportunity of a homeward-bounder through the captain omitting to give you orders, and through his being below and asleep, perhaps, at the time."

"I can do nothing without his instructions, Sir," he exclaimed, with a singular look that rose to the significance of a half-smile.

"All right!" I said, perceiving that his little light-blue eyes had witnessed more than I should have deemed them capable of observing in the slender opportunities he had had for employing them.

The wind blew the fire out of my pipe, and to save the tobacco I went down to the quarterdeck for the shelter of the bulwarks there. While I puffed I spied Jacob low down in the lee fore-rigging repairing or replacing some chafing-gear upon the swifter-shroud. I had not exchanged a word with this honest boatman since the previous day, and strolled

forward to under the lee of the galley to greet him. I asked him if he was comfortable in his new berth. He answered yes; he was very well satisfied; the captain had given orders that he was to have a glass of grog every day at noon; the provisions were also very good, and there was no stint.

"Soles," he called down to me, with his fat, ruddy face framed in the squares of the ratlines; "three pound a month's good money. There'll be something to take up when I gets home, something that'll lighten the loss o' my eight pound o' goods and clothes, and make the foundering of the Airly Marn easier to think of."

"You and Abraham, then, have regularly entered yourselves for the round voyage?"

"Ay; the cap'n put us on the articles this afternoon. He called us to his cabin and talked like a gemman to us. 'Tain't often as one meets the likes of him at sea. No language—a koind smole—a thank'ye for whatever a man does, if so be as it's rightly done—a feeling consarn for your morals and your comforts: tell 'ee, Mr. Tregarthen, the loikes of Capt'n Buntin' ain't agoin' to be fallen in with every day—leastways, in vessels arter this here pattern, where mostly a man's a dog in the cap'n's opinion, and where the mate's got no other argument than the fust iron belaying-pin he can whip out."

"I am very glad to learn that you are so well satisfied," said I. "A pity poor Thomas isn't with you. He would be as satisfied, I dare say, as you are with what has fallen out."

"Pore Tommy! There's nothen' in my toime as has made me feel so ordinary as Thomas's drowning. But as to him making hisself happy here"—

"I beg your pardon, Sah," said a voice close beside me.

I turned, losing the remainder of Jacob's observations, and perceived the face of Nakier in the galley door, that was within an arm's length of me from where I leaned. His posture was one of hiding, as though to conceal himself from the sight of the poop. As I looked, a copper-coloured face, with black, angry eyes flashing under a low forehead as wrinkled as the rind of an old apple, with the temper that worked in the creature, showed behind Nakier's head, and vanished in a breath. I now recollected that when I had first taken up my station under the lee of the galley I had caught the hiss of a swift, fiery whispering within the little structure, but it had instantly ceased on my calling to Jacob, and the matter went out of my head as I listened to the boatman in the rigging.

"I beg your pardon, Sah! May I speakee a word with you?"

"What is it, Nakier?" I exclaimed, finding a sort of pleasure in the mere contemplation of his handsome face and noble liquid Eastern eyes, dark and luminous like the gleam you will sometimes observe in a midnight sea.

"Are you a sailor, Sah?"

"I am not," I responded.

"Can you tellee me de law of ships?"

Here the copper-coloured face came out again, and now

hung steady with its frown over Nakier's shoulder; but both fellows kept all but their heads hidden.

"I know what you mean," I answered. "I fear I cannot counsel you."

"Our captain would have us starve," said he; "he give us meat we must not eat, and on dose days we have only bread and water. Dat is not right?"

"No, indeed," said I; "and how little we think it right you may know by what the lady said to-day."

"Ah! she is good; she is good!" he exclaimed, always speaking very softly, and clasping his long thin fingers with filbert-shaped nails while he upturned his wonderful eyes. "We are not of de captain's religion—he sabbe dat when we ship. Is dere law among Englishman to ponish him for trying to make us eat what is forbidden?"

"I wish I knew—I wish I could advise you," said I, somewhat secretly relieved by hearing this man talk of law; for when I had watched him that morning on the poop I would have sworn that his and his mates' whole theory of justice lay in the blades which rested upon sheaths strapped to their hips. "One thing you may be sure of, Nakier, Captain Bunting has no right to force food upon you that is forbidden to you by your religion. There must be lawyers in Cape Town who will tell you how to deal with this matter if it is to be dealt with. Meanwhile, try to think of your captain in this business as"—I significantly tapped my forehead. "That will help you to patience, and the passage to the Cape is not a long one."

The copper-coloured face behind Nakier violently wagged, the frown deepened, and the little dangerous eyes grew, if possible, more menacing in their expression.

"He is a cruel man," said Nakier, with a sigh as plaintive as one could imagine in any love-sick Eastern maid; "but we will be patient; and, Sah, I tank you for listening."

The copper-coloured face disappeared.

"You are no sailor, Sah!" continued Nakier, smiling, and showing as pearl-white a set of teeth as were ever disclosed by the fairest woman's parted lips; "and yet you have been shipwreck?"

I briefly related my life-boat adventure, and in a few words completed the narrative of the raft and of our deliverance by the lugger. Indeed, it pleased me to talk with him: his accent, his looks, were a sort of realisation, in their way, of early boyish dreams of travel; they carried me in fancy to the provinces of the sun; I tasted the ripe aromatic odours of tropic vegetation; there seemed a scent as of the hubble-bubble in the blue and sparkling breeze gushing fair over the rail. He begot in me a score of old yearning imaginations—of the elephant richly castellated, of the gloom of palatial structures dedicated to idols, their domes starry with encrustation of gems and the precious ores.

The brief spell was broken by Jacob's gruff 'longshore voice—

"It don't look, Mr. Tregarthen, as if you and the lady was to git home as fast as ye want to."

"No," I replied. "Do you see anything in sight up there, Jacob?"

He spat, and looked leisurely ahead.

"Nothen', Sir."

"I beg pardon, Sah!" broke in Nakier's voice. "Do you sabbe navigation?"

"I do not," I answered, struck with a question that recalled Punmeamooty's inquiries that morning.

"But Mr. Vise," he continued, "he sabbe navigation?"

I shook my head, with a slight smile.

"He has some trifling knowledge," said I. "Fortunately, there is no occasion to trust to his skill."

"De sweet young lady sabbe navigation, Sah?"

"I will not answer for it!" I exclaimed, looking at him. A sudden fancy in me may have been disclosed by my eyes.

His gaze fell, and he drew in his head. Just then I caught sight of Helga at the break of the poop to leeward, looking along the decks. She saw me, and beckoned. As I knocked the ashes out of my pipe, Jacob cried out: "Blowed if I don't believe that's a steamer's smoke ahead." Ha! thought I, Helga has seen it, and I at once made for the poop-ladder.

It was as I had supposed. She had seen the smoke when she came on deck, and instantly looked about for me. It was the merest film, the faintest streak, dim as a filament of spider's web; but it was directly ahead, and it was easy to guess that unless the steamer was heading east or west she must be coming our way, for assuredly, though the Light of the World was sweeping through it at some six or seven knots, we were not going to overhaul a steamer at that pace.

A telescope lay in brackets inside the companion-way; I fetched and levelled it, but there was nothing more to be seen than the soaring of the thin blue vein of smoke from behind the edge of the sea, where the dark, rich central blue of it went lightening out into a tint of opal. It did not take long, however, to discover by the hanging of the smoke in the same place that the steamer was heading directly for us. I put down the glass, and said to Mr. Jones—

"Will you be so good as to call the captain and tell him that there is a steamer in sight, coming this way?"

"I have no orders to call the captain merely to report a ship in sight, Sir," he answered.

"That may be," said I; "but here is a chance for us to leave this vessel, and the captain might not thank you to keep him ignorant of the opportunity."

"I can't help it, Sir. My duty here is to obey orders, and to do what's expected of me, and no more," and so saying he marched shambling aft; yet I will not say that his manner of leaving me was abrupt or offensive.

"There is no time to be lost, Helga," said I. "If that steamer is doing ten and we are doing six the joint speed is sixteen knots, and she will be abreast of us and away again quickly. I will report to the captain myself," with which I went on to the quarterdeck and passed into the cabin and knocked on the door of Captain Bunting's berth.

He immediately cried: "Who's there?"

"Mr. Tregarthen," I answered.

"Are you alone?" he called.

I told him I was.

"Then pray walk in," said he.

I opened the door, and found him lying in his bunk in his shirt-sleeves. Full as I was of the business of the steamer heaving into view, I could yet manage to notice, now that he was under no particular obligation to smile, that his habitual grin when his face was off duty, so to speak, was of the kind that is called sardonic. It was the set of his mouth with the thick curve of its upper lip that made the smile; but his eyes bore not the least part in this expression of mirth. It was a mere stroke of nature in him, however, and, though the congenial grin did not increase his beauty, it left untouched in his countenance the old character of blandness, self-complacency, and an air of kindness too.

"What can I do for you, Mr. Tregarthen?" said he, promptly sitting up in his bunk, with a glance around for his coat.

"I must ask your pardon for intruding upon you," said I; "there is a steamer's smoke in sight over the bows. Mr. Jones

declined to report her to you. I venture to do so, and I have also to ask you, Captain Bunting, to signal her to stop that she may receive Miss Nielsen and me."

"I shall be very willing to transfer you, Mr. Tregarthen," said he, without more or less significance in his manner than was usual in it; "but you must not, you really must not, ask me to part in this sort of hurry with your sweet engaging companion."

"I certainly shall not leave you without her," said I, breathing quickly.

"Just so," he exclaimed, "nor is it my wish that you should. I want you to convert your experience of shipwreck into a little holiday cruise. I hope you are comfortable with me?"

"Perfectly comfortable; but all the same, Miss Nielsen and I desire to return to England, and I must entreat—indeed, Captain Bunting, I must insist upon your signalling the steamer that is rapidly approaching us."

He opened his eyes at the word *insist*, which I deplored having made use of the moment it had escaped me; but he continued very bland, and his smile, being now vitalised, as when he was at the table or on deck with us, had lost what I had found sardonic in it.

"A captain's powers, Mr. Tregarthen, are considerable," he exclaimed. "He is first on board his own ship; his will is the law that governs the vessel; no man aboard but he can insist for an instant. But my desire is for cordial feelings between us. Let us be friends and talk as friends. Pray bear with me. You are in possession of my hopes. Do not add fears to them by your behaviour."

He dropped his head on one side, and surveyed me with an eye that seemed almost wistful. I believed that he meant to keep me talking till the steamer had passed.

"Captain Bunting," said I, "I am as fully disposed as you are to be friendly; but I must tell you that, if you decline to transfer us—if, in other words, you force us to proceed on this voyage, you will be acting at your peril. I shall exact reparation, and whatever the law can do for me shall be done. Practically you will be abducting Miss Nielsen, and that, you must know, is a highly punishable offence."

He motioned with both his hands.

"It is no abduction," said he. "When you rescue a young lady with your life-boat from a foundering craft you do not abduct her. I can understand your impatience, and forgive your irritability. Yet I had thought to have some claim upon you for a more generous, for a handsomer interpretation of my wishes. What is the reason of this extreme hurry in you to return home?"

"You surely do not require me to repeat my answer to that question!" I exclaimed, curbing my temper with an effort.

"To be sure. You are concerned for your poor dear mother. Come, Mr. Tregarthen, suppose we send news of your safety by this steamer you have reported!" His face beamed. "Let me see!—your home is—your home is"—he scratched his head. I viewed him without speaking. "Ah, I have it—Tintrenale!" He spelt it twice or thrice. "Hugh Tregarthen, Tintrenale. Come, the steamer shall report your safety, and then your mind will be at ease."

"I am to understand that you refuse to transfer us, Captain Bunting?"

"Nay; never interpret the mind of another harshly. You know my wishes: every hour renders them dearer and dearer to me."

Under all this blandness I could now perceive a spirit of resolution that was clearly no more to be influenced by me than his ship's side was to be kicked out by a blow of my foot. I turned to leave the cabin.

"If you are going on deck, will you have the kindness to send Mr. Jones to me?" said he.

I pulled the door to, and regained the poop.

"The captain wants you," I called to Mr. Jones, who immediately left the deck. Helga came to me.

"He refuses to tranship us," said I.

"He dare not!" she cried, turning pale.

"The creature, all smiles and blandness, says no, with as steady a thrust of his meaning as though it were a boarding-pike. We have to determine either to jump overboard or to remain with him."

She clasped her hands. Her courage seemed to fail her; her eyes shone brilliant with the alarm that filled her.

"Can nothing be done? Is it possible that we are so entirely in his power? Could we not call upon the crew to help us?" A sob arrested her broken exclamations.

I stood looking at the approaching steamer, struggling with my mind for some idea to make known our situation to her as she passed, but to no purpose. Why, though she should thrash through it within earshot of us, what meaning could I hope to convey in the brief cry I might have time to deliver? I cannot express the rage, the bitterness, the mortification, the sense, too, of the startling absurdity of our position, which fumed in my brains as I stood silently gazing at the steamer, with Helga at my side, white, straining her eyes at me, swiftly breathing, with a sob now again in her throat.

In the short time during which I had been below, the approaching vessel had shaped herself upon the sea, and was growing large with a rapidity that expressed her an ocean mail-boat. Already, with the naked sight, I could catch the glint of the sun upon the gilt device at her stem-head, and sharp flashes of the reflection of light in some many-windowed deck structure broke from her, end-on as she was, to her slow, stately swaying, as though she were firing guns.

The captain remained below. A few minutes after Mr. Jones had gone to him, he—that is, the mate—came on to the poop bearing a great black board, which he rested upon the deck.

"Captain Bunting's compliments, Mr. Tregarthen," said he, "and he'll be glad to know if this message is satisfactory to you?"

Upon the board was written, in chalk, in very visible, decipherable characters, like the letters of print, the following words:—

HUGH TREGARTHEN OF TINTRENALE,
BLOWN OUT OF BAY NIGHT OCTOBER 21st,
IS SAFE
ON BOARD THIS SHIP, "LIGHT OF THE WORLD."
BUNTING, MASTER, TO CAPE TOWN.
PLEASE REPORT.

"That will do," said I, coldly, and resumed my place at the rail.

Helga said, in a low voice: "What is the object of that board?"

"They will read the writing aboard the steamer," I answered, "make a note of it, report it, and my mother will get to hear of it and know that I am alive."

"But how will she get to hear of it?"

"Oh, the message is certain to find its way into the shipping papers, and there will be twenty people at Tintrenale to hear of it and repeat it to her."

"It is a good idea, Hugh," said she. "It is a message to rest her poor heart. It may reach her, too, as quickly as you yourself could if we went on board that steamer. It was clever of you to think of it."

"It was the captain's suggestion," I exclaimed.

"Hugh, it is a good idea!" she repeated, with something of life coming into her blanched, dismayed face; "you will feel a little happier. I shall feel happier too. I have grieved to think your mother may suppose you drowned. Now, in a few days she will know that you are well."

"Yes, it is a good idea," said I, with my eyes gloomily fastened upon the steamer; "but is it not monstrous that we should be imprisoned in this fashion? That fellow below has no right to detain us. If it should cost me five years of my income, I'll punish him. It is his admiration for you that makes him reckless—but what does the rascal hope? He talked of his willingness to transfer me, providing you remained."

"Oh, but you would not leave me with him, Hugh!" she cried, grasping my arm.

"Leave you, Helga! No, indeed. But I made one great blunder in my chat with him this morning. He asked me if there was anything between us—meaning were we sweethearts, and I said no. I should have answered yes; I should have told him we were betrothed; then perhaps he would have been willing to let us leave him."

She returned no answer. I looked at her, and saw an expression in her face that told me I had said too much. The corners of her little mouth twitched, she slightly glanced at me and tried to smile on observing that I was regarding her, then made a step from my side as though to get a better view of the steamer.

"She's a fine big ship," exclaimed Mr. Jones, who had quietly drawn close to me; "a Cape boat. In six days' time she'll be snug in dock. When I was first going to sea I laughed at steam. Now, I should be glad if there was nothing else afloat."

My impulse was to draw away, but my temper had somewhat cooled, and was now allowing me the exertion of my common-sense again. If I was to be kept aboard this ship, it could serve no sort of end to make an enemy of Mr. Jones.

"Yes," said I, "she is coming along in fine style—a mail-steamer apparently. Why will not the captain signal her? Surely she would receive us!"

"Not a doubt of it," he answered, almost maliciously; "but the captain knows his own business, Sir."

"Where's your flag-locker?" cried I. "Show it me, and I'll accept the responsibility of hoisting the ensign half-mast high!"

"Not without the captain's orders, Mr. Tregarthen," said he.

"The captain!" I exclaimed. "He has nothing to do with me. He's your master, not mine!"

"He's master of this ship, Sir; and the master of a ship is the master of everything aboard of her!"

Helga softly called to me. I went to her.

"Do not reason with him, Hugh!" she whispered. "Let the people in that steamer read the message, and we can afford to be patient—for a little," she added.

"For a little!" I rejoined. "But how long will that little make? Is it to stretch from here to Table Bay?"

But by this time the steamer was on the lee bow, and, when abreast, would be within a few cables' length of us. I thought to myself, Shall I spring upon the rail and hail her in God's name, wave my hands to her to stop, and take my chance of her people hearing the few words I should have time to bawl? Then, with the velocity of thought, I reflected that the mate would be certain to hinder any such attempt on my part, to the length, I dare say, of laying hands upon me and pulling me off the rail, so that I might subject myself to what would prove but little short of an outrage, while I should likewise forfeit the opportunity of getting the message delivered; for there was no man on the poop to hold up the board but the mate, and if the mate was busy with me the board must remain hidden.

All this I thought, and while I thought the steamer was sweeping past us at a speed of some twelve or thirteen knots, with Mr. Jones standing something forward of the mizzen-rigging holding up the board at arm's-length.

The picture of that rushing metal fabric was full of glittering beauty. Her tall promenade deck, draped with white awnings, out of which the black column of her funnel forked leaning, was crowded with passengers, male and female. Dresses of white, pink, green—the ladies of South Africa, I believe, go very radiantly clad—fluttered and rippled to the sweep of the strong breeze raised by the steamer's progress. Those who walked came to a stand to survey us, and a dozen binocular glasses were pointed. High above, on the white canvas bridge, the mate in charge of the ship was reading the handwriting on the black board through a telescope that flashed like silver in his hands. Beside him, twinkling in buttons and lace, stood the commander of the steamer, as I might suppose. The sun was in the south-west sky; his reddening brilliance beat full upon the ship that was thundering by faster than a hurricane could have blown the Light of the World along; and the glass in her line of portholes seemed to stream in fire as though the tall black iron sides were veritably belted with flame. There were stars of gold in her bright-yellow masts and a writhing of glowing light all about the gilt-work with which her quarters were glorified. She rolled softly, and every inclination was like the twist of a kaleidoscope for tints. How mean did the little barque look at that instant! how squalid her poor old stumpy decks with their embellishment of rude scuttle-butt, of grimy caboose, of squab long-boat, not to mention the choice humanities of her fore-castle, the copper-coloured scarecrows who had dropped the various jobs they were upon to stare with their sloe-like eyes at the passing show!

She had not swept past abreast by more than her own length when the twinkling commander on the bridge flourished his arm.

"And about time, too!" cried Mr. Jones, lowering the board and leaning it against the rail. "They must be poor hands at spelling aboard that ship to keep me holding up that board as if I were a topsail-yard proper to set a whole sail upon!"

"Have they read the message, do you think, Mr. Jones?" cried Helga.

"Oh, yes, yes, Miss," he answered.

He ran in an awkward sprawl to the skylight, where the telescope lay, pointed it, and exclaimed, "See for yourself, Miss!"

She levelled the glass with the ease and precision of an old sailor.

"Yes, Hugh," she called to me, while she held the telescope to her eye; "the man in the jacket and buttons is writing in what looks to be a pocket-book; the other bends over him as

though to see that the words are correct. I am satisfied!" And, putting the glass down, she returned to me.

The steamer was now astern of us, showing but little more than the breadth of her, rapidly growing toy-like as she swept onwards, with an oil-smooth wake spreading fan-shaped from her counter, and the white foam curving with the dazzle of sifted snow from either side the iron tooth of her shearing stem. My heart ached with the yearning for home as I followed her. At that moment eight bells were struck forward, and almost immediately Abraham came aft to relieve Mr. Jones, who, after saying a word or two to the boatman, picked up the board and went below.

(To be continued.)

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

It can hardly be doubted that Mr. H. M. Gwatkin will succeed Dr. Creighton in his chair at Cambridge, though the Bishop had not resigned when these words were written. Although a layman, Mr. Gwatkin is one of the most accomplished experts in Church History now living, and he has done for that study in Cambridge, with equal devotion and in a much more scientific manner, what P. H. Mason did for Hebrew. It is the universal feeling that his work should be rewarded and encouraged, for its best fruits are not yet to be found in print. There is no need again to look outside for a professor.

Bishop Barry has been chosen as Bampton Lecturer—a selection which ensures good and sensible, if in no way distinguished, work. It is understood that Dr. Barry will take charge of the Diocese of Exeter during the absence of the Bishop, who is shortly going to Japan, on a visit to his son.

The celebrated founder of the Woodard Schools—Canon Woodard, of Manchester—died recently at Henfield, Sussex. He did more than any other person to provide public school education for the middle classes and lower middle classes on the lines of the Church of England. It was mainly through him that the colleges at Lancing, Hurstpierpoint, Ardingly, and Taunton, and the school for girls, St. Nicholas, Bognor, was established. Canon Woodard was a most retiring man, though some honours found him in spite of his modesty. "I am nobody, and I intend to remain nobody," he wrote, "if possible. The schools would not have been called Woodard Schools if I could have prevented it. It is the outcome of personal kindness, but a mistake all the same."

The *Guardian* exhorts Churchmen to show in regard to the coming Education Bill "that they are in favour of maintaining for every denominational school those rights of independent management which it has hitherto possessed. We have not, on this question, to deal with a reasoned Liberalism, then, at all: we are really confronted with a Liberalism which has been captured by Nonconformists."

One of the Church newspapers prints an exact copy of a sermon preached in a Russian village church. It has the great merit of brevity, and could, I fancy, be read deliberately in five minutes.

To hear that the gigantic and universally popular preacher Phillips Brooks has been made a bishop evokes mixed feelings, which may settle down into unmixed pleasure when it is remembered that he is the last man to be spoiled by any dignity, and that the effect of his preaching will be more widely spread than ever, now that he is separated from his immense congregation in Boston. The power of the Bishop's preaching increases with years, and he is now, beyond question, the foremost preacher in America.

Dr. Reichel, the accomplished Bishop of Meath, has published twelve of his elaborate sermons. Reichel, Alexander, Salmon, and Chadwick are four names that worthily maintain the pulpit reputation of the Irish Church.

Mr. Spurgeon now stands in doubt of the Wesleyans, on account of the paper on Inspiration by Professor Daveson, to which I referred some weeks ago. He says, "With the delicate tread that reminds us of Agag, error enters as though it were a well-known and familiar friend." V.

THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

The ourang-outang, of which we give an illustration, is one of the most recent additions to the collections of living animals in the Regent's Park Gardens of the Zoological Society of London. Among the other animals introduced there during the past year were a male grey hyppocampus, a pair of hartebeest antelopes, of which there had been no specimens in the gardens for ten years, two Beatrix antelopes, a young wild bull from Chartley Park, a young waterbuck antelope from the Somali coast, a young bee-eater, and a young horned screamer, a young Speke's antelope, and a young "fossa" (*Cryptoprocta ferox*) from Madagascar. Many of these have reached Europe alive for the first time. The proceedings of the Society were reported at the annual meeting on April 29, showing that it numbers 3046 Fellows, and has an income of £25,000, with an expenditure of £23,572 in the last year, including repairs of the monkey-house. The Society's silver medal has been given

SOCIAL SKITTLES.

BY ANDREW LANG.

In a lonely little inn, on a moor, beneath the frosty scalp of Schiehallion, "bald, except for a few white hares," as someone says, it is not easy to find matter for disquisition. The libraries of country inns are not usually large and varied, but mainly consist of "The Sportsman's Guide to Scotland," with the map torn out. Yet, rummaging about for that rare treasure, a topic, I have lighted on one in a little shilling book called "An Experiment in Marriage." It is by Mr. Bellamy, who wrote a kind of socialistic romance named "Looking Backward," which seems to have enjoyed an immense vogue, as a kind of shilling Gospel and Apocalypse in one. But "An Experiment in Marriage" is not apparently so successful. The reason is, probably, that we all covet our neighbour's house, and his ox, and his ass, and everything that is his, more than we covet his wife. Mr. Bellamy's "Experiment in Marriage" describes a Utopia, in a happy valley of California, where everybody covets his neighbour's wife, woos her, and weds her, and where, consequently, true felicity prevails. To the form of society thus evolved, and to the emancipated doctrine which recommends it—like Plato—in a myth, I have ventured to give the title of "Social Skittles." The contemptuous term "Skittles" is bestowed by John the Illiterate, in Mr. Stevenson's "Wrong Box," on poetry, the use of the globes, and similar matters discussed in the festive periodical which John styled "the *Athenæum*," adding, "Golly! what a paper!" Though the use of slang is, as a rule, to be avoided, yet skittles does seem the best word for the matrimonial theories of Mr. Edward Bellamy. His volume, in case anyone has not read it, begins with an enthusiast and a worldling discussing the failure of marriage in a restaurant of New York. To them enters one Gillett, if I remember his name correctly, a mysterious dealer in wine and grapes, from California. Looking at his profession, we might prefer the name of Gilby, so favourably associated with inexpensive sherry. The health of this new comer is drunk in Californian Moselle, an awful vintage to think of, and Gillett turns out to be a matrimonial reformer. He conducts his companions to a mysterious valley where a select social community eke out an excellent and equal livelihood by growing grapes, and disposing of the produce in New York. This fair valley possesses in itself all the climates, and its idyllic industry would suit all of us very well. But the foible of Utopias, from that of Sir Thomas More onwards, is that they need perfect seclusion and perfect climate, things not easily to be procured in this world of ours. Here, then, the Blessed cultivate the vine, and live for climate and the affections. This course of things will be impossible when we have all become total abstainers from Californian Moselle and other fermented liquors. Not the commerce, however, but the domestic bliss of these dwellers in Vineland the Good, deserves our attention. They have discovered that the specific for bliss is Free Divorce. No longer do we

See one man, with one unceasing wife,
Play the long rubber of connubial life.

Gillett and Co. have found out that, in placing our affections, we all make many mistakes. Their simple plan is merely to repeat the experiment till it is successful. Thus one of the pilgrims from New York marries a married lady named Kate, which does very well till she prefers another partner. Then the pilgrim, in turn, tries a second, who also jilts him, and finally he settles on a third whom he chances to meet in an omnibus. The offspring of these tentative manoeuvres is brought up in a large public establishment. Thus ladies are not eternally plagued with their children. Their minds, like their hearts, are free. They revel in debates, like those at the Union in Oxford or Cambridge, and brides of "more than middle age" still enjoy the pleasures of the dance, gyrating in the embrace of "portly" partners. All this is possible, because, as the whole community grows grapes, the hours of labour are very few, and leave abundant leisure. This is the essence of the whole scheme. Our own profligate upper classes, everyone knows, having nothing to do, make a great deal of love. Our middle classes, engaged in offices or at desks all day, have no time to cultivate the affections at large, and, consequently, are slavishly content with one wedded wife, for the most part. But in Vineland the Good everybody is always at leisure to fall in love again, and divorces are the universal rule; therefore all is happiness.

A weak point or two in those arrangements presents itself to the bourgeois intellect. Marriage is dissoluble, we read, at the desire of *both* parties, and, elsewhere, "at the desire of *either* party." Which is the true rule? Marriages, in this delightful country, are like engagements in England.

Now, we seldom or never find that *both* parties to a betrothal are anxious to break their troth. That is just where the pathetic part of it comes in. Angelina is tired of Edwin, or Edwin is "passing weary of her love," but not both at once. Consequently an engagement cannot be broken without a very great deal of misery, to one side, and of dishonour, which should be the worst of misery, to the other. To some men nothing worse could befall than to make a woman unhappy, and thus many an Edwin, though not enthusiastic about Angelina, has to choose the less of two evils, keep his word, and make the best of it. Would not similar emotions perturb the peace of Vineland the Good? Mr. Vinton is married to Mrs. Green, let us say. He becomes convinced that she is not his ideal; but, if she is still certain that he is her ideal, what is Mr. Vinton to do? In Vineland he simply marries his new ideal, Mrs. Brown. There is no bother about the children, to whom the State is an affectionate parent. But there is still the bother about Mrs. Vinton, who may break her heart when discarded. Now, in our Philistine plan of monogamy, Mr. Vinton simply does not think of falling in love again, or of looking about for new ideals among the married ladies of his acquaintance. He does not enjoy the leisure of Vineland, and Venus does not find some mischief still for his idle hands to do—that is, among the vast majority of us. In Vineland they are eternally falling in love, and into and out of marriage. Human nature has been so rapidly modified that jealousy does not exist. The old ideal does not feel inclined to poison "them as has good looks," the discarded Mrs. Vinton does not "go for" Mr. Green with "a two-shoot scatter gun." The partners appear to find new ideals simultaneously. With every respect for the ingenious Mr. Bellamy, I cannot suppose that human nature will be rapidly modified in this way. Jealousy, an animal passion if you please, will not expire; affections will not be so readily transferable on both sides. The new plan will really be more fruitful of misery than the old, at least as long as people have hearts and sympathies.

The new scheme is thought to be particularly favourable to women, who will be much more independent, living on their own skill as grape-packers, than the old. But it will not be more favourable to women. A man will still be of a love-making age, and capable of seeming an eligible ideal, when a woman has lost her power to charm. Young ladies are addicted, occasionally, to setting their hearts on men of forty,

or even more; but young gentlemen seldom, or never (where "money is no object"), seek for partners, and the ideal, in ladies over thirty. Is it not plain that Edwin will still be pursuing his ideal, not unsuccessfully, when poor Angelina has become a hag or a frump, and can find nobody to worship her? The hardship of this case, the number of widows, is an almost insuperable objection to the morals and manners of Vineland the Good. Of all people women have most interest in our jog-trot old plan of monogamy. The persons most concerned, next, are men. For Sophocles welcomed old age, because it delivered him from those "wild masters"—the passions. Marriage may do as much for most men, they are ruled out of the lists of love, and need go no more into that tourney. Their shields are taken down, no fair challenger need touch them with her lance. This beneficent arrangement spares an enormous deal of worry and perturbation. It is good to be a fogey, and disinterestedly to admire the fair, and not to run after ideals any more. But, in Vineland the Good, love gives no holidays. At any time any man may discover that he is the affinity of any woman, and then there is all the trouble over again, not to mention the difficulties with Angelina (late the ideal), which, one ventures to assure Mr. Bellamy, will be considerable. Why, the grapes would be neglected, it would be *Adieu paniers!* long before vintage was done, in Vineland the Good. In this life we must have troubles, sentimental and other troubles, however we arrange and disarrange society. The children will not really be well looked after in the nursery of the State where a woman will not dare to be maternal, because she will be missing a chance of a new ideal, while Edwin is finding plenty of them in the dance or the debating-room; favouring now a partner in the mazy, now a peroratrix. The family may be comparatively a modern innovation, as Prince Kropotkin and other philosophers declare. However, even that archaic customer the Australian Black Fellow has evolved the family, and surely we cannot improve our lot by going "back of" the Australian Black. Monogamy manifestly gives woman the best chance, and relieves man of a great deal of courtship. The wedding-presents, in Vineland the Good, must be a heavy tax on the community. We shall not better our life by making marriage a sort of circulating library. This way, in brief, is mere Social Skittles. Luckily, Mr. Bellamy and his school of matrimony seem to have few disciples in England, and the middle-aged, at least, may look forward, not ungratefully, to becoming Darbys and Joans.

THE LATE COLONEL SKENE.

To the portraits of other Englishmen basely entrapped and



THE LATE COLONEL C. McDOWAL SKENE,
KILLED IN MANIPUR.

slaughtered in the Palace of Manipur, on March 24, by the usurping princes of that petty semi-independent native State, we add that of Colonel Charles McDowal Skene, of the 42nd (Goorkha) Regiment of Bengal Light Infantry, who commanded the small Goorkha escort of Mr. Quinton, Chief Commissioner of Assam. He had been serving in India nearly twenty years, and had been engaged in the Umbyla campaign of 1863, the Burmese expedition of 1886, and the Chin-Lushai campaign of 1889, in which last he commanded the northern column, and for which he received the thanks of the Indian Government.

BISMARCK AND MOLTKE—APRIL 1891.

A faltering fire yet lights the weary eyes,
And now the slow blood starts with sudden leap,
And angry thunder daunts the spies who peep,
Exploring if the Lion lives or dies.
But cold upon the sand his fellow lies,
The far-flung shadow of whose dawnless sleep
The many-nationed world doth overcreep,
Not solely where Rhine's torrent seaward hies.
Day darkens, and uneasy Night must wake
'Neath her blue roof, new-sown with baleful stars;
And chains of Slav and Gaul spontaneous shake,
As anciently, at birth of Latin wars,
Eager their appetite for blood to slake,
Rome's weapons rattled in the fane of Mars.

R. GARNETT.

The picture by Mr. Marcus Stone, R.A., called "A Passing Cloud," in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, was copied in our Paper last week by permission of the owner, Mr. Arthur Lucas, of New Bond Street.

For some of the portraits (in our last issue) of members of the Royal Commission of Inquiry on Labour we are specially indebted to the photographers—namely, Messrs. Fradelle and Young, 246, Regent Street; Messrs. Russell and Sons, 17, Baker Street; Messrs. Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street; the London Stereoscopic Company, 110, Regent Street; Mr. Barrand, 263, Oxford Street; and Messrs. Maull and Fox, 187, Piccadilly. The portraits of the Newfoundland delegates also were supplied by Messrs. Elliott and Fry and Messrs. Russell and Sons.

"The Law of Building and Engineering Contracts," with the correct legal definition of the duties and liabilities of engineers, architects, surveyors, and valuers, is manifestly a subject of great practical importance. Mr. Alfred A. Hudson, barrister-at-law, of the Inner Temple, having formerly been an architect, is peculiarly qualified to compose a treatise which should be esteemed the standard authority for the guidance of both professions, lawyers as well as their clients, though it would certainly not encourage laymen concerned in such business to attempt solving a legal problem by independent study, for this branch of law seems complex, intricate, and difficult beyond common understanding. His work, published by Messrs. Waterlow and Sons (Limited) and by Messrs. Stevens and Haynes, of Bell Yard, Temple Bar, is a bulky volume of eight hundred close-printed pages, of which we can only say that its style is concise, its arrangement methodical, and that it has all the appearance of completeness and exactness befitting a standard law-book. It contains, besides the introductory treatise and twelve special chapters, several valuable appendices showing the precedents on record, and a great variety of unreported cases, with a separate index to these, a general index, and useful schedules, forms of contracts, and scales of charges, which may save much risk and trouble.



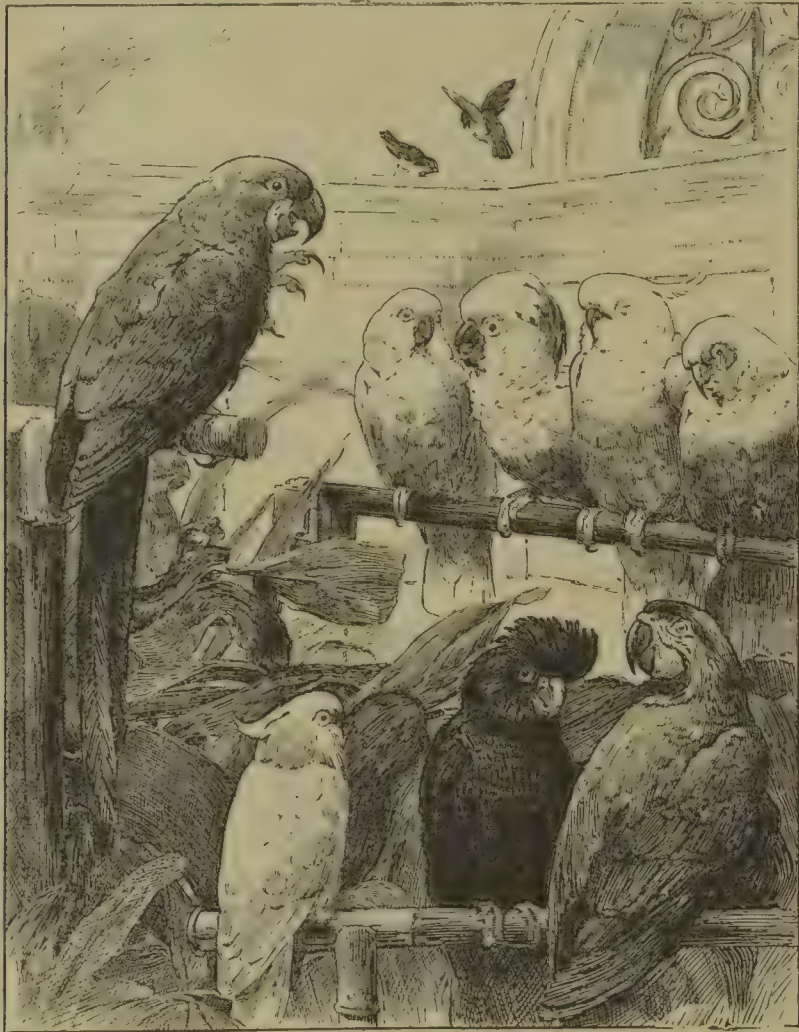
NEW OURANG-OUTANG AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

to Mrs. Edmonston and Mr. R. T. Scott, of the Shetland Isles, for services rendered by late members of their families in preserving the "great skua," a rare bird threatened with extermination.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

In our preliminary notice we referred to the general character of the year's work, of which we propose now to take a more leisurely survey, and offering a few Sketches of the most distinctive pictures. Sir John Gilbert is almost, if not quite, the oldest of the Academicians, and Mr. Frank Dicksee is perhaps the youngest among the Associates. At least half a century divides their respective schools, and the contrast between the two artists' work should give us some idea of the development of English art in that period of time. Sir John Gilbert's careful study of two women, whom he describes as "Don Quixote's Niece and Housekeeper" (317), is a successful application of *chiaro-oscuro* now so little regarded by our young artists. In fact, Mr. Frank Dicksee, in his truly imaginative "Mountain of the Winds" (714), makes no use of this method, and paints his figures directly against their background. Their grouping is graceful, and the idea of the South Wind, represented by a seated female figure scattering rose-leaves, is as delicate as that of the East Wind drawing his falchion from the sheath is grim and terrible. As a purely decorative design the conception will rank among the most successful of the artist's works.

Among the subject-pictures of which reproductions are here given, Mr. Seymour Lucas's



"A SELECT COMMITTEE."—H. S. MARKS, R.A.

"Town Gallants" (42) is painted much in the style and with much of the ability of the Dutch artists of the "Golden Age" in that country, when perspective and careful drawing were highly esteemed. Mr. Stacy Marks's "Select Committee" (259) is unintentionally a satire upon the proceedings of many public bodies, in which cockatoos and macaws sustain prolonged debates to their own satisfaction but with little profit to the bystanders. Mr. Marks is a humourist as well as an ornithologist, and he possesses, in a degree unsurpassed by any competitors, the power of conveying human emotions and passions in his pictures of bird life. Mr. Gow this year has abandoned battle-fields, but has not altogether got away from their results. Of his two contributions to the exhibition, that of "Queen Mary's Farewell to Scotland" (250) is in every way the more interesting. Mary had managed to escape from Lochleven Castle, and had ridden all the way to Hamilton, where her friends were collected, but they were too few in number and too divided in counsel to make head against the Regent Murray. Advancing to seize Dumbarton Castle, her forces were routed, and her hopes of regaining the crown of Scotland for ever shattered. She flew southwards, and Mr. Gow represents her with her few attendants on the sands of Solway Firth, about to cross to England and to throw herself upon the generosity



"THE MOUNTAIN OF THE WINDS."—F. DICKSEE, A.R.A.

of her English rival. In a very different spirit Mr. Colin Hunter treats the coast scenery of his country, and in selecting the picturesque island of "Iona" (344) shows us how his fellow-countrymen on that island have to fight the daily battle of life on a weather-beaten rock. Mr. Colin Hunter's studies this year are wholly on the western coast of Scotland, where he finds in the sea and clouds those rich prismatic effects to which his art has long accustomed us. It is obvious that he sees more colour than most of us—and occasionally those colours are very intense—but we must recognise this as the right, and in some cases the duty, of the painter who would reveal nature. Mr. F. Morgan, on the other hand, finds the sailor and his family surroundings of more interest than the element on which they earn their living. In his spirited group, "Hold Tight!" (541), we have a glimpse of the brighter side of the fisherman's life, but Mr. Morgan is too much of a realist—as his studies of London street life show—to aim at anything less than the truth; and we may trace in the present work another phase of that attraction for work in its various phases of which modern art—as shown in this exhibition—gives so many striking examples.



"TOWN GALLANTS."—SEYMOUR LUCAS, A.R.A.



"AFTER LANGSIDE: QUEEN MARY'S FAREWELL TO SCOTLAND."—A. C. GOW, R.A.



"IONA CROFTERS."—COLIN HUNTER, A.R.A.



DON QUIXOTE'S NIECE AND HOUSEKEEPER.

FROM THE PICTURE BY SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A., IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THACKERAY AS A PARLIAMENTARY CANDIDATE.

BY A MEMBER OF HIS COMMITTEE.

Probably there was never a more pronounced practical joke than Thackeray's Parliamentary candidature. It might have been entitled "The Odd Adventures and Unconscious Humour of Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh in Pursuit of his 'Crowning Ambition'"; but Titmarsh was not there. The candidate was William Makepeace Thackeray himself, endeavouring to fulfil the most ardent desire of his life with honour and dignity.

He went down to Oxford to contest the seat against the late Lord (then the Right Hon. Edward) Cardwell, ostensibly on the question of the Chinese War; virtually, as the nominee of Mr. Charles Neate, lately returned, unfairly singled out and unseated on petition.

The circumstances required an exceptional candidate—a personage of distinction. The constituency always preferred political distinction. As no personage of that character would oppose Mr. Cardwell, and Thackeray volunteered, he was accepted. The nothingness of his political opinions, while kept in the background, did not detract from the exciting announcement that one of the most distinguished and eminent men in the country at any moment, might be expected in the constituency. His name, when known, would carry the seat; it would be announced simultaneously with his arrival to every elector; but until all uncertainty of securing him ended with his presence in the place, he must remain a mystery, his name a secret. This programme, arranged with his concurrence in London, assumed that the electors of the University city would rally with enthusiasm to the proffered honour of being represented by Thackeray.

His advisers had not read, or had forgotten, Hazlitt's description of Oxford, concluding with the warning "Do not speak to one of its citizens, or the beauty of the place will disappear." They had forgotten, also, that only a short time previous *Punch* had described Thackeray as personally requesting permission of the Vice-Chancellor of the University to lecture in Oxford, and amazed at that dignitary, who, not knowing him, and being told he was the author of "Vanity Fair," inquired "Whether he was a Dissenter, and any connection of John Bunyan." Again, neither the local wirepullers nor those at headquarters took cognisance of the fact that, while the electors, as a whole, held no distinction as lovers of literature, the section to which Thackeray appealed comprised the least familiar with authors and books.

The day for his arrival came. At a few hours' notice the more energetic members of the late Neate party were summoned to an afternoon meeting in the old headquarters of the Liberals, the Mitre Hotel. They attended in full force. No waiting, no consultation, no submitting names of candidates, no coaxing of malcontents, and none of the usual electioneering preliminaries occurred. They were summoned to take action, obey orders, and ask no questions—some, to meet the next train from London at the Great Western railway station and bring the candidate to the Mitre committee-room; others to go off, there and then, to their respective wards, to publicans, printers, bill-posters, and fly-men; to leave nothing overlooked or undone in the way of announcing by word of mouth, on every available wall, fly, vehicle, in every public-house and window of the party, the name of Thackeray.

"He will come, see, and conquer!" said the high-handed Agent-Generalissimo, and, without further preface or explanation, left the room.

The name came like a bolt from the blue. No repetition of the joke concerning the Vice-Chancellor's ignorance, in this case. The civic burghesses there assembled did not know Thackeray; financially and politically they had never heard of him. They denounced him in stock phrases of electioneering ribaldry and opprobrium. Expecting, at least, a cotton lord, a millionaire trade lord, or a Rothschild, they found him a mockery, a snare, and a delusion! No man could conjure with his name. They adjourned to the street. Their discontent increased outside the hotel. When Thackeray with his escort arrived, they formed a crowd, singularly dumb, dull, depressed, and undemonstrative. The little band-box 'bus drew up; the solemnity of a funeral prevailed; the majestic form of Thackeray alighted and walked into the hotel with the demeanour of a chief mourner. Evidently there was something wrong in the proceeding; the unexpected happening. To make matters worse, the head waiter, mistaking Thackeray for a private guest, ushered him into the coffee-room instead of his committee-room. He had barely time to select a chair before the crowd of malcontents rushed into the apartment, upsetting and clambering upon chairs and tables, making a babel of demands for information and a speech.

He could not speak. Again and again he rose, gesticulated, or bowed, and sat down. His escort, consisting of three persons, endeavoured to explain on his behalf that he desired time to consider—to consult his friends who had not arrived—to issue his address before speaking. All in vain. Deafening simultaneous shouts of "Who are you?" "What are you?" obtaining no response, a well-known amateur reciter from the back of the room, in his most melancholy melodramatic manner, shouted, "He's the Baby!"

The uproar following this sally gave the first intimation of Thackeray's arrival to the Neate party awaiting him in the committee-room, and brought them upon the scene. Grasping Thackeray's hand with some difficulty over a couch and fallen chairs, Mr. Neate introduced him as "a friend come down to fight their battle and win the lost seat." "I will!" said Thackeray, radiant with joy and choking with emotion. "I will! I will!"

Extremes in language met. A Radical publican, named Scone or Scown, the malcontent ringleader, in explosive Billingsgate, told the great author to cut out his tongue, to come without speeches, political opinions, or anything else. So long as he came the friend of Charles Neate they would vote for him.

The sentiment of the publican put everyone in fighting trim, became the "cry" of the contest, and so obliterated every other consideration as to make Thackeray's address,

when it appeared, superfluous. Except to himself, from that moment Thackeray, as a politician, disappeared; he dropped out of the political world when he stepped into it.

His first public meeting began as a fiasco, and ended a success. His opponents attended in sufficient numbers to carry a resolution against him. When he rose to speak, in the good-humoured irony and hollowness of the greeting awarded him there were indications of no ill-will or party opposition: on the contrary, that everybody liked him.

"Gentlemen—gentlemen," he iterated for minutes, with funereal solemnity, which the audience regarded as great fun. "Address them as 'Worthy freemen, Free and independent electors of the City of Oxford,'" those about him prompted. The phrase travelled altogether beyond his mastery of tongue or memory. At last he succeeded in saying, "When I dined with my friend Lord ——" The name of his lordship did not reach the ear of those near him. Continuing, he made his first political speech, which, in a consecutive sentence, may be thus recorded: "When I dined with my friend Lord —, after dinner my health was proposed. I rose to make a speech. I had to do then—what I do now." He sat down. A feint to storm the platform, open the Townhall windows, and precipitate objects into the street of St. Aldate followed as a return of fun on the part of the audience. In the nick of time his friend Charles Neate, hitherto unseen, came upon the platform and made a stirring speech on current political topics. Other speakers endeavoured to prolong the meeting, and, finally, the chairman announced that a resolution declaring Mr. William Makepeace Thackeray to be a fit and proper person to represent the City of Oxford in the Commons House of Parliament was carried.

No one challenged the chairman's ruling, and to this day everyone conversant with Thackeray's candidature admits that at his first and only public meeting of the entire constituency there was a majority of hands in his favour. He commenced house-to-house canvassing with a lighter heart, believing that in going about there would be opportunities of talking to persons who knew something about him, and read his books.

One of the early, among the many unpleasant, episodes in canvassing occurred in a Radical suburb. He visited a sturdy politician of the old Chartist school, a man with a striking physiognomical resemblance to Cobden, and found him at work sewing a boot. "Don't waste your time here, gentlemen," the elector grunted, without raising his Cobden lineaments for



THACKERAY'S HOUSE AT KENSINGTON.

inspection: "I've made up my mind about voting." He knew Thackeray as the author of "Vanity Fair" and "The Book of Snobs." He, a Methodist, would have neither a novel, nor the writer of a novel, in his house. He was satisfied with Bunyan. The men in his trade were not "snobs"; though snobs existed he never wanted one on his premises. "You are a shoemaker," said Thackeray, conciliatingly, only to receive this brusque retort, "Horses wear shoes: I don't shoe horses. You will see what I am when you get outside." Thackeray went out, looked up, and on the sign-board read, "Bootmaker."

Canvassing very soon proved no Vanity Fair, and even worse than Vanity Purgatory. After a short experience he wrote to Charles Dickens that only about six persons in the place knew him, while all knew Dickens, who would help him out of a bottomless pit by coming down to speak for him at a public meeting. Dickens declined.

Then followed a general casting about for speakers. No politician could be induced to speak in opposition to Cardwell. Another public meeting became impracticable; the best had to be made of ward meetings. For those, speakers were not forthcoming, the few among local men being on the other side, leaving Thackeray with none worth listening to.

In this dilemma he went to an East Ward meeting, accompanied by a young elector enjoying considerable popularity as a rising artist and literary man. On entering the room together, the young elector, voted to the chair, obliviously sat in it out of sheer nervous inability to find words for declining. Another catastrophe appeared inevitable.

"Can you speak?"—"A worse speaker than yourself!"

"What's to be done?"—"Do you object to being spirited away?"—"No; get me out of it."

While this colloquy between the candidate and chairman took place, the candidate seated himself on the wrong side of the chair. Before he sat down again in his right place a messenger had been out and back into the room, enabling the chairman to rise and state that "a telegram from London required Mr. Thackeray's immediate attendance at his Central Committee Room." The chairman, having requested the meeting to excuse their candidate and send him off with three cheers—which they did—remained standing, and spoke for three quarters of an hour.

Next morning Thackeray declared to the chairman that he would willingly sacrifice his literary and artistic ability to be enabled to make in the House of Commons a speech that would be listened to for three quarters of an hour. "That"—these are his own words—"is my crowning ambition." To his repeated inquiries afterwards—how this chairman for the first time in his life spoke for three quarters of an hour, and gained reputation as a good speaker; how to be taught the unteachable gift of public speaking—he received only one answer, "Have something to say, and say it." "I have

plenty to say," he added on one occasion, "when in my room dictating to my amanuensis; but how am I to do the same kind of thing in public?"—"Dictate, in that case."—"Is that it?"—"Yes."—"Ah!" There ended his pupillage.

After a day of uncomplimentary adventures in canvassing, he resentfully remarked, "At twenty-five years of age I had spent twenty-five thousand pounds, hadn't a shilling in the world, or a friend who would lend me one. I thought nothing worse than that could happen, and here am I, electioneering!"

A constantly recurring reference while canvassing to his attack of "ague in Rome" became the cue for leaving him behind. When "ague" was mentioned he became severe. Sometimes he would follow up with restored congeniality; generally, he was lost for the day, to be found when wanted reclining on his bed with a book.

"This Oxford is a beautiful place," he observed one moon-light night, halting at the corner of All Souls' College in the High Street to look up at the spire of St. Mary's Church. "When I was in America, in the newest and most remote villages even the children ran out as I passed, recognising and calling me by name: here, nobody knows me."

An example of his singular inaptitude and strange views of his personal fitness for a political career occurred in the instance of an elector who had sincere respect for him. A brother of the Rev. Newman Hall, Mr. Pickard Hall, a managing partner of the University Clarendon Press, to whom Thackeray was introduced, although a Conservative, joined heartily in desiring for the city the honour of being represented by the distinguished author. Thackeray, informed of this feeling of a Conservative in his favour, gave to Mr. Hall as his reason for preferring a political to a literary reputation the following drollery: "The other side has had their literary men—Bulwer Lytton, Dizzy, and Sam Warren; our side has never had a literary man. Now, as I am willing to go, why shouldn't they have one?—why shouldn't our side have Thackeray?" That a man of position and intelligence laughed at this frank avowal of the honest truth shocked Thackeray. That such a person could intimate, as Mr. Hall did, that he regretted having to show his respect for the literary man by voting against the literary candidate, appeared to Thackeray "an insult from the Tory Party!"

His political education made no progress. He never got beyond such Jingoism as "he would not allow the barbarian Chinese to insult the British flag"; such trimming as "he would not vote against the ballot: at the same time, he, as an Englishman, preferred open voting"; on the divorce question, "he, as a Churchman, stood on the Church platform"; and he, like his friend Neate, would declare when returned, "Roebuck and I are the only two Radical members on the floor of the House of Commons." He expressed definite opinions upon two questions only. His views were strong in favour of opening picture galleries and museums on Sundays, and on purity of election. On both he lost votes.

Win or lose, he determined that his opportunity of making a speech should not be lost. Acting upon the advice of his young confidant, "Have something to say, and say it," he went into the seclusion of his bed-room for several days to write and commit to memory a speech, before he stood upon the hustings.

Whether he wrote a speech did not transpire. One was expected, not only locally, but by the Press, which in some instances, on the day after the nomination, criticised it as one containing no striking ideas, no literary merit.

What literally and really happened was this. Thackeray stood on the hustings between his proposer and seconder. He may have forgotten his speech; he had not forgotten "the Baby" incident on his arrival, or the numerous occasions when his opponents applying that epithet made him, if possible, more uncomfortable than at first.

Mr. Cardwell, brought out without his consent or interference in any way, did not appear upon the hustings, consequently between his proposer and seconder was a blank. Pointing in that direction, "Here," Thackeray began, triumphantly, "are the two godfathers! But—where's the Baby?"

The humourist overlooked the obvious answer. In a gathering of two thousand persons his remained the only solemn face; his the only sides not aching with laughter. In the spirit of waggy and good-humoured mischief, the whole assemblage encouraged him to "go on." He could not. Advised to "dictate" in public speaking as he did in private to his amanuensis, how could he dictate to two thousand persons dictating to him? He did, certainly, deliver scraps of a speech calculated to do more harm than good, under discouragement of his own supporters.

"What would I do with the Chinese?" he exclaimed at the top of his voice. "What would I do, gentlemen? I would give them that!" Suiting the action to the word, he raised and shook his fist. Instantly a battalion of fists went up, all comically shaking in response. "The hit," to him, "was a palpable hit"; both he and the electors laughed until they could laugh no longer. The "crowning ambition" of William Makepeace Thackeray to make a speech and become a member of Parliament was conclusively vetoed by that exhausted laughter and fist-shaking. Hastily the usual formalities were gone through, and that memorable assemblage dissolved.

He might have won. Whatever his failings, obtuseness, and foibles as a candidate, he maintained the dignity and fairplay of an honourable man.

As usual on polling days in the now partially disfranchised city, at eight o'clock in the morning contingents of purchasable burghesses were folded under the shepherds. Their forenoon price stood at a hundred pounds; their number less than a hundred, and varying. Throughout the day Thackeray was urged to pay their price and win. Waylaid on Carfax, the centre of the city, at half past three o'clock in the afternoon, when the slow voting ran neck and neck, there were forty-odd votes obtainable for forty pounds: would he expend that further sum of money? "Not one penny," was his injunction, and forthwith, like Achilles to his tent, he went to his bed-room, his book, and locked the door against all comers.

When the poll closed at four o'clock those forty-odd voters were polled, and Thackeray beaten by about the same number of votes. A close fight; an honourable contest on his part, involving a loss of eight hundred pounds, whereof he sorrowfully, to the day of his death, regretted "the waste."

For some time after his defeat he clung to the hope of being returned to Parliament. Would Abingdon, Wallingford, have him? They were both Conservative strongholds. His last communication on the subject, from Kensington Palace Gardens, laconically asked—

"What chance at Banbury for yours sincerely, W. M. T.?" There was no chance; nor did any chance follow in that part of the country.

J. CASTLE

SOCIAL GRIEVANCES.

BY FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

If the griefs and grievances of society were only half as bad as they are made out by the trumpeters thereof, what a miserable people we should be, male and female! New ones are discovered twice a year, as when Mr. George Smith of Coalville revealed that the neglected education of the gypsies of this country is a blot on its civilisation, and contributory to the dangers of the State; but, happily, both those which have been lately found out, and those which have stared successive generations in the face, are far less afflicting than they are painted by the various groups of persons who charge themselves with the description of them. Even the miseries reported by inquirers into the condition of the crofter folk or the East-End population are not what they seem. They are what they are to the poor creatures who experience them; and that (fortunately) is not what they would be to the well-nurtured gentlemen and ladies who make such dreadful pictures of Whitechapel squalor and suffering. Grievous as the overcrowding is, the lack of privacy, the want of means for cleanliness and order—which appear to many of us the most intolerable ills of extreme poverty—three fourths of those who endure them are indifferent to the misery, or even unaware of it. For them the real hardships of poverty do not begin till food and firing fail: with these in plenty, there is no distress. This may not be as it should be. I only say that so it is; and there may be some doubt as to the humanity of awakening a consciousness of painful and shameful privation, unless a means of remedy is provided at the same time.

There are some, however, who seem to take a pride in the actual creation of social grievances, or in magnifying the occasional failures of the social system into common wrongs. To do this appears to be regarded as a proof of keen perception, a delicate sense of justice, a heart capable of high resentments: what it really signifies in many a case is something like foolishness, and what it tends to is mere mischief. At the present moment, for example, it seems to be thought a wise and noble thing to persuade women that men are their natural enemies—made so by the survival of barbarous and insulting ideas of the relation of the sexes. Women are now to “level up” with their hereditary tyrants by rejecting their mastership and sharing their freedom in ways hitherto frowned upon. Not only must there be enfranchisement for the exercise of electoral, magisterial, and legislative functions, but the old pretence of marital ownership and authority should be broken down on the one side, while the old obligations to a particular morality should be reformed out of existence on the other. The Clitheroe case and the decrees and disagreements of the judges on it have brought out these aspirations more fully than ever; and it seems to be supposed that when they are fulfilled a righteous equality of the sexes will be the result. But who supposes it? The majority of men certainly not, nor one in twenty of them; but in a matter like this men may be prejudiced. What, then, of women themselves? It may be a mistake, of course; but my belief is that if the question could be put to two classes of women—young women unmarried, and middle-aged women married—the instincts of the one and the judgment of the other would impel them to declare that they could not suppose anything of the kind. And even if the testimony of feminine instinct were rejected, the witness of experience, knowledge judgment would remain, and there cannot be a doubt of how it would speak. No good, clear-sighted woman of the world would allow that a righteous equality of the sexes could be attained that way. What would result would be an unrighteous or unlovely equality, the one sex sinking to the license of the other. The mother's wishes for her daughters are founded on what she believes to be the true bases of happiness for women: the belief itself being founded on observation and experience. And how many mothers are willing to see the rigours of social obligation relaxed? how many would think their daughters fortunate if they might err with little more blame than their sons? There are no such mothers among commonly decent women, and very few even among the most vicious. The injustice of the distinction between the aberrations of the woman and the man may be proved ten times over; but no social grievance can be made of it, except at a cost that women would feel most at every stage and in every relation of life. Nor do many mothers believe that their daughters would have a better prospect of happiness if the duties and obligations of marriage were enfeebled. We all know that many a married woman is condemned to a life of cruel companionship, as many a married man is to a worse than luckless one. But the clear outcome of all experience is that marriage should be no easy bargain for them that enter into it, and there should be no breaking from the matrimonial compact save for the gravest faults. It is better that some should suffer in these bonds than that they should be made light for all: for the reason, among others, that if escape were easy there would be many loose couples in the world, extremely ill at ease, who, had they but borne with each other through their first disenchantments, would have lived a life of perfect comfort ever after. This consideration is better known to women than to men, perhaps, for with them the pain of disenchantment is more frequent, more keenly felt, more difficult to subdue; and if they had to pronounce upon the future of their sex by plebiscite—I mean if all women five years married had to do so—we should find few who would promise greater happiness for the sisterhood if it were easy to escape from the obligations of marriage as they have been understood hitherto. What Lord Penzance said the other day, and what Lord Stowell said before him many years ago, is the truth as women understand it even more than men. They do not complain of the stringency of the marital bond, being instinctively aware that its relaxation would be no boon to them, but much to the contrary, both as wives and mothers. In short, a common grievance has been created for them out of occasional wrongs—which is a frequent practice with the reformers of the age.

THE NEW GALLERY.

Those who look to the managers of this gallery to maintain the claims of those painters who aim at a certain eclecticism in art will not be disappointed in the present exhibition. It falls short, for obvious reasons, of the earlier displays which have been made in this building, but it shows considerable improvement on last year's show. On the present occasion we have only time and space to speak of a few of the more prominent works. Mr. Burne-Jones deals with sacred traditions in a more original spirit than that which he has brought to bear upon pagan myths. This year his more important work, “The Star of Bethlehem,” painted for the Corporation of Birmingham, gives a received and attractive rendering of the Magi, representing three ages, three races, and three professions, who are offering their respective gifts to the infant Christ, seated on His mother's knee under an arbour—a treatment of the “manger” not uncommon in the works of the early Italian masters. Nothing can be finer and more beautifully graduated than the colours—violet, blue, and green—of the flowing robe worn by the central figure of the Magi. The tenderness in the Virgin's face, the mingled love and wonder with which she gazes on the babe, are excellent. As for the painting of the Holy Child, it is the least satisfactory part of the picture—when once the mind is reconciled to the figure of the angel standing in the centre of the picture, holding in his hands the star which has guided the wise men to their unexpected destination. This part of the design is its weakest point—and, if the

such advantage as his less distinguished relative, Mr. Herman G. Herkomer, whose portrait of Admiral Edward Seymour, C.B., in undress uniform, is as vigorous a piece of work as is to be found in the three rooms. Mr. William Carter's portrait of Sir John Bailey, M.P., in shooting-coat and gaiters, is also very spirited, but somewhat too imitative of the late Mr. Frank Holl's works in the same style. Mr. Orchardson has a



“OLD LOVE RENEWED.”—J. R. WEGUELIN.

“Quid si prisca redit Venus,
Diductosque jugo cogit æneæ?”—Illustration to Horace, Ode ix. Book III.

thoughtful portrait of Professor Nichol, on which he has bestowed unusual care, and has managed to give a sense of solidity and thoughtfulness which are very characteristic.

Turning to other branches of art, Mr. Watts is not satisfactorily or worthily represented by either of his works, the “Nixie's Foundling” and the “Forty-first Day of the Deluge”; but, on the other hand, Mr. G. H. Boughton has seldom of late years done anything so worthy of his early promise as “A Frosty Sunrise in the Marshes,” in which he has caught the special features of an ice-bound landscape with keen perception. “The Winter of our Discontent,” by the same artist, is a variation of the same theme, and, although less *irisé* in colouring than the first-named work, lends itself better to reproduction, and has therefore been selected for that purpose. Mr. Nettleship's “Flood” gives him a fresh opportunity of vindicating his place as a painter of wild animals. He is especially successful in depicting the passions by which they are swayed, and in interpreting the outward signs of unrestrained savagery. Mr. J. R. Weguelin's “Old Love Renewed” is a prettily told tale with a moral, especially applicable at the present, when such contentions are aroused as to how far “prisca Venus” can or should lead back those “diductos jugo æneæ.” This is a question on which we will not here enter, but will allow the artist to make out his case as best he can.

Before leaving the West Room, where the majority of these pictures are to be found, we should call especial attention to the Hon. John Collier's two portraits—Miss Mina Welby and Miss Mabel Pollock, the former in a white, the latter in a black dress. In both we find the qualities and defects of Mr. Collier's work—the latter comprising a want of softness and curve in the outline of the female figure—which are their chief charm. The lines of both portraits are too completely perpendicular, and, in the case of Miss Welby, the flesh colour is too black in tint, and contrasts unfavourably with the brilliant carmine of Miss Pollock's complexion. Mr. C. E. Perugini's portrait of Miss Helen Lindsay is a masterpiece of careful academic drawing, and the rendering of the sprigged muslin kerchief on the lady's neck is deserving of the highest praise; but the picture itself awakens no enthusiasm, and the arms suggest baked clay rather than flesh and blood. Mr. W. E. F. Britten's “Corinna the Theban”—one of the gems of the exhibition—is delightful in colour and sentiment. Miss Milly Childers, a daughter of the well-known ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, has a bold portrait of herself in a red jersey holding a palette—far above the level of ordinary amateur work.



“THE WINTER OF OUR DISCONTENT.”—G. H. BOUGHTON, A.R.A.

truth must be told, verges on the ludicrous. It is true that in daylight, such as we presume is here represented, the light of the star would be dimmed, but it would, if as bright as is painted, suffuse a certain glow upon the immediate surroundings. In pose as well as composition the figure of the angel is poor, and in unfortunate contrast with the noble demeanour of the Magi. In his treatment of “the Bride of Lebanon,” upon whose garden of spices the north and south winds are invited to blow, the attempt to reproduce an idea which Botticelli has treated in a more decorative way is not successful, the whirlwinds of drapery half detached from the stiff figures having neither grace nor applicability to the text. Sir John Millais sends only one work—the “Portrait of a Lady”—but it is quite his best of the year. She is a lady of a certain age, and not distinguished in appearance, but she wears her red-velvet dress and her emerald and diamond necklace with a proud sense of ownership which gives truth and reality to the portrait. There is only the portrait of a young girl in white painted by Mr. J. J. Sargent, which, for technical skill and knowledge, can compare with Sir John Millais; but the recruit, like the veteran, has fallen upon an unfortunate model, and the young girl's eyes are those of one whose tears have recently flowed, and her face seems not wholly free from paint and pearl powder. Among the men's portraits the choice is greater, but here Professor Hubert Herkomer is not seen to



“FLOOD.”—J. T. NETTLESHIP.



"HOLD TIGHT!"

FROM THE PICTURE BY F. MORGAN, IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE BRIEFLESS BARRISTER

by Allen



I.

THAT moment, as he stood at the bow, peering deep into the darkness, he saw suddenly through the dim dusk—a speck of light to starboard! It was the light of a fire in some native village.

In a second, Thorold Ashby realised to the full in what jeopardy they all stood. A reef must be close ahead. The yacht was in danger.

As he looked, the speck of light disappeared . . . reappeared . . . and once more disappeared again. With a thrill of sudden horror, he knew just what that meant. Breakers on their lee! Not twenty yards off! When she rose on the crest, a light shone from the island. When she sank in the trough again, the light was obscured by the vast wall of surf. He saw it now, rising sheer, like a white cliff of spray, before them. She was making straight for it under full steam. One moment more, and she would ground and be swamped by it.

"Hard a-port!" But the sharp command rang just a second too late. As it broke short from the owner's lips, a thrill crashed jarring through the Lika-Lika's hull from stem to stern. Her keel grated on the low barrier of coral rock underneath. The breakers sprang upon her like a wild beast upon its prey. With horrible rapidity she snapped in two amidships. There was a cry of terror; a wild sense of darkness and of rushing water; then they were battling, each for his own neck, with huge billows that flung them resistlessly landward. They were pounded like pebbles on the loose beach of white sand. At that point they lost consciousness. The Lika-Lika broke up into shattered planks and fragments.

II.

When morning broke, calm and clear after the storm, three survivors of the wreck found themselves lying, half dead, on the bare ground outside a wattled Kanaka hut in the Manihiki Islands. A crowd of friendly natives pressed eagerly around. The Manihiki people have never been very bad cannibals; and the wreckage of the Lika-Lika had brought them so much good luck that they felt hospitably disposed towards the three shipwrecked mariners.

Thorold Ashby himself, the owner of the lost yacht, lay, most seriously wounded of all, stretched out at full length on a strip of native matting. Two Kanaka women, with bare brown arms and red flowers in their hair, held up his fainting head. He turned wearily to his companions, both sailors of the crew. They were all that remained alive. On the beach hard by, a mangled corpse or two, half naked, and pummelled out of all recognition on the jagged peaks of submerged coral, lay

white and ghastly. "Bathurst," he said feebly to the nearest of his two men, "I don't want to live now. I'm too battered and knocked about to care much for living. Since my wife died at Levuka, I haven't loved my life. And I can't bear to look at those poor bodies lying unburied on the shore. I feel as if it were my fault all this should have come upon you ten good fellows—for I brought you here only for my own amusement. But there's one thing I'd give a thousand pounds to do before I die—sign that will I had made for me at Samoa. You and Howe could witness it: you're alive enough for that. I have it in my pocket here: it's wet, but not spoilt. All we want now is just a pen and ink. But where are we to get those on a Kanaka island?"

How strangely things come about in this world, to be sure! Thorold Ashby was a wealthy man, the son of a Liverpool shipowner, deceased, who had died in the odour of sanctity and insufficient drainage at a Naples hotel, and whose personality had been sworn at more than half a million. For twenty years Thorold Ashby had been engaged in the honest endeavour to spend as much as possible of the wealth bequeathed him; and, having inherited some of his father's shipowning tastes, he had got rid of a good deal of it on the Lika-Lika, his Clyde-built steam-yacht, christened after a charming Hawaiian princess he had met at Honolulu, on a former voyage. This last cruise, however, had been in many ways a most disastrous one. His wife, whom he loved tenderly, and for the sake of whose health he had come so long a trip in the remote South Seas, had been taken ill and died in the harbour at Fiji. On his way back to San Francisco, *en route* for England, Ashby had called at Samoa, where an English lawyer (there are English lawyers everywhere now) drew up a will for him, to secure the only object that was left very near his heart. His wife had a niece, Nesta Clyde by name, who had lived with them long in London, and whom they had learned to treat pretty much like a daughter. But, unless he made a will in Nesta's favour, everything would now go to his two brothers, who were already too rich—having stuck to ships—and who had treated him very ill over that nasty little business of the Liverpool house property.

So he had the will made at Samoa—attestation clause and all—and then, like the rest of us, thrust it in his pocket unsigned, meaning to execute it in due form at his leisure at San Francisco.

And now, as he lay dying on the coral beach of a Manihiki atoll, with no more chance of getting at pen and ink than if he had been alone in a thousand miles of unpeopled ocean,

oh, how bitterly he regretted his procrastination! It was hard to realise, indeed, the immensity of the change. Last night he had been surrounded by every European comfort and luxury in the cabin of the Lika-Lika; this morning he sat among a group of half-naked Kanakas, removed at one blow, as it were, from the electric light of the nineteenth century to a pervading atmosphere of prehistoric savagery.

He took the damp paper from his pocket, opened it, and looked at it faintly. "All my lands, estates, houses, messuages, tenements, stocks, shares, and other property whatsoever that I die possessed of, to my wife's niece, Nesta Clyde, gentlewoman, absolutely, and for her own sole use and benefit." He drew a deep sigh. That was good, as far as it went. But he would never be able now to sign it; and, even if he did, what chance of its ever reaching England at all? Bathurst and Howe were almost as battered and as maimed as he himself was; and, if they both died there, what would become of a will among all those naked Kanakas? They would enshrine it in a hut, most likely, and worship it as a fetish.

And if it didn't turn up, his brothers Percy and Archibald would never allow poor Nesta one penny. He knew those men well, Percy and Archibald. Oh, how deeply he reproached himself now for not having signed the will at Samoa, and sent it home by post! It was a duty he owed to Nesta, and he had grossly neglected it.

"If only I had a pen and ink!" the dying man cried again, with a wild outburst of impotent remorse; "I could sign it even now, and you and Howe could witness it."

"Mr. Watts had a stylograph he used to carry in his pocket, Sir," the sailor answered, half dying, yet in the common-sense sailor fashion. "But his body's not come ashore yet, so we can't get at it now. It may turn up by-and-bye." He spoke with the stolid, business-like air of the sea-faring man, accustomed to such wild scenes of peril and disaster. To him, drowning was a matter of everyday occurrence.

"Perhaps the natives may know of something to write with," Thorold Ashby suggested feebly, after a long, irresolute pause. "They make their marks to indentures, you know. They may have something or other they use instead of pen and ink among themselves. At any rate, I'll try them."

With an effort he lifted up his head, and, seizing a twig of broken brushwood from the ground in his right hand as he did so, he went languidly through the motions of signing his name on a blank space of the paper. The natives watched him close, nodding and smiling acquiescence. As the Englishman finished, two or three of them jumped up and nodded still harder. "Oh, yes; oh, yes, Inglis," they answered—it was all they could say in the tongue of the strangers, a phrase learned from the crews of Queensland labour vessels; and



He went languidly through the motions of signing his name on a blank space of the paper.

they darted off up a steep path that led by zigzag curves through a dense tropical jungle to their palm-girt village.

The dying man smiled. "They know what I mean, I believe," he cried. "They've seen pen and ink before now, and they've got them on the island. Perhaps they've even a missionary here among them." And he let his head fall wearily on the lap of the native woman.

III.

Over in London, when news arrived that the Lika-Lika had gone to pieces on a Pacific islet, and not a soul had finally



"He may have made a will on the island, though," Mr. Percy suggested.

escaped alive, much interest was felt in the event in the Ashby family. The yacht had run ashore, said the Honolulu telegram, on a coral reef in the Manihiki Islands, and been instantly broken up by the force of the gigantic breakers. Most of the crew had perished at once. Mr. Thorold Ashby, the owner, and two common sailors, names unknown, were flung ashore, more dead than alive, on the fringing reef, but succumbed to their injuries a few days later. The islanders buried them decently on the shore where they lay, and took word of the accident by special canoe to Samoa, whence it was carried to Hawaii by the next passing mail-steamer.

"In that case," Mr. Archibald Ashby remarked, rubbing the palms of his hands imperceptibly together, "poor Thorold must have died practically intestate, and we divide the property, Percy. A jolly good thing it turned out so, too, when one comes to think of it, for otherwise he might have left every penny he possessed to that designing girl Nesta."

"He made a will after his marriage, you know," Mr. Percy Ashby replied, musing. It would be convenient for the girls, to be sure, this nice little windfall of a hundred thousand pounds or so, when they'd all made sure Uncle Thorold would marry again, just on purpose to spite them; and, besides, there was Monty, now about to be ordained, and Guy on the very point of going up for direct commission. But he had his doubts still in his own mind, for all that. "He made a will, I remember," Mr. Percy repeated, "just after his marriage."

"Oh, yes!" his brother answered, with a careless air of assent. "But that's all right, Percy. Trust me for that! I inquired into this long ago. By the will, he left everything to his wife absolutely, and, failing her, to the children of the marriage. Well, poor Lucy's dead, and there were no children.

So it's practically to all intents and purposes an intestate estate. Property follows the usual rule of succession."

"He may have made a will on the island, though," Mr. Percy suggested. Mr. Percy passed always for the family pessimist.

"He may have made a fiddlestick," Mr. Archibald answered with cutting contempt. Mr. Archibald invariably took the sanguine view of things. "But how could he, dying among a lot of naked savages? And even if he did, who'd ever trouble to bring it home to us? The Lika-Lika had gone to pieces—I always knew she would, with a heathenish name like that on her stern—like tempting Providence: and where would he get pen, ink, and paper, I should like to know, on a Pacific islet? No, no, Percy: it's all right. You may rest assured of that. Not a farthing shall Miss Nesta ever touch of poor Thorold's property. She'd have robbed our dear children without a moment's compunction, if only she could; and now we'll pay her out. Not a farthing shall she get of it all: not a sou, not a doit, not a cent, not a stiver!"

Such is the mollifying and civilising influence of the possession of property upon the family affections! My experience, indeed, has been the exact opposite of the Northern Farmer's. It has led me to the conclusion that the rich "in a loomp" are bad.

IV.

Now, in chambers in the Temple, at that very time, up four pair of stairs, in a room which announced itself by tin plates at the door to be more alarmingly overcrowded than any East-End rookery, there lived and moved and had his being a certain modest and unassuming but briefless barrister, by name Will Protheroe. In point of fact, he was the sole occupant of the chambers, and the other gentlemen aforesaid who nominally and legally dwelt there did so only on the tenure of paying him a guinea a year per head for the barren privilege of having letters and briefs (if any) addressed there. And when Will Protheroe read in the papers one morning that the Lika-Lika had gone to pieces, and Thorold Ashby was dead, he sat down at once in great trepidation, half sympathy, half smothered joy, for a private cause, and wrote a letter of condolence to Nesta Clyde on the loss of her uncle.

It was a simple little letter enough—very plain and conventional; but when Nesta opened it her heart too beat high. Then in this trouble that nice Mr. Protheroe had remembered her! He had plucked up heart of grace to write to her at last! He who was ordinarily so shy, so retiring, so timid—scared out of his life by the grandeur of Onslow Square! She was glad he'd written, for she liked Mr. Protheroe!

However, a week passed—ten days—a fortnight—before Will Protheroe could muster up courage to call in person at that handsome house in Onslow Square that had once been Thorold Ashby's. Meanwhile, he had been engaged in prosecuting (the only thing he had ever been asked to prosecute, alas!) researches. Had Nesta—he called her Nesta in his own heart to himself always, though he said "Miss Clyde" to her face: a familiar symptom—had Nesta really been left without a penny? It was wicked, it was cruel, it was selfish of him to wish it, he knew; and yet—such is youth!—in his heart of hearts the briefless barrister couldn't help hoping the rumour was true, and that Thorold Ashby had really died in foreign parts intestate, leaving Nesta penniless.

For then, and in that case, Will Protheroe thought to himself, he might venture to ask Nesta if some day she would marry him. He never could pluck up courage to ask a great heiress to accept his hand (which was all he had to offer); but if Nesta was poor, why, he would love to do his best to make her happy.

So, a fortnight later, having heard the news confirmed, on very good authority, that the Ashby estate would go to the two brothers, and that the Percy Ashbys, who had gone into very deep and handsome mourning, intended to recoup themselves by moving at once into a much larger house in Fitzjohns Avenue, Will Protheroe ventured, in great fear and trembling, to put on his best black coat and hat, and call at Onslow Square on a visit of condolence.

Nesta received him alone. Oh, how glad he was of that! Mamma was here, she said, to help her pack up her things; but mamma was busy.



They were in such a dreadful mess, and had suffered so much, for Uncle Thorold had left her in charge of the house, of course; but Mr. Archibald Ashby had been so very unkind. He wanted them to move out of the place immediately.

"Then it's his?" Will Protheroe asked with a gulp.

Nesta nodded assent. "Yes, it's his," she said, trying hard to repress the rising tears. "His and his brother Percy's. Poor uncle left no will after Aunt Lucy's death, so they divide it between them." Her lips trembled slightly, for mamma was poor, and how they were to live now Nesta hardly knew. She had loved Uncle Thorold, and, besides, he had always been so awfully kind to them.

But Will Protheroe's heart gave a sudden leap. "And they're actually turning you out!" he cried, half pleased, half indignant.

"Well, they—they want us to leave very soon," Nesta answered, just faltering: "they've not been very kind about it. I fancy they think Uncle Thorold did too much for us. And perhaps they're right. One must try to put oneself in



"You Nesta Clyde?" he asked.

other people's place, you know: I wasn't a blood relation, and I dare say they thought that with nieces of his own!"

Will Protheroe bridled up. "But didn't your uncle leave you anything?" he asked plump out, quite boldly. "And don't these two men mean to do anything for you?"

Nesta blushed and trembled. She liked him to ask straight out like that. It was so kind and friendly of him. "No, nothing," she answered softly. "I suppose . . . we must try . . . to earn our own living."

Tears stood in her eyes now. She didn't look much like earning anything. She was daintily pretty in her plain black frock. Will Protheroe stepped forward, took her hand, let it drop again. "Oh! Nesta," he said frankly, not even aware he was calling her for the first time in his life by her Christian name, "I'm so glad. I'm so sorry."

"Glad!" Nesta cried, thrilling as she looked up in his face, half guessing his meaning. "Why glad, Mr. Protheroe?"



She was glad he'd written, for she liked Mr. Protheroe!

"Because," the young man answered, flushing red in his turn, but saying out his say boldly, now it came to the pinch—"because, if you'd been rich and great, I could never have dared to ask you to marry me; but now, if you're poor, oh! Nesta, I dare ask you—I will ask you—I ask you to-day—let me hope you'll be mine—let me hope you'll take me!"

Nesta turned to him, sobbing. Those words of pure love and true simple-hearted sympathy broke her down utterly. She had always liked him, she had always hoped and half believed he liked her, but never till that moment did she know how she loved him. "Mr. Protheroe," she cried, with a thrill, "then I'm glad of it too. I'm glad I'm penniless. If it brings me *that*, I can forgive them, I can be glad of it!"

"And so you say yes?" Will Protheroe broke forth, drawing back, almost too happy for words.

And Nesta, letting him take her hand in his unchecked, after that clear proof of his genuine love, answered in a very low voice, "I say yes, Mr. Protheroe." For she saw in his face he was really glad: and, being still very young, she was glad herself too, as she said with truth; for the young, poor souls! think much more of love than they do of money. To them the loss of a fortune seems a trifle indeed compared with the gain of a true heart that goes forth to them spontaneously. How silly they are, to be sure! Mr. Percy and Mr. Archibald despise such tomfoolery.

V.

When, a day or two later, these two young fools came to talk things over with one another more seriously, Will admitted that the chances of any immediate marriage were by no means cheerful. "You see, Nesta," he said confidentially, as they sat together in the little Bayswater lodgings whither the Clydes had removed on their departure from Onslow Square—"you see, Nesta, up till now I've never really worked very hard—at my profession, that is to say—because I'd nothing particular in life to work for, and there are so many things in the world, don't you know, much more interesting to a man than Chitty on Contract. I've given myself up too much, I'm afraid, to plants, and birds, and insects, and chemicals, and the study of folk-lore, and all sorts of useless things, when I ought to have been mugging up Benjamin on Sales, and making friends of the mammon of unrighteousness by cultivating the common or garden solicitor. But now, all that's altered. I mean to stick to my law-books. I shall work like a horse; and I've brains—I really have, only I've wasted them up to this on botany and chemistry and all sorts of useless and interesting subjects. But for your sake, Nesta, why, I promise you now I'll never look at a flower or a bird again as long as I live; and I'll spend nights in making myself the first authority in England on the Recovery of Small Debts and the Law of Insurance."

And he did work hard; and he mugged up Benjamin; and he dined with solicitors; and he tried his very best in every way he knew to attract attention; nay, he even succeeded in getting a few prospectuses of bubble companies to advise upon; but he still remained for many months, for all that, a briefless barrister.

So things went on, Nesta giving music-lessons meanwhile to eke out her slender means, till one morning in May, to Nesta's very great surprise, the lodging-house servant came up with a face like a sheet, and announced in a hushed voice that an awful strange black gentleman was waiting below, who asked to see Miss Clyde, and gave a name which she thought was something like Rummy-leery-leero.

"Show him up!" Nesta answered, much wondering. And the Kanaka entered. Externally, he was clad in the jersey and trousers of a common sailor, but within he was still the unmitigated savage Polynesian heathen.

The black gentleman's



"This is no will at all! It's only an unsigned draft.
You can't get anything!"

knowledge of English was not very profound, being strictly confined, indeed, to the amount he had managed to pick up of the tongue of Shakspeare and Milton from his fellow-sailors during the course of a voyage as supernumerary from Samoa to London. Nor were his manners more polished than might

be expected from so short and cursory an acquaintance with European culture under such inefficient teachers. But he knew what he wanted, for all that; and, in this world of ours, such knowledge is more than half the battle. In a very few broken sentences (whereof every third word consisted of that familiar formative element *dam*, which he had learnt as a chief component of English idiom from his marine instructors) the Kanaka made Nesta understand, one half by pantomime, he had brought letters and papers for her from her shipwrecked uncle.

He handed her the letter first. It turned out to be an introduction from a missionary in Samoa, and it described briefly how the bearer, Ramaliralo, a Kanaka from the Manihiki Islands, had come to that port in an open native canoe, determined to take ship to that far-off England, whose very name he had hardly even heard, in the discharge of what appeared to him a sacred mission. Ramaliralo, it seemed, had received a paper from the hands of a dying man at his native island—by name, Richard Howe—with urgent instructions that he was to convey it to England, and never to part with it till he gave it to one Nesta Clyde, of Onslow Square, London. The letter went on to say that Ramaliralo accepted this commission in the most serious sense, and was so deeply impressed with its immense importance that he took boat for Samoa, and was determined to go to London in person, that he might himself deliver it to Miss Clyde, and discharge his conscience.

As Nesta read on, the Kanaka kept his eyes fixed firmly upon her. When she had finished, he held out the other paper dubiously. "You Nesta Clyde?" he asked in a tone of half-formed suspicion.

"I'm Nesta Clyde," the girl answered, trembling violently.

"Dam good," the Kanaka replied, with a friendly nod, reassured by her manner. "Den take dam paper."

Nesta took it and read it. It was her uncle's will. As she took it in gradually, the colour came and went in her cheeks convulsively. Then he had remembered her, after all! On his dying day! He hadn't forgotten her!

That dear, good uncle!

"To my wife's niece, Nesta Clyde, gentlewoman, absolutely, and for her own sole use and benefit."

In her joy that he hadn't forgotten her she turned and took both the Kanaka's hands in hers.

The Kanaka let them drop, and put one finger to his mouth. "Dam hungry," he said briefly, looking almost as pleased as Nesta herself. "No care shakey hands. Want grub! Want groggee!"

Nesta burst into tears. "It isn't so much the money, Maumma," she cried to her mother in her joy; "but I'm so glad to know Uncle Thorold didn't mean to slight me."

An hour later, while the Kanaka discussed cold pie with Mariar Ann in the kitchen, the briefless barrister, hastily summoned by telegram, came up to share the good news with the family. Nesta met him at the door, now a conscious heiress. It was so delightful to feel dear Will hadn't wanted her for her money, of course: yet now she would have money—oceans—worlds of it—to give him. She flung her arms round his neck. "Oh, Will," she cried, "I'm so happy!"

But Will, as becomes a member of the utter bar, was more strictly business-like. "Let me see the document, darling," he said, after a few unprofessional remarks of what the law would call a prenuptial character. And Nesta showed it him.

He took it in at a glance. It was all plain sailing enough—no doubt or obscurity. Then he turned to the foot of the page for the attestation. All at once his colour left him. He clutched at the chair for support. It was terrible to be obliged so to disillusion that poor child. "Nesta, darling!" he gasped faintly, "this is no will at all! It's only an unsigned draft. You can't get anything! Don't you see, there are no names to it, either testator's or witnesses'?"

It was only too true. Nesta, in her innocence, had overlooked that small detail.



In the evening, he often sat and talked long with Will Protheroe.



Mr. Justice Treeby, pen poised in hand judicially, was pleased with the legal subtlety of the way the young counsel set forth his singular plea.

Ignorant of business as she was, she had looked only at the provisions of the will itself, and never thought of the question whether it had been duly executed. The revulsion was terrible. She was once more penniless.

VI.

And now the problem arose, what to do with the Kanaka. He had shown so extraordinary and unexpected a devotion to his own sense of duty, or of superstitious awe, that it was clearly impossible to let him shift for himself in this great, inhospitable, sordid, wealthy London. Indeed, to say the truth, Ramaliraliro, accustomed to the easy-going applied socialism of the South Sea Islands, had no idea of quartering himself anywhere else than on the person for whose sake he had brought over that precious, that worthless document. Many times over, with many strange expletives and much gesticulation to cke out his scanty English, the Kanaka told them, half in words, half in dumb show, how the great English chief who owned the fireship, dying, had made over this paper to the sailor Howe; and how the sailor Howe, again, dying in turn, had handed it as a sacred deposit to himself, Ramaliraliro. "Me no rest," the savage said, standing there in his rough English jersey and coarse white trousers—"me no rest, day or night, till me bring dam ting to England. Find out Missy Clyde. Give dam paper in him hand. Very good. Do all well. Go back den Samoa."

It was clearly impossible he should stop at Mrs. Clyde's. Will Protheroe, in sheer despair, took the man back with him to his rooms in the Temple.

For several weeks Ramaliraliro stopped on in those comfortable quarters. He was in no hurry to go. He liked civilisation. The particular elements of our culture that interested him most, to be sure, were the penny toys and the sweet-shops. But he cared also for more adult occupations and amusements. Poor heathen though he was, the lights in the gin palaces seemed to attract his eye quite as much as they do those of our own respected and beloved fellow-citizens. London clearly pleased him. Now and again, Will made inquiries about ships bound for Samoa and in want of a native hand; but the Kanaka showed no disposition to accept these suggestions. And Will couldn't turn him out. When a savage from the South Seas has managed to work his way across to England as a common sailor, on purpose to serve you, how can you possibly send him back again by the very first chance, without even allowing him time to improve his mind by a few casual visits to South Kensington and the British Museum?

The Kanaka spent much time prowling the streets by day. In the evening, he often sat and talked long with Will Protheroe. Will liked to probe his mind: it was virgin soil, a fresh field in psychology. Ramaliraliro's English improved fast under this excellent tuition. He learnt by degrees that the explosive syllable *dam* formed no necessary part of a polite vocabulary. He also learnt how to speak the English language with propriety. But the more he talked to Will about the loss of the Lika-Lika, the more did the idea rise up in Will's mind that it would be possible after all to propound the testament the Kanaka had brought from Manihiki. Gradually this idea took possession of him more and more. The will had been drawn up, and was as good as signed: only the fortuitous absence of pen and ink on the island prevented its execution. Thorold Ashby had delivered it verbally to two witnesses, Howe and Bathurst. *Force majeure* prevented the witnesses from signing. Howe and Bathurst were dead: but here was Ramaliraliro in evidence to-day, to prove the chief facts of the case at issue.

Oh, how Will regretted he had wasted so much valuable time over botany and chemistry, and that which profiteth nothing! How he wished he had devoted himself, body and soul, to Davey on Wills or to Smith and Macleod on the Law of Probate!

However, though the Ashbys declared it was a frivolous and vexatious proceeding, he got his case on at last before Mr. Justice Treeby, and proceeded to argue that Thorold Ashby, deceased, had practically executed his testament in Miss Clyde's favour, though, for lack of materials to write with on the island, he had never actually signed it. It was a verbal will. As such, it stood on all fours with *visd voce* bequests made by a wounded soldier on the field of battle, which the law of England had always recognised as possessing testamentary validity. The cases fell at once, Will urged, under the same general principle.

Mr. Justice Treeby, pen poised in hand judicially, was pleased with the legal subtlety of the way the young counsel set forth his singular plea, though as a matter of law it was plain the learned judge was entirely opposed to him. But when Will Protheroe put forward Ramaliraliro in the box to support his case, expectation in court stood on tiptoe with interest. So strange a witness had never before appeared in that place—a Polynesian heathen, who was only acquainted with the nature of an oath in the most colloquial sense, and whose English was still by far too imperfect to stand successfully the ordeal of cross-examination.

However, by skilfully leading his savage on, bit by bit, Will Protheroe succeeded at last in getting out of the Kanaka (duly sworn on his own fetish) such a coherent account of the death of the three persons involved in the will as at least interested and amused the Court for some twenty minutes. Ramaliraliro grew graphic after a while,

and proceeded in dumb show, after his fashion, with a running comment of words, to explain what he had seen of the history of the document. He described how Thorold Ashby had taken the paper in despair from his pocket; how he had looked like this, and spoken earnestly in unknown words to the man Howe at his side; and how at last he had asked for a stick—just so—to write with.

"A stick?" the learned Judge interposed, leaning critically forward. "What did he want with the stick, my friend? Show me just how he used it."

The Kanaka, nothing loth, and unabashed by the dignity of the ermine, with the blunt end of a penholder, went through the pantomimic act of writing on it, very painfully and carefully. "Him do like that," he said simply. "Him write so. Him make letters."

"But what did he write with?" the learned Judge asked again, smiling a cynical disbelief. The witness proved too much. "He had no ink, you know, my man; and there are no letters now to be seen on the paper."

The Kanaka looked disturbed. He shook his head, and touched his brow. His presence of mind forsook him. "Him write with *ki*," he said at last, after a long pause. "Say *ki* in Kanaka talk. No say it in English."

"Oh! he wrote with a key," Mr. Justice Treeby answered, with a still broader smile. "A most singular implement, certainly! And just now you told us he wrote with a stick, didn't you? Mr. Protheroe, I'm afraid this witness of yours won't much avail your client's contention. He swears too hard. His notions of truth are too obviously Polynesian."

A titter went round the court. The Kanaka raised his head, knit his bushy brows, and glared about him defiantly. But, at the same moment, Will Protheroe clapped his hand in turn to his own forehead. It came back to him with a rush. He saw it all now. Great heavens! and he'd reproached himself so often these last months for having wasted all that time on botany, and chemistry, and ethnographic science! Why, the case was in his hands, and he'd as good as won it!

"My Lord," he said suddenly, turning to the Judge, all flushed, "this will is signed—duly signed and witnessed. I haven't at present the slightest doubt of it. Ramaliraliro's words have suggested the truth to me. I beg the Court's leave for a very brief delay. If your Lordship will only impound the document for the moment, and allow me twenty minutes to return to my chambers, I can exhibit it before the Court with the signatures in proper order. If my learned friend wishes, he may continue meanwhile to cross-examine the witness."

Before the twenty minutes were out he was back in court again, breathless, but very triumphant. In one hand he carried a serious-looking book; in the other, a small phial of some chemical liquid.

"My Lord," he panted out, jubilant, "will your Lordship have the goodness to let me read this passage? It's in Tallboy's 'Ethnology of the Equatorial Islanders,' and it will explain the evidence I next intend to submit to you."

The Judge took the book, and glanced at it superciliously. As he read, however, he raised his eyebrows by slow degrees. "That's certainly possible," he said,

in a more judicial tone. "You can try it, at least, Mr. Protheroe. Read aloud what the passage says!" and he handed the book back to him. Will Protheroe read it aloud with very measured intonation—

"Many of the islanders also employ for records a sort of rude hieroglyphics allied to picture-writing. Specimens from Easter Island have been brought to Europe. In Samoa, these characters are habitually incised on tablets of wood or stone; but in Christmas Island, Samerang, and the Manihiki group, the natives have either independently invented or else borrowed from the example of European voyagers a method of procedure closely allied to our own pen-and-ink manuscript. They use for stile or pen a joint of bamboo, sharpened to a fine point, and slit up the middle like a quill or steel nib; and for writing fluid they boil down the expressed juice of the *Ki* plant (*Manica tinctoria*, De Candolle). This juice dries at first a deep metallic blue, after which it gradually fades in a few months till it disappears altogether; but it can be revived at any time and rendered absolutely permanent by washing it over with a weak solution of nitrate of silver and sulphuric acid."

Counsel for the Ashbys laughed. "If our learned friend is going to try any hocus-pocus of that sort," he said, smiling, "on this already too dubious and discredited document"—

But the Judge interrupted him, with a very stern face: "Mr. Protheroe has a perfect right to try the experiment if he likes," he answered quietly. "In his client's interest, indeed, it's his duty to try it. Should it succeed, we shall then have to inquire into the genuineness of the signatures and the fact of the attestation."

With a trembling hand Will drew out from his pocket a little camel's-hair brush, and, before the Judge's own eyes, smeared the liquid carefully over the place where the signatures were not. For a minute or two they looked with the intensest interest: then something began vaguely to discolour the paper in patches. The Judge gazed hard at it, and ejaculated "Re-markable!" After another long pause he held the paper up, and read out three names slowly: "Testator's signature—Thorold Ashby, Esquire, Onslow Square, London; witnesses, Richard Howe and John Bathurst, able-bodied seamen, steam-ship Lika-Lika, last from Samoa."

"Perfectly regular," the Judge added; "perfectly regular, as far as one can see—provided always, of course, the signatures are genuine. But, under the circumstances, this mine being sprung upon them—unexpectedly, so to speak—the defendants would no doubt wish for a fortnight's adjournment to consider their action. Is that so, Brother Montague?"

VII.

When, some two months later, Ramaliraliro left London for Samoa en route for his native islands, it was as a first-class passenger on board an Orient liner bound for Sydney; and the number of presents he took back in his boxes fully convinced the people of his own remote home of the importance of his mission to the unknown lands far beyond the sunrise. He is regarded to this day as a person of very great distinction in his own atoll, and he frequently narrates to large parties of listeners the profound impression his personal charms produced on the highest ladies of the land, including two hours named Betsijane and Mariaram, in that remote world of civilised wonders—England.

As for Will Protheroe, the case made his fortune. The fame of his universal knowledge and his intimate acquaintance with the habits and manners of the *Ki* plant spread so far and wide around Chancery Lane that he rose rapidly to fame as a cross-examiner of scientific experts; and he makes so large an income to-day from patent cases and other briefs requiring special attainments that he would be a rich man on that alone, even if he hadn't married his first client, that pretty Miss Clyde, the heiress of the Thorold Ashby property. And he no longer regrets that he wasted his time for so many years on botany, chemistry, and that which profiteth nothing. For we all of us recognise how good and how pleasant a thing wisdom is—when a man can make ten thousand a year by it.



Ramaliraliro left London for Samoa, en route for his native islands, on board an Orient liner.



THE FIRST DAY OF THE SEASON.

"ACADEMY NOTES."

AN INTERVIEW WITH MR. HENRY BLACKBURN.

The home and birthplace of "Academy Notes" is situated on the top floor in one of the houses in Victoria Street, and for more than a month before the opening of the great London picture shows the lift is kept busy from early morning till dewy eve bearing up living loads of artists— young and old, known and unknown. Although up to the eyes in work, Mr. Henry Blackburn finds time to welcome you into the bright but businesslike study with its treasure-covered walls—for all the best-known English artists have contributed to form the "black and white"

MR. HENRY BLACKBURN.

collection of sketches hanging above and below a fine bronze bas-relief of Randolph Caldecott's "Horse Fair in Brittany," made from notes taken during a tour your host and his friend took together some years ago. But just now lady secretaries and studious draughtsmen are working industriously at various tables, for "Academy Notes" means a vast deal of work to all concerned.

Now, if ever, is the time to prove "the value of a line"; for the greatest practical result aimed at by Mr. Blackburn is to teach his fellow-artists how to gain the maximum of effect with a minimum of lines.

"What made you first think of issuing an illustrated 'Academy Notes'?"

"It was my profound conviction of the impotency of words to give in any way an adequate notion of a picture to those who could not see it which first set me investigating the different methods of reproduction existing without the aid of the wood-engraver; this once accomplished, the rest of the task was easy, and I overcame our artists' prejudices (for they were prejudiced against the book," added Mr. Blackburn, smiling) "by the original method of doing the first illustrations so badly that they volunteered to assist me the next year in self-defence, and since then I have never experienced any difficulty in procuring sufficient material to fill not one but a dozen of my little grey books."

"Then soon your troubles came to an end, and your task to-day is a comparatively easy one?"

"Indeed not, the difficulties are considerable. Everything must be prepared beforehand, for we cannot possibly tell what pictures may be accepted, and 'Academy Notes,' with all its sketches, has to be in the hands of the public on the opening day of the Royal Academy. In fact, all the work has to be done in three days, or the thing would be completely *manqué*. Again, I should be 'nowhere' without the co-operation of W. H. Smith and Sons. To them I owe a debt of gratitude, for through their extraordinary power of distribution 'Academy Notes' is placed on every one of their railway bookstalls from John o' Groat's House to Land's End within a few hours of publication."

"Did you, before starting 'Academy Notes,' study art seriously?"

"Certainly. I cannot remember the time when I was not more or less an artist. But it was not until 1872, when I threw up my appointment in the Civil Service, and went to America and studied newly invented processes, that I seriously made up my mind to devote my life to the present work. Still, as long ago as 1855, I formed one of a party in Algiers with Horace Vernet, Gérôme, and Regnault, and did some hard work"—and Mr. Blackburn points to numerous water-colour studies hanging on the walls of the sanctum. "That journey taught me a great deal, if only in proving the pluck and energy of English artists as compared with that of the French. I feel sure that, only give our students a fair chance, they will form formidable rivals to the Parisian painters. We study nature out of doors in the open air; they work, as a rule, closeted, indoors. On the other hand, their knowledge of technique has, up to now, been far superior to ours."

"Then do you think the Parisian custom of private *ateliers*, as opposed to the English art schools, conducive to more thoroughness of work?"

"Not altogether. The students acquire, too often, the mannerisms of their masters."

"Have you experienced much difficulty in obtaining permission to reproduce Royal Academy pictures?"

"No," answered Mr. Blackburn, smiling; "that has never been one of my troubles. On the contrary, nearly every exhibitor likes to see some of his work in my little book, and an immense number of sketches are sent in. I have received over six hundred drawings this year."

"Do you prefer reproducing the artist's own sketch?"

"Decidedly. The cleverest student working under me cannot render the spirit of a painting in line as well as can the painter himself. Unfortunately, however, many of our best artists never studied line. The French Salon catalogues owe their marked superiority over ours to the admirable drawing put in the smallest line work by foreign artists. Of course, I prefer line drawings to any process of reproducing photographs, &c. And naturally the publishers of copyright engravings prefer that the illustrations should consist of lines simply indicating the picture; in fact, a kind of 'key block.' I consider," he added thoughtfully, "that they are right; anything else is superfluous in an illustrated catalogue, and injurious to the best interests of the artist whose work is reproduced. Thus it is exceedingly necessary to study drawing, and I am always impressing on my students the 'value of a line.' Some 'see it' at once; others do not understand, after years of training. Randolph Caldecott's work was, much of it, perfect, as exemplifying all that could be shown and expressed with a few strokes."

"Are they more advanced in this branch of art in America?"

"Well, I have been so much in the States that I claim to know something of Americans. The truth is that they all go to Paris. English art simply does not count over there. They have no individual art life of their own; most of their good and bad points are borrowed from the French."

"You do the New Gallery illustrated catalogue also?"

"Yes; and in old days the 'Grosvenor.' I have always found everyone very courteous and helpful in my work, though I am obliged to disappoint many, not so much for want of space as for lack of time. Three days is not long in which to do so much."

"Then your principal work is over in a month?"

"Yes, my 'Academy Notes' work; though, for that matter, sketches begin to come in almost immediately again."

THE SETTE OF ODD VOLUMES.

The one hundred and thirty-seventh meeting of the Sette of Odd Volumes was held at Limmer's Hotel, on Friday, May 1, it being the first under the presidency of his new Oddship, Brother Charles Haité. The Sette is perhaps the most interesting literary club in existence. It is, indeed, more like those ideal clubs one has read or dreamed about than a real one. One would hardly have hoped for its existence outside the Bookman's Paradise or the bookish imaginations of an Isaac Disraeli or a Thomas Frognal Dibdin. It is seldom that so quaint an idea can be expressed in all its quaintness without becoming lifeless and grotesque; but in the case of "the O. V.'s" (as they familiarly speak of themselves) a spirit of true brotherhood animates all their odd ritual and formulae with hearty life. It is now fourteen years since the three founders of the club used to meet casually at Bertolini's restaurant and "talk books" over their lunch—without any idea of a subsequent evolution. Their names were Mr. Bernard Quaritch, Mr. Mort Thompson, and Mr. E. H. Renton. Gradually others joined the little knot, till in the year 1878 a regular organisation was proposed, Mr. Quaritch at once striking out the happy title of "Odd Volumes, united once a month to form a perfect sette"—"object, conviviality and mutual admiration." It now numbers forty members, the majority of whom are eminently representative men, including, among others, such well-known names as Mr. Quaritch, Mr. Onslow Ford, Professor Silvanus Thompson, Mr. Alfred East, Mr. Frederick Villiers, Mr. Henry Moore, and Mr. Wilfrid Ball. The Sette meets once a month at Limmer's, the procedure being a dinner followed by the reading of a paper, which is afterwards printed in dainty form, and a strictly limited edition, and presented to the brethren. Some of these are of more than merely fantastic value, and that presented to guests and members by Mr. Charles Plumtree Johnson at the last meeting was of universal literary interest. It was no less than a reprint of a long-buried *jeu d'esprit* by Thackeray, which Mr. Johnson has recently unearthed from the pages of an old magazine, the *Britannia*, where, oddly enough, it commenced to appear exactly fifty years ago to a day from the date of the meeting of May 1. It is entitled "Reading a Poem," and is a satire on the titled "poets" of the period in the "Yellowplush" manner. The menu on the occasion—and we should have



said that the Odd Volumes pride themselves on their artistic menus—was a reproduction of an unpublished Thackeray drawing of the great "Yellowplush." As usual, there was a distinguished company of guests, the formal introduction of whom by their respective hosts being one of the most interesting features of an "O.V." gathering. Immediately after the president has given the welcome signal, "Brethren and guests, you may smoke," he calls upon each brother to introduce his guests; whereupon the brother stands up and delivers himself of a speech descriptive of his friend's particular greatness, not unfrequently to that honoured individual's modest confusion. This ceremony, of course, offers much opportunity for merriment, and, if a brother is not a wit to start with, he is likely to become one in process of these repeated introductions; and if, as occasionally happens, he should come with half a dozen guests, his ingenuity is not a little exercised to say the appropriately sweet thing for each. The guests on the present occasion included Sir Alfred Garrod, Mr. William Carruthers, F.R.S., Professor Crookes, F.R.S., Mr. Alma Tadema, R.A., Mr. Edwin Long, R.A., Mr. Richmond Ritchie, Mr. McColl of the *Athenaeum*; Mr. Fletcher of the *Daily Chronicle*, and the author of "Lorna Doone," Sir Alfred Garrod and Professor Carruthers replied to the toast of the guests, Professor Crookes for science, Mr. Alma Tadema (in a charmingly quaint speech) and Mr. Long for art, and—in the absence of Mr. Blackmore—Mr. McColl for literature. Mr. Blackmore, indeed, had to get back to his Middlesex garden long before the toast came on, a necessity which we fancy was somewhat a relief to him; for he appears to be one of those rare men whom fame has not spoiled, and he really seemed surprised that his name should be greeted with such prolonged applause. His simple modesty was quite touching, and his whole personality was redolent of the countryside he loves so well. "Ah, you should come and see the blossom!" one overheard him saying.

THE ROYAL NAVAL EXHIBITION.

The space of fifteen acres, in the grounds of the Royal Military Hospital at Chelsea adjacent to the Thames Embankment, where the Royal Military Exhibition was held last year, is now occupied by the Royal Naval Exhibition, opened on Saturday, May 2, by the Prince of Wales. With reference to the Views here presented, we need only describe the general arrangement of the buildings, which are partly, under new and appropriate names, the same that were erected for the Military Exhibition, and partly, on the north side and to the eastward, comprise additional structures of a peculiar and interesting character.

What is now called the Franklin Gallery is devoted to the Arctic Subdivision of the Navigation Section, and the relics or memorials of the Arctic expeditions, portraits, pictures, photographs, equipments, natural history, and ethnographical curiosities. The Arts Section is comprised in the Nelson, Blake, and Benbow Galleries, containing pictures and other illustrations of British naval history. The Historic Loan Collection is in the Blake Gallery—a splendid collection of naval pictures, continued in the Benbow Gallery. The Nelson and other galleries are rich in autographs, official papers, and mementoes of great men and great deeds. The Howe Gallery is that of miscellaneous exhibits, with those from the Victroling and Clothing Departments of the Navy; the Cook Gallery begins the Navigation Section, of which the Franklin Gallery is a subdivision. There are magnificent models of marine engineering in the large Seppings Gallery. So far the main building, to which are added the general offices, and some refreshment-rooms.

On the north side of the grounds, at the head of the arena, are the St. Vincent Gallery, with its ordnance section, and the Armstrong Gallery, full of warlike material, and containing the monster 110-ton gun. This gallery alone is 230 ft. long and 43 ft. broad. The ordnance trophy and other such devices adorn their own department. At right angles is a still more extensive range of buildings, parallel with the fine lime-tree avenue. It is the Camperdown Gallery, 450 ft. by 50 ft., and is devoted to ship material of every description.

In the eastern grounds are the Machinery Gallery, and a long narrow building adjoining the Embankment for the electric-lighting plant; the full-size model of Nelson's last ship, the Victory; the kiosks of the P. and O. and other shipping and ship-building companies; the Trafalgar Panorama, the North Sea Trawler, the Arctic Pavilion, like an iceberg in aspect; and the model of the Eddystone Lighthouse, 170 ft. high and 44 ft. diameter at base, in which even the courses and size of the stones have been accurately copied. In this quarter are the refreshment pavilions, named after famous naval hostilities of the Marryat days, such as "The George," the model working dairy, and Mr. John Furley's station of the St. John Ambulance Association. The Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company display specimens of cables and appliances, and models of the Great Eastern and other ships. The lake, an artificial reservoir of water, is provided for mimic combats between model ironclads, torpedo-boats, and batteries or forts.

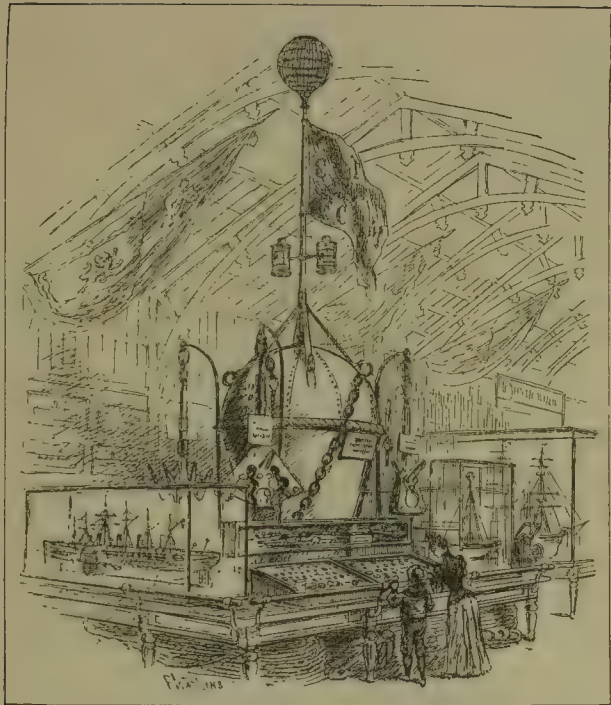
More detailed accounts of the Exhibition must be reserved for a future occasion; but we need only here add a few words about the trophy erected by the Steel Company of Scotland (Limited), whose works are at Newton and Blochairn, near Glasgow. To explain our illustration, it should be observed that the entrance, shown in the foreground, is a racer-path for a disappearing gun, for one of the first-class battle-ships. The other entrance is formed by a full-sized model of the engine columns supplied to the steam-ship City of New York. The corner columns of the trophy are made up of channel-bars, rails, tram-rails, bulb T bars, and other steel, as rolled by the company. Among the castings shown is one of a Wright's patent improved Martin anchor, the sole right of manufacture of which is held by this steel company.

The opening ceremony, in spite of heavy rain, was attended by a large assembly of privileged spectators and of season-ticket holders. The Prince and Princess of Wales, with Princess Maud and the Duke of Clarence, the Duke of Edinburgh, and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, arrived at a quarter before twelve, when a salute of guns was fired. The other members of the royal family present were the Duke of Cambridge, Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, the Duchess of Albany, the Duchess of Fife, Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, Prince and Princess Victor of Hohenlohe, Count and Countess Gleichen, the Hereditary Prince of Anhalt, and the Duke of Teck.

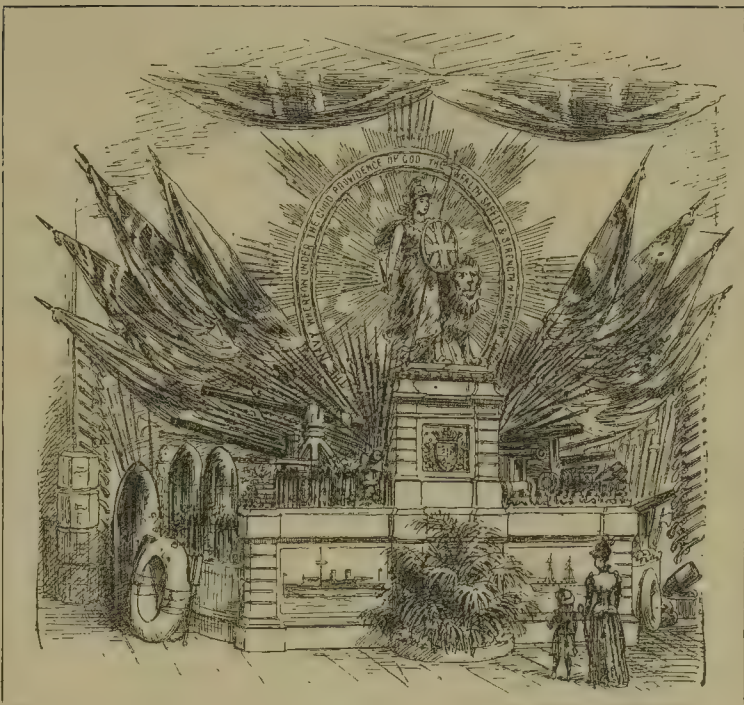
The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh wore the full-dress uniform of Admirals of the Fleet; they, as well as the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Connaught, and the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, wore also the ribbons and insignia of the Garter. They were received by the First Lord of the Admiralty (Lord George Hamilton), the Right Hon. W. H. Smith, M.P., and the Executive Committee. They were escorted to the marquee near the lighthouse, amid loud cheers, by a hundred bluejackets, with the Devonport Royal Marine band, and an equal number of rank and file, and the band of the Chatham Division of the Royal Marine Light Infantry. The Greenwich boys and their band lined the route from the entrance to the dais. The National Anthem was played by the Marine band.

The marquee, in broad stripes of red and blue, was handsomely decorated, with a trophy of flags and profusion of flowers. A large number of distinguished naval and military officers, members of Parliament, and others had places on or about the dais. After a prayer, read by the Archbishop of Canterbury, an address was read by the First Lord of the Admiralty, to which the Prince of Wales replied. The gold key of a model of a lighthouse was next presented to the Princess of Wales, which, inserted in the door of the lighthouse, let free an electric current, which fired a salute and loosed a flag at the summit of the lighthouse in the grounds. The Exhibition was, then declared open by the Prince. The ceremony closed with the singing of a verse of "God bless the Prince of Wales" by the Greenwich boys. The Prince and Princess of Wales were conducted through the galleries of the Exhibition. His Royal Highness was presented with the official catalogue, splendidly bound in gold, real goldsmith's work, showing the ancient war-ship, the Great Harry, and the newest war-ship, the Royal Sovereign, with emblematic dolphins, a wind-god, wreaths, and the Prince of Wales's plume. This book was produced by Messrs. W. P. Griffiths and Sons, printers to the Exhibition.

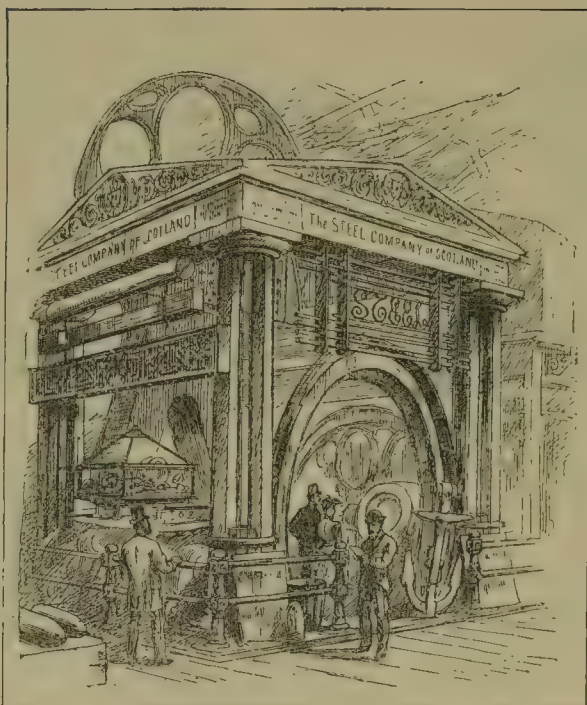
Mr. Cecil Rhodes tempers his imperialism with a wholesome dash of common-sense. He has been telling the Afrikaner Bond Congress of his doings in England, and touched the right chord when he pointed to his presence there as an indication that "the objects and aspirations of the Bond were in perfect concert with a fervent loyalty to the Queen." South African unity is Mr. Rhodes's ever-present ideal. He tells us he "prefers land to niggers"; and the new railway which he is to build to Vryburg, the Government extending it to Mafeking, will "so mix up Cape Colony and Bechuanaland that annexation to the colony will be bound to follow." The proposed teaching and residential university in Cape Town will also do much to promote federation.



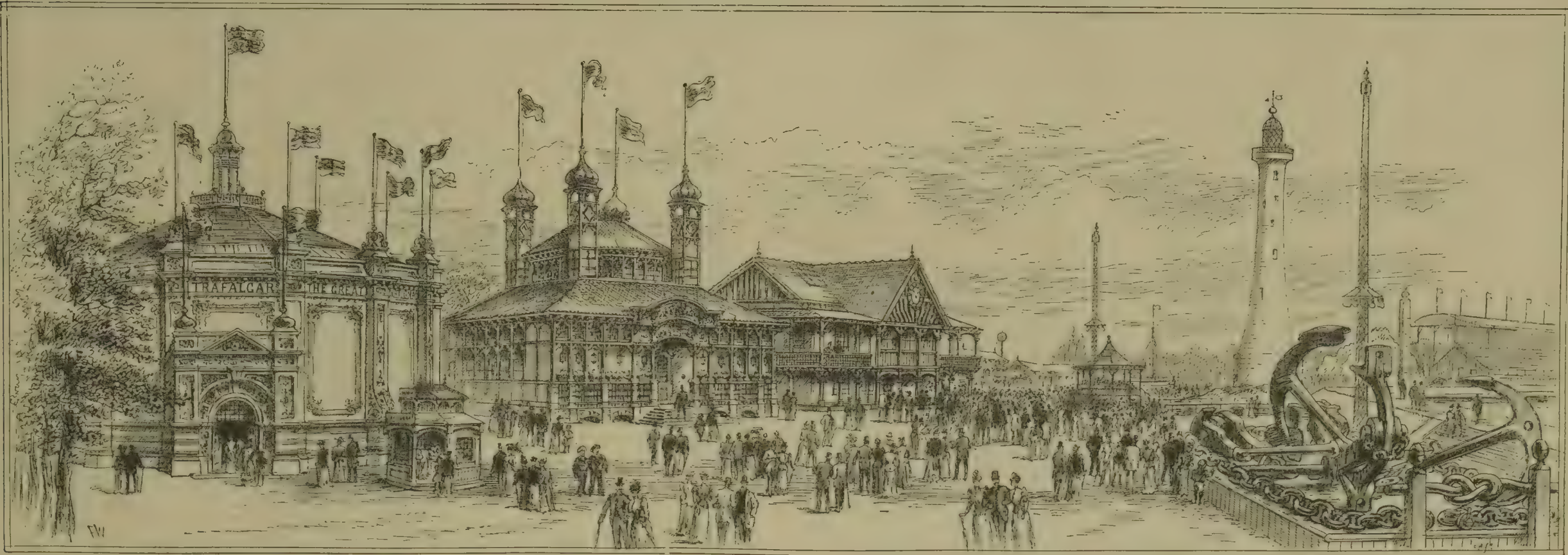
TELEGRAPH CONSTRUCTION AND MAINTENANCE COMPANY.



ORDNANCE TROPHY.



TROPHY OF STEEL.



The Trafalgar Panorama.

Pavilion of the P. and O. Company.

The "George" Refreshment Pavilion.

Model of the Eddystone Lighthouse.

BUILDINGS IN THE GROUNDS.

SKETCHES AT THE ROYAL NAVAL EXHIBITION.



CLOTHING POOR CHILDREN IN A WEST OF IRELAND SCHOOLHOUSE.



SITE OF "GENERAL" BOOTH'S PROJECTED HOME COLONY, HADLEIGH, NEAR SOUTHEND, ESSEX.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Twenty-three years have elapsed since Arrigo Boito's "Mefistofele" was first introduced to the world at the renowned Teatro della Scala, Milan. Nearly a quarter of a century; and during that period the gifted Italian, now approaching his fiftieth year, has not produced a single other opera. Now and then his name crops up in connection with that of Verdi, for whom he has written the librettos of "Otello" and of the promised new opera, "Falstaff"; and ever and anon we are told that the poet-musician is seriously at work upon the score of his grand opera "Nero." But this is all. Beyond mere report nothing is heard, nothing known of the actual progress made with the successor to "Mefistofele." For aught we can tell, it may still be just as much *in nubibus* as is Mefistofele himself during the Prologue, wherein the Spirit of Evil concludes his compact with "the Almighty Principle of Good." Why Signor Boito thus indulges, year after year, the national characteristic of the *dolce far niente* is a question frequently asked and never satisfactorily answered. But, of all the excuses put forward, that is surely the least satisfactory which represents the composer of "Mefistofele" as in a state of hesitancy and fear lest he should fail to equal his first work in his second. Every man is supposed to be the best judge of his own powers; but it is hard to believe that Boito has lost faith in the creative genius which enabled him, at the age of six-and-twenty, to give the world a masterpiece of originality and technical resource. Meanwhile, the relentless individual with the scythe and the hour-glass is pursuing his never-ending task. Boito is growing older, and neither his gifts nor his energies will increase as the years pass over his head. He may, indeed, become rusty with inactivity, and, when he at last decides to "wake up," find that the inspiring Muse no longer comes at his bidding. Let us hope this may not be the case. Modern Italian art is not so rich that it can afford to lose the labours of one of its most talented apostles.

The performance of "Mefistofele" given at Covent Garden on May 2 was witnessed by a rather smaller Saturday audience than usual, which was strange, considering that the opera is credited with no small measure of popularity in this country, and that it had not been mounted during the previous season. Nevertheless, the assemblage was distinctly a fashionable one; and the Princess of Wales, who has rarely missed a night at the Opera of late, occupied her usual place in the royal box. An important change in the cast had to be made at the last moment. Signor Perotti signified his inability to sing, although he had taken part in the rehearsal on the day before; and, but for the enterprising spirit of M. Montariol, the opera would have had to be changed. I put it in this way, because, if I am correctly informed, the French tenor was playing the part of Faust for the first time in his life, and then without rehearsal of any kind. Under the circumstances he did extraordinarily well. He sang with taste and intelligence, and, save perhaps in the garden scene, where the famous laughing quartet produced less than its usual effect, I cannot say that the performance suffered appreciably on M. Montariol's account. Moreover, he was not the only delinquent in the difficult scene just mentioned. Madame Albani was guilty of a little sin which she is only too prone to indulge when the *tessitura* of the music will let her—namely, singing so loudly as to overpower her weaker companions. She fairly succeeded in drowning the voice of the tenor, while that of the contralto (Mdlle. Guercia) I never heard once, either here or later on in the duet "La luna immobile," which, by the way, passed without a hand. M. Edouard de Reszke was not so easily to be extinguished. The Polish basso—by far the best Mefistofele seen here since Nannetti, the first exponent of the rôle at Her Majesty's in

1880—saw the necessity for preserving his reputation for sonority, and fairly let himself go. The natural result was that Boito's delightful quartet was converted into a duet, and it must be confessed that in this shape it was not an improvement upon the original.

Apart, however, from this besetting weakness, Madame Albani's portrayal of Margherita and Helen of Troy was wholly excellent. The death-scene of the former was a most artistic exhibition of vocal and histrionic skill, replete alike with pathos and power, and at its close the prima donna was

MISS EAMES.

Miss Emma Eames is among the latest and brightest of the "stars" that shine in the operatic firmament. Barely a month has passed since she made her début, and already is the young American soprano as great a favourite at Covent Garden as she is with Parisian audiences. Here, Miss Eames made her first essay in "Faust," and to find a more winning or a more comely and sympathetic representative of Marguerite would be a difficult task. Indeed, no such ideal Gretchen has been

seen since the days when Madame Christine Nilsson adorned the lyric stage. Her second appearance was made as Elsa in "Lohengrin," and the third as the heroine of Gounod's "Roméo et Juliette." It was in the latter that Miss Eames, succeeding Madame Patti, made her début at the Grand Opéra two years since, and the triumph won there has been emphatically repeated on this side of the Channel. Her youthful assumption of Juliette is replete with grace, charm, and tenderness, added to a considerable amount of dramatic feeling in the later scenes, wherein our portrait this week depicts the talented artist. Miss Eames is the possessor of a lovely voice, and she has been trained in the best of schools. Her vocalisation is remarkable for its purity and brilliancy, leaving nothing, in fact, for the critical ear to desire.

NEW MUSIC.

We have received from Novello, Ewer, and Co. two songs from the recently composed music to "Marmion," by A. C. Mackenzie—No. 1, "Where shall the lover rest?" and No. 2, "Lochinvar." These songs are naturally Scotch in character, and, as is usual with this composer, are exceedingly artistic and musicianlike. Of the two, perhaps "Where shall the lover rest?" will be preferred for drawing-room singing; but effect can be made with both. Dr. Mackenzie's beautiful "Ravenswood" music, arranged as a pianoforte duet by Battison Haynes, will be warmly welcomed. The arrangement is carefully and well done.—Two songs by William Fishburn Donkin—"She dwelt among the untrodden ways" and "Thekla's song in Wallenstein." These are published together. The first is an appropriate and beautiful setting of Wordsworth's poem, and the second a good piece of writing of a translation of Charles Lamb's.

From Robert Cocks and Co.—"The Mission of a Rose," words by Clifton Bingham, music by Frederick H. Cowen. The skill and grace of this composer is well known, and this, his latest effort, is a gem of reposeful, unpretentious writing. In three keys.—No. 18 of the "Burlington" music-books. This is an interesting number of a useful series, and contains four popular songs by Molloy, and two by Stephen Adams.—"Hampton Court," words by Clifton Bingham, music by A. H. Behrend. A pleasing song.—"So runs the World away," by William F. Amies. Also a peaceful and pleasing piece of writing.—"A Soldier's Song," words by Sidney Arthur Herbert, music by Angelo Mascheron. A good, striking bass song.—"One Life, One Love," written by Arthur Chapman, composed by J.

M. Capel. This is a really nice song, and has an organ obbligato ad lib., which adds to its attraction.

From Forsyth Brothers.—Nos. 6 to 12 of the "Violin Student" series, edited by Siegfried Jacoby. The first two are difficult but attractive caprices, by P. Baillot; Nos. 8 and 9 are a Study in D and a Caprice in C, by F. Fiorillo, moderately difficult, but will repay any amount of careful study; No. 10, March Caprice in E flat, by R. Kreutzer, an elegant and graceful piece; and Nos. 11 and 12, Sonata in D and Sonata in E flat, by C. M. von Weber, two thoroughly good studies. This is an extremely useful series, and everyone who goes in for serious violin study should possess these numbers, each of which has a pianoforte accompaniment.—"Six Vocal Duets" for soprano and contralto, by Arthur Page. A remarkably cheap book, containing some fairly good compositions.



MISS EAMES AS JULIETTE, IN "ROMÉO ET JULIETTE."

justly rewarded with prolonged applause. M. de Reszke is even happier in his conception of Boito's Mefistofele than of Gounod's. The sardonic element requires less emphasis; the audacity and alertness of the fiend come into greater prominence, and M. de Reszke treats the character in a fittingly bold spirit. He sings the music magnificently, his superb voice being quite a match for the Covent Garden orchestra at its loudest. Signor Mancinelli takes the "fff" indications of the score in their literal sense, especially as regards the prologue and the Broken scene; but he does not neglect the other extreme either, the contrasts thus achieved being at times very fine. The choral as well as instrumental effects on the occasion under notice were obtained with more than usual skill and precision; nor is it too much to say that they constituted the most admirable feature of the representation. H. K.

FROM THE CITY OF FLOWERS.

BY HELEN ZIMMERN.

The most important recent artistic event in Florence has undoubtedly been the sale of the magnificent collection of *objets d'art* which have been gathered together, for the past twenty years, in the Villa Salviatino by an American lady long resident here. The villa, which dates from the fourteenth century, and is celebrated in Florentine history, has been entirely restored in the style of the period by the present owner, and various rooms have been fitted up in the minutest details, so as to represent everyday life as it existed four hundred years ago. Among the treasures sold are French, German, and Italian furniture of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries; old stamped leather, majolica, old silver plate, old lace, costly tapestries, a collection of rare old musical instruments of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; a large number of bridal chests; and, greatest treasure of all, the throne of Giuliano de' Medici, Duke of Nemours, which originally came from the Demidoff Collection. Indeed, there has not been so important an artistic sale in this city since Prince Demidoff died. Besides the artistic contents, the villa itself is for sale, with all its extensive grounds, containing various farms and some small villas, in one of which there lives at the present moment the well-known art-writer Miss Paget (Vernon Lee); while at another Charles Robert Dudley, Earl of Warwick, lived and died. All Florence flocked out to see the private view, and certainly the magnificent architecture and decorations of the house, as well as the marvels it contains, are worth going some way to see, not to mention the magnificent views over the City of Flowers and over the surrounding hills and plains which are obtained from every window of the house, which is perched upon a slight eminence.

After having been empty almost all the winter, Florence is just now very full. Besides the Toynbee Hall people, whose adventures have found their way into the London papers, and what the Italians call "a caravan" of Americans numbering some two hundred, there have been in the city nearly two hundred Protestant clergymen, for in Florence has just been held the ninth international conference of the Evangelical Alliance. This is the first time that the Alliance has met in Italy, and it is worthy of note that it meets upon the very spot where it made its first great effort in behalf of religious liberty. It is now forty years since Francesco and Rosa Madiai were imprisoned by order of the then ruler of Tuscany for reading the Bible, and were released, thanks to the efforts made by this evangelical association. It is worthy of mention that the presidents of the two first meetings of the conference were both residents in Florence at the time, and identified with the circumstance. Indeed, the Rev. Dr. Geymonat was himself put into prison, while the Rev. E. V. Bligh was then a young attaché of legation. Among noteworthy members present are Lord Radstock, M. Monod, and the notorious persecutor of the Jews, Pastor Stöcker. These grave and clerical personages present rather a strange appearance in the streets of Florence, and are gazed at with more wonder than sympathy by the people. Their meetings, too, though fairly attended, have been rather patronised by those already converted than by those who might be open to conviction.

Since the capital was removed from this city, Florence has remained a little outside of the larger public life of Italy. In order that it may regain its intellectual primacy a group of Italian gentlemen have promoted the holding of a series of lectures, for which the lecturers should be called from the different cities of Italy, and each be eminent in his own department. The Marchese Ginori placed at their disposal the magnificent hall of his palace, a room hung with tapestries of the best Florentine period, and alone worth a visit to see. The subject of the twelve lectures was last year the dawn of Italian intellectual life: this year it is Italian life in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The lectures are various in merit, but all evince the great power of speech possessed by Italians, contrasting remarkably with the want of eloquence and fluency that is peculiar to Englishmen. Very able and profound was the opening address by the Deputy Romualdo Bonfadini, who, under pretext of speaking of Italian politics in the thirteenth century, gave some incisive backhanders at the late Crispi Cabinet. In Isidoro del Lungo, who spoke on Dante as he reveals himself in his poem, we heard an orator of the most classical type. His periods, his manner of delivery, were quite Ciceronian. One could have imagined oneself back in the Roman Forum. More sympathetic, versatile, cultured was the lecture by Enrico Nencioni, that Italian who is so marvellously well acquainted with our modern English literature, and who has Browning at his finger-ends more than many an Englishman. His theme was the "Mystic Literature of Italy," but even out of this thoroughly Italian theme he was not able to exclude his beloved English writers. He quoted in a splendid translation of his own the passage from Carlyle's "Hero Worship," in which he speaks of Dante as the voice of Italy, and he also recited a very beautiful and faithful translation of "Evelyn Hope," which he regards as a mystic poem in the richest interpretation of that term. His beautiful voice and able delivery earned him the praises of even that great connoisseur in such matters Tommaso Salvini, who said to me after the lecture that he himself could not have read better that well-known letter written by Santa Caterina da Siena telling how she led a criminal to the scaffold.

In the Chamber, the first military measure of economy is under discussion. The financial situation could hardly be more serious than it is. The terrible crash at Leghorn has brought ruin to many families, and, coming after the Naples and Turin disasters of the same kind, is a terrible calamity. The mad passion for ostentation, always dominant in the Italian character and more rampant of late years, together with the blind zeal for speculation that inevitably comes in its train, have brought about these commercial disasters at Leghorn. The great Greek houses of Rodocanaki and Maurogordato have suffered most. Maurogordato's family, including his mother, have come to his assistance, and may stave off bankruptcy. Rodocanaki has failed. He is a bachelor, and for years his extravagance formed the staple topic of discussion in Leghorn. He gave magnificent balls, where he distributed the most expensive presents in the Cotillon, such as boas made of Parma violets in mid-December, which, even in Italy, cannot be had for nothing, handsome jewellery, plate, and other things like. Many ladies refused his invitations, not wishing to wear jewellery marked with his name and arms. For frugal Italy this was frantic ostentation. Leghorn has been for some time past "a cage of every unclean and hateful bird." Crimes of violence were disgracefully frequent there, the careless self-indulgence of the richer classes was scandalous, gambling especially had grown to a portentous height. No one can tell as yet where the effects of this crisis will end. Two of the greater banks have suffered, and innumerable small ones. Perhaps the disaster may prove to be the thunderstorm that clears the air. It is profoundly to be hoped so, for Italian commercial conditions are by no means so clean and solid as those who wish well to the country would desire.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

W R RAILLIE.—You will have seen by this time that our contemporary was not the only taker of your patience. We regret the coincidence, but congratulate you on the skill which detected the flaws.

O W (Bickley).—(1) If the check was duly announced, your adversary is mated and the game yours. (2) Certainly not; and you must retract both moves, and make some other than the check you failed to announce.

F J PEACEY.—Supposing your "understood rules" governed the handicap, the result is obviously a tie between the two players. But if special rules were made for the tournament, we should need to see them before giving a decision.

F A (Lombard Street).—We can scarcely answer your question. A file from the very commencement down to last year was offered a short time ago for £20, but your collection plainly falls far short of that both in interest and value.

H V CRANE.—Were we publishing half a dozen problems a week, each of yours should appear. Giving one only, however, our standard is necessarily high, and you just fall short of it. Try again; there is promise of success in your work.

E B SCHWANN (Wimbledon).—Your problem received, and shall be examined. We keep our word, as you see, about the previous position.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2445 to 2447 received from O H B (Cape of Good Hope); of Nos. 2448 and 2449 from Dr A R V Sastry (Tumkur); of No. 2452 from Rev J Willis (Barnstable, Mass.), J Clark (Chester), and J Ten Hones (Delft, Holland); of No. 2453 from H V Crane (Manchester) and J Ten Hones; of No. 2454 from Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), E B Pibitz, W Hanchan (Rush), O H Prior, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), W David (Cardiff), H V Crane, J G Grant, A H B, R Worters (Canterbury), T G (Ware), Blair H Cochrane, L Desanges (Perugia), J Ten Hones, T Roberts, J F Moon, and H Kesseler (Brussels).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2455 received from Dr F St, J F Moon, Dawn, T Roberts, B D Knox, W David (Cardiff), R Worters (Canterbury), Blair H Cochrane, O H Prior, W T Hurley (Rochester), H B B (Fairholme), H B Hurford, J D Tucker (Leeds), E Loden, J Ross (Whitby), A Newman, W Wright, J Good, Dr Waltz, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), T Chown, Monty, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), Alpha, Columbus, Julia Short (Exeter), W R B (Plymouth), Martin F, L Desanges, T G (Ware), Sorrento (Dawlish), E E H, Fr Fernando (Dublin), N Harris, R H Brooks, J Watson, E P Vulliamy, W R Railem, and Shadforth.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2453.—By Dr. F. STEINGASS.

WHITE.
1. Kt to Q Kt 5th
2. Kt to R 4th (ch)
3. Q mates.

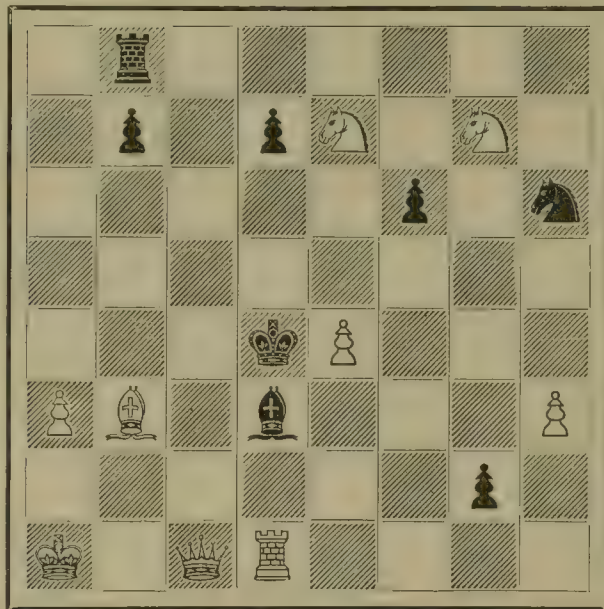
BLACK.
P takes Kt
K to B 3rd

If Black play 1. B takes Kt, 2. Kt to Q 6th; if 1. K to B 3rd, 2. Kt to Q 6th; and if 1. K to K 5th, then 2. Q to Kt 6th (ch), mating in each case on the following move.

PROBLEM No. 2457.

By E. B. SCHWANN.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played at Simpson's, in the match between Messrs. TINSLEY and MULLER.

(Van Krey's Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to K 3rd	P to K 4th	19. B takes P	P to K R 3rd
2. P to Q 4th	P takes P	20. B to K 3rd	Q to K 3rd
3. P takes P	P to Q 4th	21. Q to R 4th	
4. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd		
5. B to Q 3rd	B to Q 3rd		
6. P to K R 3rd	Castles		
7. Castles	B to K 3rd		
8. B to K 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd		
9. P to B 3rd	Q Kt to K 2nd		
10. Q Kt to Q 2nd	Kt to Kt 3rd		
11. B takes Kt			

This is necessary to prevent a piece getting to B 5th, a very important square for the enemy to occupy with either Kt or Bishop.

12. R to K sq
13. Kt to K 5th
14. R to Q B sq
15. P to Q B 4th
16. P takes B
17. P takes P
18. Q to R 4th

A most important move, threatening to win the Kt by P to K 4th, as well as guarding his own K B 4th square.

18. P to K Kt 4th
The piece is saved with great ingenuity by this sacrifice of a pawn.

CHESS IN SURREY.

Game played at Redhill between Messrs. F. N. BRAUND and another AMATEUR.

(Evans Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Amateur).	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Amateur).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	16. K to R sq	Q to R 5th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	17. P to B 4th	R to B 3rd
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th		
4. P to Q Kt 4th	B takes Kt P		
5. P to B 3rd	B to B 4th		
6. Castles	P to Q 3rd		
7. P to Q 4th	P takes P		
8. P takes P	B to Kt 3rd		
9. P to Q 5th	Kt to R 4th		
10. B to Kt 2nd	Kt to K 2nd		
11. B to Q 3rd	P to K B 3rd		
12. Kt to B 3rd	Castles		
13. Q to Q 2nd	Kt to Kt 3rd		
14. Kt to K 2nd	Kt to K 4th		

Premature; he should play P to Q B 4th, followed by B to B 2nd and R to Kt sq.

15. Kt takes Kt B P takes Kt
The result of the match between Messrs. Steinitz and Tschigorin has for some time past been regarded as a foregone conclusion, and the resignation of both games by the former caused no surprise in chess circles. Of Mr. Tschigorin's play there can be only one opinion—it is characterised by the highest qualities of chess strategy. Mr. Steinitz, on the other hand, has scarcely seemed at his best, and some of his play was speculative to a degree. It is this element of the contest that makes it doubtful whether the openings are so absolutely unsound as the play would cause them to appear, and some little suspense of judgment on this point is advisable. We trust next week to publish the games, with analytical notes by Mr. G. B. Fraser, admittedly one of the most competent British authorities.

The news of the death of Captain Mackenzie has produced a profound impression among the chess clubs of London. All are speaking in his praise, and the Committee of the City of London Chess Club have already placed upon their records an expression of their high admiration of his character, and of their deep sorrow at hearing of his death.

The fight for the Championship of the City of London Club has arrived at a very interesting stage. In No. 1 section Mr. Loman and Mr. Woon have tied for first place, and in No. 2 section Mr. Moriau and Mr. Mocatta are likely to tie. These four survivors represent England, France, and Holland.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

I am sorry to observe that cyclists are getting into bad odour with the public on account of their habit of "furious riding," as I suppose the practice must be named. As myself a modest devotee of the exercise, may I say a word in favour of the sport, and in condemnation of those who are abusing it in the eyes of the non-cycling public? I can quite realise the feelings which animated Dr. A. Carpenter, of Croydon, who, being nearly ridden over by a cyclist the other day, expressed a wish that he could have caught the offender, as in that event he would have had him "locked up." You are crossing a thoroughfare in your usual quiet and orderly fashion, when suddenly, and without more audible or satisfactory warning than the feeble "ping-ping" of a bell, a dozen cyclists fly past you—some on one side, some on the other—like a whirlwind. There is no chance or opportunity of escape. You have to "keep in the middle of the road," as the song has it, till the cavalcade rushes past, and you betide you if you come in contact with one of these express cycles! This style of riding, in which there is exhibited an utter want of consideration for the comfort and feelings (not to mention safety) of the public, can only end in one way—namely, in legislation of severe kind for cyclists, and a thorough discountenancing of the sport by the public. These two results no cyclist will care to dwell upon, so it behoves all cyclists to discourage the fast and furious style of riding in public streets which is year by year bringing a noble sport and a healthy exercise into unmerited disrepute. The "galloping snob" is repressed by the police, and one has no wish to see the "cycling snob" become a public character. It is in the interests of cycling that I make these remarks, because I know they will reach a very large circle of readers, and may bring forth a modest crop of fruit in the awakening of opinion equally against furious cycling and against any attempt to decry the sport, because, relatively, a few idiotic persons abuse the privilege which belongs to all.

Is Koch's consumption cure a failure, after all? is a question which, I observe, medical men are now beginning to put to one another in all seriousness. The answer to this question depends entirely upon the expectations of the querist. If, as many persons surmised, Koch's cure was supposed to be capable of actually curing any and every case of tuberculosis, then, unhesitatingly, we may hold it to be a failure. If, secondly, it was credited with being capable of curing every case of consumption itself, no matter in what stage the disease appeared to exist, then also Koch's lymph must be deemed to have failed to impress medicine with any permanent effect. What seems to be the actual residuum from the great expectations of the past few months is the power the lymph possesses of killing the tissues in which the tubercle germs exist; and, in this sense, it may prove of service in consumption cases of recent origin, and in lupus and allied troubles. This is a dreadful downfall, in tone, from the triumphant chorus which heralded the announcement of Koch's cure. Personally, I think Dr. Koch himself has been rather hardly dealt with. The irony of fate appears to have drawn him and his discovery out of his laboratory, and placed him, as a scientist, in a position which he himself, I fancy, never would have claimed. Pressure, from an imperial source, it is said, was not to be resisted, in the shape of a demand that the great remedy should at once be made known for the benefit of mankind. Be this as it may, the present position of Dr. Koch's cure, in so far as the public are concerned, is a telling example of the axiom that truth will not be hurried. A piece of purely scientific research has been magnified, foolishly and unwisely, into a great popular discovery for the cure of a terrible malady, and that is all.

I have to thank numerous correspondents for letters received regarding the primitive language in which children are believed to express their thoughts and concepts. Among others, Professor Brunetta, of the Technical Institute of Verona, writes that he has observed children using a particular dialect in countries whereof the languages abound in vowels. Moreover, he adds that this dialect, which the children understand among themselves, is always the same. Such child-dialects, Professor Brunetta says, are understood by adults, and are used in speaking to little children. Italian is, of course, a typical language for vowels, and children, to the vowels, which are easily pronounced, unite a consonant, thus instinctively illustrating the process of word-building. My correspondent reminds me that Italian "pa-pa" means father, and "pa-pa" food; "tā-tā," a girl (a nurse); "tē-tē," dog; "to-to," to beat; "brün-brün," water, or to drink. In Venice, little children say "brun-brun" when they wish to drink, while in Verona they say "brombo," and, in other parts of Italy, "bombo." The child is lulled to sleep by telling it to go "na-na"; and "nina-nana" is a form of lullaby. In Greece, where the language, again, is full of vowels, a typical child-dialect is found; and a very young Italian child, my correspondent adds, can understand what a Greek child means through the employment of the language of tender years. I give these remarks for what they are worth, of course; but in any case, the topic is an interesting one. Judging the matter cursorily, it would seem that the child-dialects support that view of the origin of language which attributes our speech to the direct imitation of sounds—modified, no doubt, in the ways of mental evolution, by the many collateral circumstances which must have operated in the development of our brain-powers.

Speaking of words and language reminds me of the fact that one should not forget to attribute some effect in moulding our language to the frequency with which certain words (or sounds) are repeated over others. I suppose it is an undoubted fact that the letter "e" is, of all others, that most frequently used, and that, in studying cryptographs, this fact is always taken into account. Recently I noted that Professor Jastrow, an American savant, carried out an experiment in which he made twenty-five men-students and twenty-five women-students write as rapidly as they could, the first 100 words which occurred to their minds. Out of the 5000 words thus presented to Dr. Jastrow, only 2024 were different. Some 1216 words occurred only once in the exercises, and, leaving out the 1216 words, about 3000 words consisted of the repetition of 753 words. The common words of life are drawn upon most frequently, as is but natural; and the women's lists were shown to resemble one another more closely than those of the men. The men employed 1376 different words; and the women, 1123. The former wrote 746 words occurring once only in the lists, and the women 520 words. Very amusing is it to find that the women wrote words most largely relating to articles of dress, while they also exceeded the men in the frequency with which they wrote words relating to foods. Also one word seemed to suggest its follower (as was to be expected), for, in 500 mentions of the twenty words most frequently used, the word preceding the given term was the same in 111 instances; while that following it was the same in 145 instances.

Thoughts, like Snowflakes on some far-off Mountain Side, go on
Accumulating till some great truth is loosened, and falls like an
Avalanche on the Waiting World.

OUR SANITARY CONDITION. IMPORTANT TO ALL.

YESTERDAY, TO-MORROW, AND TO-DAY.

Yesterday! is dead! To-morrow! is not yet born! To-day! is only yours! "Say
will you let it pass Useless away?"

SANITARY ENGINEERING and the BLESSINGS of SANITARY PROGRESS.

ENGLAND LEADS THE WAY IN ENGINEERING, AND YET IN SANITARY
ENGINEERING AN ASIATIC COUNTRY LEADS THE WAY.

IN LONDON, in the second half of the Seventeenth Century, the death-rate
was 80 per thousand; in the Eighteenth it had fallen to 50, in the first half of the Nineteenth to 25, and it is
now down to 17½ per thousand. England, which has led, and still leads, the world in engineering enterprise, and
has been the source from which the blessings from sanitary progress have spread, should surely be the first in
this. At present there is but one Professor of Sanitary Engineering, and it may surprise some of my hearers to
learn he is in far-off JAPAN!!!—C. E. GRATTON on Sanitary Engineering, *Architect*, March 27, 1891.

At present our Lawgivers do not see that the responsibilities of thoroughly qualified
Plumbers are frequently more important than a Medical Practitioner's.

WHAT Health Resort, what Watering Place, what Climate in the World
could show results of Preventible Death like these of the power of Sanitation? IGNORANCE OF
SANITARY SCIENCE, direct and indirect, Costs Threefold the amount of Poor Rate for the Country generally.
"He had given as models of sanitation of adult life, well-constructed and well-kept prisons, where of those who
came in without well-developed disease, and not good lives either, the death-rate did not exceed THREE IN 1000.
In Stafford County Jail the death-rate had, during the last ten years, been actually less than one in every
thousand—not a tenth of the death-rate of adult outsiders."—Inaugural Address by E. CHADWICK, C.B., on
the Sanitary Condition of England.

THE KING OF PHYSICIANS, PURE AIR—JEOPARDY OF LIFE.—THE
GREAT DANGER OF VITIATED AIR.

"Former generations perished in venial ignorance of all sanitary laws. When Black Death massacred Hundreds
of Thousands, neither the victims nor their rulers could be accounted responsible for their slaughter."—*Times*.

After breathing impure air for two minutes and a half, every drop of blood is more or less poisoned. There
is not a point in the human frame but has been traversed by poisonous blood; not a point but must have suffered
from the blood by natural means, allays nervous excitement,
Cooling, and Invigorating Beverage, or as a Gentle Laxative and Tonic in the various forms of Indigestion.

injury. ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" is the best known remedy; it removes fetid or poisonous matter (the groundwork of disease) from the blood by natural means, allays nervous excitement,
value in keeping the blood pure and free from disease.

INFLUENZA.—Instructions: When attacked with influenza or feverish cold, lie in bed for three or four days in a warm room, well ventilated by a good fire, take
ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" freely, and ENO'S "VEGETABLE MOTO" as occasion may require. After a few days the marked symptoms will pass away. Diet: Strong beef tea.

IMPORTANT TO ALL, especially to Consuls, Ship Captains, Emigrants, and Europeans generally who are visiting or residing in Hot or Foreign Climates, or in the
United Kingdom. Use ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." You cannot overstate its great value in keeping the BLOOD PURE. Without such a simple precaution, the JEOPARDY of life is
immensely increased. As a means of keeping the system clear, and thus taking away the groundwork of Malarious Diseases and all Liver Complaints, or as a Health-giving, Refreshing,
Cooling, and Invigorating Beverage, or as a Gentle Laxative and Tonic in the various forms of Indigestion.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—STERLING HONESTY OF PURPOSE.—WITHOUT IT LIFE IS A SHAM!

CAUTION.—Examine each bottle, and see the Capsule is marked ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed on by worthless imitations.

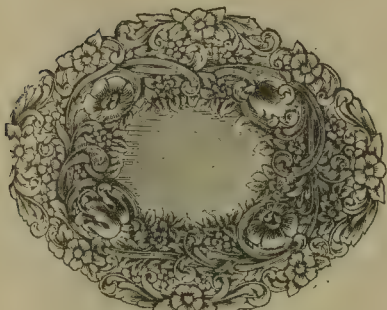
PREPARED ONLY AT ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, LONDON, S.E., BY J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

THE MANUFACTURING

GOLDSMITHS' & SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY

Show-Rooms: 112, REGENT STREET, W. (Opposite
Vigo Street.)

Supply the Public direct at Manufacturers' Cash Prices, saving Purchasers from 25 to 50 per cent.



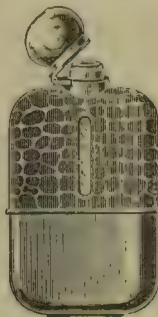
Solid Silver Fruit Dish, Beautifully Chased,
length 8½ inches, £4 10s.



Solid Silver Hunting Flask,
to hold quarter-pint,
£3 10s.



Solid Silver Bowl, 10-inch diameter, Beautifully
Fluted, £14 10s.



Best Electro Pocket Flask,
covered Crocodile Leather,
to hold quarter-pint,
£1 7s. 6d.



Solid Silver Elegantly Chased Fruit Dish, with
Shaped Border.
4½-in. diameter £2 12 0
5½-in. „ 5 5 0



Solid Silver Two-handled Cup and Cover, on
polished wood plinth, 15 inches high, £30.



Solid Silver Sugar Bowl,
Cream Ewer, and Tongs,
in case, £4 10s.



12 Pairs Best Electro-Plated Dessert Knives and Forks,
with Plain Blades and round Pearl Handles, with end
mounts, fitted in Polished Oak Case, £8 10s.



Solid Silver Sugar Bowl,
Cream Ewer, and Tongs,
in case, £4 10s.



Solid Silver Two-handled Challenge Cup,
on polished wood plinth.
8½ in. high £9 0 0
9½ in. „ 10 10 0
10 in. „ 12 10 0
11 in. „ 16 10 0

GOODS FORWARDED TO
THE COUNTRY ON
APPROVAL.

All Goods marked in
Plain Figures for Cash
without Discount.
Awarded Nine Gold
Medals and the Cross of
the Legion of Honour.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE
POST FREE.

THE LARGEST
AND FINEST STOCK OF
PRIZE-CUPS, BOWLS,
and TESTIMONIAL PLATE.

Special Designs and
Estimates submitted
Free of Charge.

GOLDSMITHS' & SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY, 112, REGENT STREET, W. Manufacture: CLERKENWELL.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

It is long since there was so smart a private view (as far as looks went) as that at the New Gallery on April 29. The rooms were delightfully crowded—yes, delightfully! for, though the lungs of humanity craved for more space, its gregarious instinct was satisfied. It is a sad pity that there should be such opposing tendencies in our nature; it is the true source of much mundane dissatisfaction, that we cannot have everything we wish for at once. But we really cannot; and so we must take things by turns, and not want to breathe and to move our elbows at private views, nor to talk to interesting people by the dozen and see lovely gowns by the hundred in a Kentish wood or a Surrey meadow.

Of course, on such occasions the men are quite as interesting to meet as the women, though they do not so well admit of being written about. There was nobody there more sought after than Mr. Rudyard Kipling, and, when Mr. Edmund Yates, Mr. Ashby Sterry, and Mr. Davenport Adams had each in turn said a very witty thing in a momentary conversation, one felt properly impressed by the cleverness of the superior sex. For descriptive value, however, commend me to Mrs. Bernard-Beere's lovely picture-like gown of moonlight shot silk (silver in one light, pale blue in another) with its long polonaise forming a demi-train, and its deep cape-like triplet collar, bound at the edges with black silk, and its fastenings of black silk buttons down the entire front—rather than to Mr. Kipling's good-humoured young face with a heavy moustache and gold-rimmed, round-eyed spectacles. Or to make it a question of the same sort of fame, how does very famous, little, white-headed, plump Mr. Henry M. Stanley compare with handsome Miss Muriel Dowie, the young lady traveller, in her long loose coat of fawn cloth, with pretty touches of pink at waist and throat, and a picture hat in the same tints?

Perhaps, however, Mr. Oscar Wilde and his "graceful consort" may be of equal use to me when I come to write about it. Oscar is a man—nay, he is father of a family—but his clothes can be described. How picturesque he is, to be sure, in that long snuff-brown overcoat with the hint of the Empire period in its rather high-waisted cut, and the large cluster of—what is it?—daffodils or primroses? no, it is that rare flower the bright yellow carnation, in his buttonhole. And how well Mrs. Oscar always dresses to pose with him! Her two shades of pale-brown cloth and her bunch of yellow roses at the neck "go" excellently with his costume. I wonder how they do it. Does he dress up to her gown, or is it as the delightful Mr. Jackson of Clitheroe says, "I was the man, she the woman, and she ought to be willing to acquiesce in my wishes"?

Why do so many people ask me "who is" Mrs. Wynford Philipps, the wife of the M.P. for East Lanark, after I have been speaking to her? Is it because her gown is of a wonderful black and brown striped silk, or because of her brilliant brunette beauty? Now, how silly of a woman to come to whisper to me that the handsomest gown in the room is Lady Somebody's fawn cloth, elaborately embroidered on the tight-fitting under-bodice and on the skirt with gold, when I can see who she means, and know that it is Mrs. Ackroyd! After all, I think Mrs. Edmeston's Redfern frock, with a green-velvet long coat and flat sides of the skirt, both embroidered beautifully in Redfern's own inimitable style, with a Greek key design in white, gold, and green, is perhaps the most effective gown here; though that long, silver-grey poplin, made so flat and clinging that the wearer looks like a Gainsborough

picture, with her snow-white hair helping the illusion, is wonderfully striking. Here are the Dorothy Denes—I mean Dorothy and her sister: I never saw her all in black before. I wonder if that frock, with its turn-down collar, cut very low to a point in the centre of the neck, and trimmed with bright jet, is the gown she went to court in—the county court, that is?

Mrs. Jopling, bright and clever-looking as usual, is here, and wearing a becoming grey Tudor cape with black embroidery on the yoke and a high Medici collar lined with black ostrich tips that peep over the edge engagingly. I am sympathetically angry because I have just seen her charming "Beatrice" at the Royal Academy Press view, and know that it is stuck over a man in hunting "pink," which ruins the rich red tones of Beatrice's hair. But the artist, though she accepts my sympathy, will not share my anger: she is sure it is a pure accident—the hanging committee did not notice. Besides, they did not know whose work it was: she forgot to sign it. Ah, my dear, have you been trying, as so many authors have done, to leave aside your high reputation and present yourself for anonymous judgment? Anthony Trollope and James Payn and Lytton and Miss Braddon have all tried that; but not one of them found it answer. As Mr. Payn says, he found out: "If one has any personality (with or without the 'i') it is as well to lay claim to it." Then here is Henrietta Rae (Mrs. Normand) looking very gay in a grey gown and cape. Well she may look bright, for her picture is "on the line" in the Academy; but it is a pity that the "hangers" have put her husband's picture above hers; and I hear that they add insult to injury about it by saying that they thought she would like to have it there!

That is pretty Miss Gertrude May, the flower-painter, who looks so like a bright, fresh flower herself; and that, piquant Miss Ethel Wright, another young painter of the highest artistic promise and present prettiness. I do like these girls who are showing nowadays in such numbers that young women can be clever, cultivated, and charming all at once! Here is "Helen Mathers," the authoress of "Comin' thro' the Rye": Mrs. Reeves is wearing a superb Louis Quinze coat with very long skirts, and made of a brocade in which large clusters of roses in many shades of copper-red appear on a bronze-green ground; the coat has pink silk revers covered with black lace, and the skirt is black. But are there no duchesses here?—for I want to see a duchess. No, they all came this morning to avoid the crowd. The Duchess of Sutherland and the Marchioness of Granby and many others were here then. How unkind of them!

However, there were many peeresses at the Royal Academy private view on May Day. The wonderful "Lady A." (Maria Marchioness of Ailesbury), with her amazing frizz of hair on her temples, and her upright carriage and alert look—she is the same age as Mr. Gladstone, and equally surprising in her youthfulness—wore a dress of sage-green Amazon cloth, with vest, full sleeves, and panels of green plush. With her was Countess Spencer, very plainly dressed in a black merveilleux gown, velvet short mantle trimmed with jet and chenille ornaments and fringe, and a tiny bonnet wholly black. Earl Spencer went round the galleries with Mrs. Mackay, the American millionaire's wife, who was dressed in a black-velvet mantle. Lady Lindsay also wore plain black; and Lady Berwick had a black dress with vest of pale brocade. The Duchess of Sutherland and the Marchioness of Tweeddale were also in the plainest black attire.

But bright colours and showy costumes in the height of fashion were plentiful. Mrs. Locket Agnew, for example,

wore a most lovely and becoming gown of silver-grey brocade, with scattered patterns of black fern-leaves; it was made with a slight train, and had big sleeves of grey silk, profusely embroidered with tiny black pin-head beads, placed singly, while a shaped jet ornament indicated the waist, back and front. Young Lady Coleridge, walking with the tall, thin old Lord Chief Justice, looked charming in a pale tan bengaline, with broad-brimmed black hat, trimmed with roses. Lady Colin Campbell wore a bright though dark blue serge, with cock's-feather trimming round the bottom of the skirt and on the bodice. Lady Monekton was a very striking figure, in a long cloak of accordeon-pleated plaid silk—a green ground, with yellow lines. This was set so as to form a full frill on to a yoke, and covered the gown completely. Mrs. George Augustus Sala's dress was a model of stylish simplicity. It was merely a black-and-white spotted gingham, relieved from commonplace by the full white sleeves and yoke covered with handsome white guipure lace.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

Lord Randolph Churchill has taken out with him not only Shakespeare and Molière, but also "A Window in Thrums."

Has any critic noted Miss Austen's great mannerism? It is, I am convinced, her use of the phrase "the chief of," as thus, "Elizabeth passed the chief of the night in her sister's room." I take this from "Pride and Prejudice." Turning on, I find "Miss Darcy's praise occupied the chief of it," "Mrs. Gardner, to whom the chief of this news had been given before," "The chief of the time between breakfast and dinner," &c. Is this peculiar to Miss Austen?

François Coppée's new poetic drama, "Pour la Couronne," was read recently to the *sociétaires* of the Comédie Française, and accepted as a matter of course, though the play is not thought to be up to the author's usual level. The scene of "Pour la Couronne" is laid in the fifteenth century; and the dramatis personæ being Crusaders, the first act takes place in a fortified citadel, the second in a castle armoury, the third in a mountain pass, and the last in the Public Place of Widdin. This will give the scene-painters of the Théâtre Français something to do, and the accessories will be probably quite exceptional as regards local colour and costume.

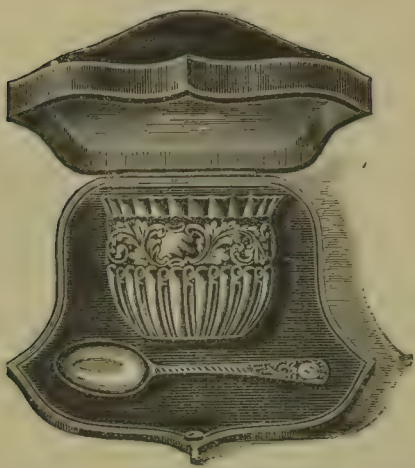
Comte d'Haussonville, of the French Academy, is contributing to Hachette's "Lives of Great French Writers" series a curious monograph on the authoress of that famous little classic "La Princesse de Clèves." Sainte-Beuve once wrote an essay on Madame de Lafayette, the most *spirituelle* and charming *grande dame* of his day, La Rochefoucauld's friend, and the beloved of all the wits; but, though full of the penetrating analysis and reconstitution of a bygone age, notable in all his studies of the eighteenth century, he only dealt with the brilliant successful period of her life. M. d'Haussonville has gathered together the few fragmentary documents that remain to tell the tale of how the brilliant *écritaine*, after La Rochefoucauld's death, retired from the world, and spent the end of her days practising mortification and doing good works under Père du Guet, a certain zealous confessor, several of whose letters to his illustrious penitent Comte d'Haussonville has been fortunate enough to procure, and which will form not the least interesting portion of this valuable addition to the French social history of the last century.

MAPPIN & WEBB'S STERLING SILVER & PRINCE'S PLATE

(REGD.)

"Highest attainable quality."

"Unequalled for hard wear."



Sterling Silver Bowl and Spoon, Handsomely Chased and Fluted, in Morocco Case, £4 10s.



Registered "Princess" Tea Service, with Two China Cups and Saucers, Two Spoons, and Sugar Tongs. Complete in Case, Sterling Silver .. £11 11 Prince's Plate .. £5 5 0
Teapot only .. 5 5 .. 1 11 6
Sugar Basin and Tongs .. 1 15 .. 0 10 6
Cream Jug .. 1 5 .. 0 10 6



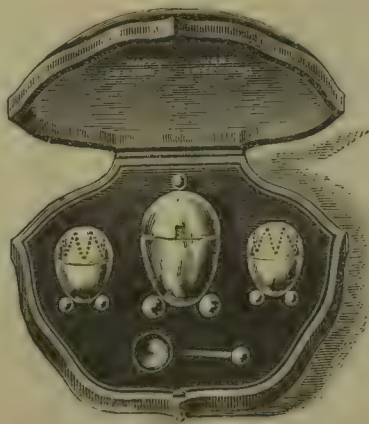
Four Chased Solid Silver Salts and Spoons, in rich Morocco Case, lined Silk, rustic design, £3 15s. Six in Case, £5 15s.

Illustrated Price Lists

Post Free.



Two Solid Silver Escallop Butter Shells and Two Knives, in Morocco Case, lined Silk and Velvet .. £4 5s. One Shell and Knife, in Case .. £2 5s.



Two Solid Silver Muffineers, Mustard Pot and Spoon, in best Morocco Case, £2 10s.; Prince's Plate, £1 5s.



Massive Sterling Silver Sugar Bowl and Sifter, beautifully Chased, Gilt Inside, after Briot, in best Morocco Case, lined Silk and Velvet, £7.



Registered Design. Six Afternoon Tea Spoons and Tongs, in Morocco Case, £1 11s. 6d. Solid Silver, £2 10s.

THE POULTRY, E.C. (Opposite the Mansion House); and 158 to 162. OXFORD ST., W.

Manufactory: Royal Plate and Cutlery Works, Sheffield.

ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION.

ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN!

USEFUL TO FIREMEN.

Mr. J. H. HEATHMAN, Endell-street and Wilson-street, London, W.C., Expert Fire and Hydraulic Engineer, writes:—

"Aug. 27, 1890.

"For many years past I have used your Embrocation to cure rheumatism, colds, and sprains, and always with very satisfactory results.

"I have frequently advised firemen and others to try it, and know many instances of relief through its application.

"There are many like myself who are liable to get a soaking at fire-engine trials and actual fires, and the knowledge of the value of your Embrocation will save them much pain and inconvenience if they apply the remedy with promptitude.

"An illustration: On Monday last I got wet and had to travel home by rail. On Tuesday I had rheumatism in my legs and ankles, and well rubbed my legs and feet with your Embrocation. On Wednesday (to-day) I am well again, and the cost of the cure has been eightpence, as the bottle is not empty. This, therefore, is an inexpensive remedy."

ADVANTAGES OF PLENTY OF FRICTION.

MR. PETER GEO. WRIGHT, Heath Town, Wolverhampton, Staffordshire, writes:—

"Jan. 7, 1890.

"On Nov. 8 last year I was taken with a great pain and swelling in my left foot in the night; it was so painful I could not sleep, and in the morning I got downstairs on my hands and knees, so I had to sit in a chair all day. On the Friday about 7 o'clock my weekly paper came, the *Sheffield Telegraph*. I saw your advertisement for the Universal Embrocation, and sent 1½ mile for a small bottle. I commenced to give my foot a good rubbing, and I soon found relief. I rubbed it ten times that evening, and four times in the night. Saturday morning came: I could not go to market, so I set to work again with your Embrocation, and soon found that I could walk. I gave it a good rubbing every half-hour until 5 o'clock, when I put my boots on and walked four miles, and on Tuesday I walked six miles, and I have never felt it since, and I shall always keep some in the house."

LUMBAGO.

From a Justice of the Peace. "About a fortnight ago a friend advised me to try your Embrocation, and its effect has been magical."

FOOTBALL.

Forfar Athletic Football Club. "Given entire satisfaction to all who have used it."

STRENGTHENS the MUSCLES.

From "Victorina," "The Strongest Lady in the World."

"It not only relieves pain, but it strengthens the nerves and muscles."

RUNNING.

A Blackheath Harrier writes:—"Draw attention to the benefit to be derived from using Elliman's Embrocation after cross-country running in the winter months."

SORE THROAT FROM COLD.

From a Clergyman.

"For many years I have used your Embrocation, and found it most efficacious in preventing and curing sore throat from cold."

CRAMP.

CHAS. S. AGAR, Esq., Forres Estate, Maskellia, Ceylon, writes:—"The coolies suffer much from carrying heavy loads long distances, and they get cramp in the muscles, which, when well rubbed with your Embrocation, is relieved at once."

SPRAINS AND STIFFNESS.

H. J. BURDEN, Esq., Peckham Harriers' Hon. Sec., writes:—"Used your Universal Embrocation for some time, and find it invaluable for sprains and stiffness."

ACCIDENT.

From the Jackey Wonders, Oxford Music Hall, London.

"I was recommended by my friend 'Victorina' your Embrocation, and by using it for two days I was enabled to resume my duties."

CYCLING.

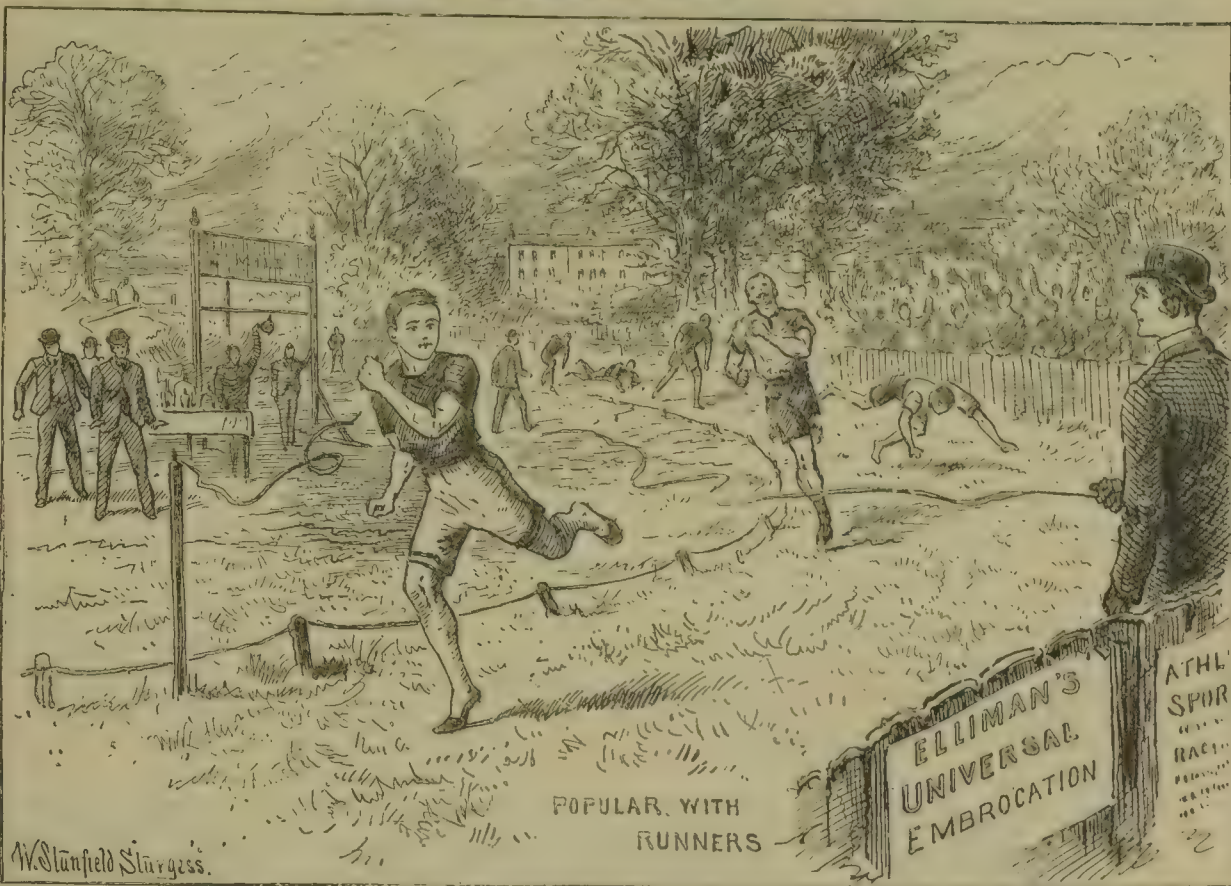
From L. FABRELLAS, St. Sebastian, Spain.

"I am a member of a cycling club here, and can testify to the excellent results to be obtained by using your Universal Embrocation."

RHEUMATISM.

From A. BARTON, Esq., The Ferns, Romford.

"I write to say that had it not been for Elliman's Embrocation I should have remained a cripple up to the present moment."



FOR ACHES AND PAINS!

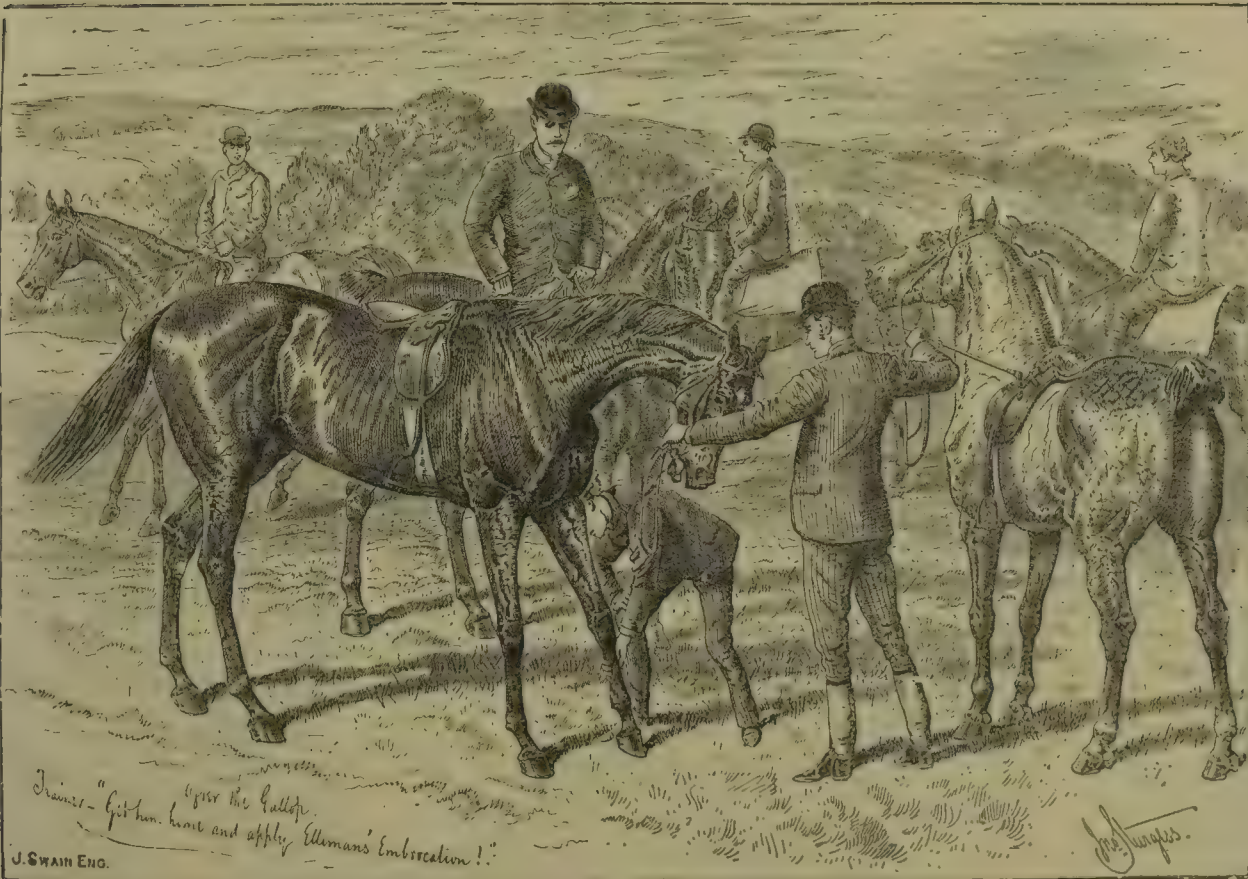
ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION.

"AN EXCELLENT GOOD THING."

ONE SHILLING AND THREE HALFPENCE.

"And it I will have, or I will have none." *Taming of the Shrew, Act IV. Sc. 3.*

"WHAT'S * IT * ALL * ABOUT?"



PICTORIAL SPORTING ADVERTISEMENTS.

By JOHN STURGESS.

Suitable for framing.

19 Prints. Post Free for Two Shillings and Sixpence. Sent Abroad for P.O.O. for Three Shillings and Sixpence, or Foreign Stamps for Four Shillings. Apply to ELLIMAN, SONS, and CO., SLOUGH, ENGLAND. These are Artistic Sketches in Black and White, and look well when neatly Framed. Specimen Print Free.

NO STABLE IS COMPLETE WITHOUT

ELLIMAN'S For SPRAINS and CURBS, SPLINTS when forming, SPRUNG SINEWS, CAPPED HOCKS, OVER-REACHES, BRUISES and CUTS, BROKEN KNEES, SORE SHOULDERS, SORE THROATS, SORE BACKS, SPRAINS, CUTS, BRUISES IN DOGS, &c.

"I think it very useful." RUTLAND, Master of Belvoir Hounds.

"Indispensable in any stable, but especially in the stable of a Master of Hounds." HADDINGTON, Master of Berwickshire Hounds.

ROYAL

"I have used it for some time past, and find it very efficacious if properly applied." T. WALTON KNOLLES, Master of South Union Hunt (Ireland).

"If used frequently no blistering required." W. N. C. MARSHALL, Master of W. N. C. Marshall's Hounds.

FOR HORSES, CATTLE, AND DOGS.

Sold by Chemists and Saddlers. Price 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d.

EMBROCATION,

Prepared only by—

ELLIMAN, SONS, & CO., Slough, England

ELLIMAN'S ROYAL EMBROCATION.

OBITUARY.

LORD HEYTESBURY.

The Right Hon. William Henry Ashe A'Court-Holmes, second Baron Heytesbury and a Baronet, died at Heytesbury, Wilts. on April 21. He was born July 11, 1809, the elder son of the late Sir William A'Court, Bart., created Lord Heytesbury in 1828, the distinguished diplomatist, by Maria Rebecca, his wife, daughter of the Hon. William Henry Bouverie. He received his education at Eton and St. John's College, Cambridge, and marrying, Oct. 3, 1833, Elizabeth, eldest daughter and heiress of Sir Leonard Thomas Worsley Holmes, Bart., of Westover, Isle of Wight, assumed in consequence the additional surname of Holmes. By her (who died in 1874) he leaves surviving issue, seven sons and three daughters. His lordship's grandson, William Frederick, now third Lord Heytesbury (eldest son of the eldest son, William Leonard, deceased), was born June 25, 1862, and is married to Margaret Anna, second daughter of Mr. F. N. Harman of Tadmarton, in the county of Oxford. The late Lord Heytesbury, who inherited the peerage title at his father's death in 1860, had sat in the House of Commons as M.P. for the Isle of Wight 1837 to 1847.

COUNTESS ANNESLEY.

The Right Hon. Mabel Wilhelmina Frances, Countess Annesley, died on April 17, at Castlewellan, of congestion of the lungs. Her ladyship, who was married, July 4, 1877, to the present Earl Annesley, was eldest daughter of Colonel Markham of Cufforth Hall, Yorkshire, and leaves issue one son, Francis, born in 1884, and one daughter, Lady Mabel Marguerite, born Feb. 23, 1881.

GENERAL SIR A. MACDONELL, K.C.B.

General Sir Alexander Macdonell, K.C.B., died at Carshalton on April 30. He was born in 1820, son of Mr. Hugh Macdonell, Consul-General at Algiers, and at the age of seventeen entered the Army. In 1846 and 1847 he served in the Kaffir War, and

received the medal. He went through the Eastern Campaign of 1854 as aide-de-camp to Sir George Brown, and was present at the Alma, Balaklava, Inkerman, the assaults on the Redan, and the fall of Sebastopol. He became lieutenant-colonel in 1855. In the Indian Mutiny he commanded the 3rd Battalion, and took part in the siege and capture of Lucknow. His decorations included the Legion of Honour, the fifth class of the Medjidieh, and the order of K.C.B. He married, in 1867, Emily Rutson, daughter of Mr. Henry-Rose Allport, and was left a widower in 1886.

BARON DE TEISSIER.

Philip-Antoine, Baron de Teissier, M.A. Oxford, of Bourne House, East Woodhay, Berks, died on April 24, aged seventy-two. He was second son of James, first Baron, on whom that title was conferred by Louis XVIII., "in consideration of the kindness shown by his father, Mr. Lewis de Teissier of Woodcote Park, Epsom, to French subjects during the French Revolution." The Baron whose death we record succeeded his brother, Lieut.-Colonel James FitzHerbert, Baron de Teissier, in 1884, and was in holy orders.

MR. D. B. CHAPMAN.

Mr. David Barclay Chapman of Downshire House, Roehampton, Surrey, died at his residence, 33, Queen's Gate, on April 18, in his ninety-second year. He was seventh son of the late Mr. Abel Chapman of Woodford, an Elder Brother of the Trinity House, by Rebecca Bell, his wife, granddaughter of Mr. David Barclay. At the age of eighteen he entered the house of Overend, Gurney, and Co., and was for forty years an active partner. He retired, however, in 1857, nine years before its failure, and saved his ample fortune. He married twice—first, Charlotte Anne, daughter of William, Bishop of Sodor and Man, and second, Maria, daughter of the Rev. Robert Chatfield, D.D., Rector of Chatteris.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Colonel Hanson C. T. Jarrett, V.C., Staff Corps, at Saugor, India, on April 11.

Lieutenant-Colonel Trappes, the descendant of a very ancient Catholic family, at Clayton Hall, Lancashire, on April 23, aged fifty-nine.

Mr. John Henry Elwes, of Colesborne, Gloucestershire, J.P. and D.L., on April 29, at his seat near Cheltenham. He was eldest son of the late Mr. Henry Elwes of Colesborne, whose father, Mr. John Elwes, an officer in the Horse Guards,

was younger brother of Mr. George Elwes, M.P., of Marcham, the celebrated miser. Mr. John Henry Elwes married, in 1841, Mary, fourth daughter of Admiral Sir Robert Howe Bromley, and leaves issue.

Maria Lady James, widow of Lord Justice Sir William Milbourne James, and daughter of William Otter, Bishop of Chichester, on April 26, aged 78.

Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Erskine Forbes of Easter Kinmundy and Fiddy, in the county of Aberdeen, on April 15, at Detmold, in Germany, aged sixty-nine.

Major-General Thomas William West Pierce, C.B., late Bombay Staff Corps, son of Colonel F. H. Pierce, C.B., on April 19, at Broomhall, Horsell, Surrey.

Harriet Lady Foster, youngest daughter of Captain Thomas George Wills, R.N., and second wife of Sir William Foster, Bart., of Norwich, on April 24, at Hardingham, Norfolk.

Mr. Drury Wake, barrister-at-law, J.P. for Northamptonshire, third son of Sir Charles Wake, tenth Baronet, of Courteen Hall, on April 22, at Pitsford House.

Mary Dowager Lady Brady, daughter of the late Right Hon. John Hatchell of Fortfield, in the county of Dublin, and second wife of the late Lord Chancellor of Ireland, the Right Hon. Sir Maziere Brady, Bart.

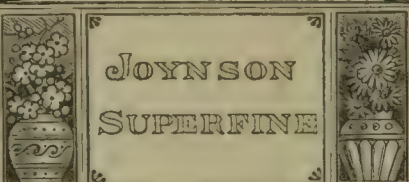
Catherine, Dowager Lady Mosley, widow of Sir Tonman Mosley, third Baronet, of Ancoats, in the county of Lancaster, and daughter of the Rev. John Wood of Swanwick, in the county of Derby, on April 22, at 47, Prince's Gate.

Lieutenant-Colonel Reginald Heber Thurlow (late Northumberland Fusiliers), fifth son of the late Rev. Charles Augustus Thurlow, Chancellor of the Diocese of Chester, and cousin of Lord Thurlow, on April 16, at Little Horkesley Hall, Colchester, aged forty-three.

The new ourang-outang at the Zoological Gardens, of which we give an illustration on another page, is a specimen of the smaller kind of Bornean ourang, which in 1836 was separated from the larger and more common form of this ape by Sir Richard Owen, who proposed that it should be called *Simia morio*. It differs from the larger form, not only in its smaller size, but also in the absence of the callosities on the cheeks which distinguish the larger species, *Simia satyrus*. This specimen was obtained at Sarawak by Commander Ernest Rason, R.N., and was sent home as a present to the Zoological Society. It appears from its teeth to be quite an adult.

WM JOYNSON & SON'S

FACSIMILE OF WATER-MARK
IN HIGHLY GLAZED PAPERS.




SUITABLE FOR ALL WHO PREFER
THE SMOOTHEST POSSIBLE SURFACE.

HIGH CLASS Writing Papers

Have been Used for over half a Century by the
Aristocracy and all First Class Firms

FACSIMILE OF WATER-MARK
IN DULL FINISHED PAPERS.



SUITABLE FOR ALL WHO PREFER
A SEMI-ROUGH SURFACE.

SUPERLATIVE QUALITY, ABSOLUTE PURITY, PERFECT FINISH

Ask your Stationer for a set of Ovr. Samples. Gratis.

FLORILINE FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.

Is the BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE in the World.
Prevents the decay of the TEETH.
Renders the Teeth PEARLY WHITE.
Removes all traces of Tobacco smoke.
Is perfectly harmless and delicious to the Taste.
Is partly composed of Honey, and extracts from sweet herbs and plants.

OF ALL CHEMISTS AND PERFUMERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

2s. 6d. per Bottle.

FLORILINE TOOTH POWDER, only put in glass jars. Price 1s.



SOLD EVERYWHERE.

NEW ENGLISH PERFUME! CRAB-APPLE BLOSSOMS.

MALUS CORONARIA. Regd.

WHAT LONDON AND NEW YORK SAY OF IT.

"Chief among the fashionable scents is 'Crab-Apple Blossoms,' a delicate perfume of highest quality; one of the choicest ever produced."—*Court Journal*.
"It would not be possible to conceive of a more delicate and delightful perfume than the 'Crab-Apple Blossoms,' which is put up by the Crown Perfumery Company, of London. It has the aroma of Spring in it, and one could use it for a lifetime and never tire of it."—*New York Observer*.
"It is the daintiest and most delicious of perfumes, and in a few months has superseded all others in the boudoirs of the grandes dames of London, Paris, and New York."—*The Argonaut*.

Put up in 1, 2, 3, and 4 ounce Bottles. Made only by

**THE CROWN PERFUMERY COMPANY,
177, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON.**

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER

Prevents the Hair from falling off.
Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL COLOR.
Being delicately perfumed, it leaves no unpleasant odour.
Is not a dye, and therefore does not stain the skin, or even white linen.
Should be in every house where a HAIR RENEWER is needed.

OF ALL CHEMISTS & HAIRDRESSERS, price 3s. 6d.

NOTICE.

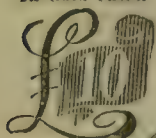
THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER may now be obtained in New York from the ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG Co., 217, FULTON STREET, and all Druggists.

BENSON'S KEYLESS WATCHES.

In Gold Cases.

GUARANTEED FOR STRENGTH, ACCURACY, DURABILITY, AND VALUE.

In Silver Cases.



In Silver Cases.



BENSON'S LADY'S KEYLESS LEVER WATCH

Is fitted with a 3-Plate LEVER Movement, Compound Balance, Jewelled throughout, and strong KEYLESS Action, and is without doubt one of the best made, and far superior for Strength and Timekeeping to ordinary Watches.

The Cases are 18-carat Gold, Strong and Well Made, either Hunting, Half-Hunting, or Crystal Glass, Richly Engraved all over, or Plain Polished, with Monogram Engraved Free.

**PRICE £10,
OR IN SILVER CASES, £5.
THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS.**

SPECIALLY NOTE

That all these Watches are made on J. W. BENSON'S INTERCHANGEABLE SYSTEM, thus insuring perfect accuracy in each part, and in case of breakage cheap and efficient repair.



All the Watches shown in this Advertisement are sent Free and Safe, at our risk, to all parts of the World, on receipt of Draft, Cash, or Post Office Order, payable at General Post Office.

Gold Albert Chains in a great variety of patterns to match, from £1 15s. See Illustrated Pamphlet, post free.

For further particulars see Benson's Illustrated Book, containing over 200 Pages of Illustrations, &c., of Watches from £2 2s. to £500, Clocks Jewellery, Silver and Electro Plate, Post Free on application to
J. W. BENSON (Watchmaker and Jeweller by Royal Warrant to Her Majesty THE QUEEN) **STEAM FACTORY: 62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.;** And at 23, ROYAL EXCHANGE, E.C.; And 25, OLD BOND STREET, W.

THE SKIN.

1. There's a skin without, and a skin within,
A covering skin, and a lining skin;
But the skin within is the skin without,
Doubled inwards and carried completely throughout.

For cleansing the pores of the covering skin, and for freeing the minute canals of the lining skin from disease principles, the use of "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets" is recommended as both efficacious and safe. You may test them free of charge.

2. The palate, the nostrils, the windpipe, and throat,
Are all of them lined with this inner coat,
Which through every part is made to extend,
Lungs, liver, and bowels, from end to end.

This delicate inner lining, especially that of the stomach, liver, and intestines, is often frayed and torn by the irritant action of so-called liver, stomach, and purgative medicines. "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets" do not injure this delicate covering, but insure its vitality and purification by direct antiseptic action on the adjacent blood-vessels. You may test them free of charge.

3. The outside skin is a marvellous plan
For exuding the dregs of the flesh of man.
While the inner extracts from the food and the air
What is needed the waste of the flesh to repair.

The dregs exuded in the perspiration are often contaminated by a foul element, acrid, bitter, burning or itching, which gives rise to skin diseases, sores, ulcers, &c. The alterative, purifying action of Frazer's Sulphur Tablets is markedly beneficial in such cases; the virus or sting of the poisonous germ or disease atom is destroyed or modified. Their sudorific power likewise prevents the pores from becoming diseased by the deposition of a disease sediment. You may test them free of charge.

4. Too much brandy, whisky, or gin,
Is apt to disorder the skin within.
While, if dirty and dry, the skin without,
Refuses to let the perspiration out.

If the skin within is disordered, then ill-health or discomfort, or both at once, ensues, for at the inner skin are the tiny mouths of the nutrient channels seeking for nourishment to

rebuild the wasting body. If you have a disordered inner skin, Frazer's Sulphur Tablets will gently but effectually restore healthy tone and vigour to it. You may test them free of charge.

5. Good people all, have a care of your skin,
Both of that without and that within.
To the first give plenty of water and soap,
To the last little else than water I hope.

As a preventive medicine alike safe and beneficial to the general functions, while deterrent to infectious and other diseases, Frazer's Sulphur Tablets are to be much commended. They permeate the blood with a purifying power which does not permit of the multiplication of disease germs. You may test them free of charge.

6. But always be very particular where
You get your water, your food, and your air;
For if these be tainted or rendered impure,
It will have effect on the blood, be sure.

The readiness of the blood to contract impurity is notorious, and yet this tendency can be held in check by the use of Frazer's Sulphur Tablets. No medicine ever equalled them in a curative power in blood and skin diseases. They always do good, and are powerless to harm. You may test them free of charge.

7. The food which will ever be for you the best
Is that you like most, and can soonest digest;
All unripe food and decaying flesh
Beware of, and fish that is not very fresh.

Frazer's Sulphur Tablets aid digestion, not by any action on the coats of the stomach, but by the simple and natural process of strengthening the flow of blood to the stomach, by which greater activity to the churning digestive action of the stomach is promoted. They are also an antiferment, and neutralise any putrefying gas generated by decaying food. You may test them free of charge.

8. Your water, transparent and pure as you think it,
Had better be filtered and boiled ere you drink it,
Unless you know surely that nothing unsound
Can have got to it over or under the ground.

Impure water contains vegetable fungus and living animal-culæ which reproduce themselves and multiply with almost inconceivable rapidity. Against a system fortified by occasional use of Frazer's Sulphur Tablets such germs cannot exist, as the blood, being impregnated with an antiseptic and purifying influence, these intruders wither away, and are excreted out of the system. They may be tested free of charge.

9. But of all things the most I would have you beware
Of breathing the poison of once-breathed air;
In bed, whether out or at home you may be,
Always open the window and let it go free.

Vitiated air is inhaled by every indrawn breath, and pure air, being meant by Nature to purify the blood, as the latter leaps at every breath from ventricle to ventricle, it stands to reason the blood becomes impure if the air is tainted. If you have contracted blood disease by this means, or work in a vitiated atmosphere, Frazer's Sulphur Tablets are curative in the first instance, and greatly preventive in the second. They may be tested free of charge.

10. With clothing and exercise keep yourself warm,
And change your clothes quickly if caught in a storm;
For a cold caught by chilling the outside skin
Flies at once to the delicate lining within.

If you have taken cold, open the pores from internally, and relieve their congestion by using Frazer's Sulphur Tablets. They act both by direct stimulative action on the blood itself, relieving the congestion, and also by a sudorific or opening action from internally on the pores. They are also greatly to be commended in the treatment of rheumatism, fever, gout, &c. They always do good, and may be tested free of charge.

11. All you who thus kindly take care of your skin,
And attend to its wants without and within,
Need not of cholera feel any fears,
And your skin may last you a hundred years.

Nos. 1 to 11 above are taken from *Hygiene*, a monthly sanitary magazine, and are attributed to Sir Alfred Power, K.C.B. They are given here as conveying many valuable truths in a simple and attractive form.

BREAKING THE RECORD.

A few days since we published a statement as to the growth of the sale of Frazer's Sulphur Tablets, showing that 43,400 packets were sold in February 1891. For the week ending March 7, 1891, the sales were 13,680 packets; for week ending March 14, 14,520 packets, or at the rate of 57,000 packets per month. The reason of the rapid growth is simple: the samples prove to people the great worth and pleasant taste of Frazer's Sulphur Tablets. The applications for samples come pouring in by every post. Yesterday we received nearly 800 letters and post-cards. To-day we received upwards of 1000. And so many people write to say they want to test them for skin eruptions or breakings out on their children. And we are glad to say the Tablets are absolutely safe and efficacious for children; and the little ones like the Tablets because the taste is pleasant. Frazer's Sulphur Tablets deserve a place in every home, and are gradually becoming universally known and appreciated. Frazer's Sulphur Tablets are recommended in the treatment of all Blood and Skin Diseases, Eruptive Fevers, and infectious complaints, also in Rheumatism, Constipation, and as insuring a clear, healthy complexion. Write us a letter or post-card, naming "The Illustrated London News," and we will send you

SAMPLES GRATIS AND POST FREE.

Frazer's Sulphur Tablets are put up in packets, price 1s. 1d. (post free, 1s. 3d.), and are for sale by Chemists and others.

Sole Proprietors—**FRAZER & Co., 11, Ludgate Square, London, E.C.**

PETER ROBINSON, OXFORD ST.

Latest Home and Continental Novelties in
SILKS, DRESSES, COSTUMES, MANTLES.

Patterns
Post Free.

FASHION-BOOKS
GRATIS.

Goods sent
on
Approval.



SPEARMAN'S ROYAL NAVY NEW SPRING PATTERNS

Serge Suits 14/6 each
POST FREE only address
PLYMOUTH.
WRITE DIRECT

SPEARMAN'S SERGES,
Cut by the yard. For Ladies' and Gentlemen's wear.
Prices for Ladies, from 1/6 to 4/11.
For Gentlemen, from 2/11 to 12/9.
For Girls and Boys, from 1/3½ the yard.

All the Latest and most Fashionable
COLOURS, MIXTURES, & WEAVINGS.
PATTERNS POST FREE.

On the authority of the Queen, SPEARMAN'S SERGES
are unrivalled for BEAUTY and GENERAL
UTILITY.

ANY LENGTH CUT AND FORWARDED BY
**SPEARMAN AND SPEARMAN,
PLYMOUTH.**

NICHOLSON'S SPRING NOVELTIES IN COSTUMES, JACKETS, &c.

Illustrated Catalogues, containing every Requisite for Ladies'
and Children's Attire, Post Free.

SPRING DRESS MATERIALS AND NEWEST SILKS.
PATTERNS FREE.

New Departments Now Open for Ladies' and Children's Boots and Boys' Suits.
ENGRAVINGS AND PATTERNS OF MATERIALS POST FREE.



NEW JACKET, £1 8s. 6d.

In Black and Navy Blue Vicuna Serges, faced
deeply back with Silk. To be worn open or
closed, £1 8s. 6d. Four sizes.



SEFTON, 1½ Guineas.

Stylish three-quarter Cape, in new Faced
Cloths, prettily braided, all colours,
1½ Guineas.

NICHOLSON'S,
ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, CHEAPSIDE, and PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Sept. 3, 1888), with a codicil (dated Jan. 23, 1890), of Mr. Thomas Hughes Earle, barrister-at-law, Clerk of the Peace for Hants, formerly of 34, Fellows Road, Hampstead, and late of Enham Place, near Andover, Hants, who died on Feb. 3, was proved on April 27 by Mrs. Isabel Earle, the widow, Frederick Whitting, Vice-Provost of King's College, Cambridge, John Smith, and Thomas Lamb, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £126,000. The testator gives his leasehold house 34, Fellows Road, and all his household furniture and effects, either there or at any other house or chambers he may have, and £200, to his wife. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood, and then for his children or issue as she may appoint. In the event of her marrying again he gives his wife an annuity of £300.

The will (dated Nov. 15, 1883), with four codicils (dated Jan. 24, 1884; Nov. 28, 1888; June 4, 1889; and Nov. 25, 1890), of the Rev. George Brown Francis Potticary, formerly rector of Girton, Cambridge, and late of 25, Westbourne Terrace, who died on March 25, was proved on April 27 by Mrs. Caroline Evelyn Potticary, the widow, and William Henry Hewitt, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £61,000. The testator leaves all his freehold property in the parishes of Brighton and Hove, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife, until his daughter, Georgina Evelyn, attains twenty-one or marries, and then for his said daughter absolutely; and there are numerous legacies to relatives and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his wife.

The will (dated June 6, 1885) of Mr. Charles Lestourgeon, J.P., late of The Close, Impington, Cambridge, who died on Feb. 22, has been proved in London by the Rev. William Done Bushell,

the Rev. Frederick Theobald, and Roland Butler, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £49,000. The testator devises his residence to such uses as his daughter Mrs. Mary Bushell shall appoint; his farm at Chesterton to such uses as his daughter Mrs. Jane Elizabeth Theobald shall appoint; and a pasture field to such uses as his daughter Lucy Ellen Butlershall appoint. He bequeaths £2000 to his daughter Mrs. Butler, and £200 to Henry Foster Baxter. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his three daughters in equal shares.

The will (dated June 25, 1888) of Mr. James Ebenezer Batho, formerly of her Majesty's Bombay Army, and late of 12, St. James's Square, Bath, who died on April 1, was proved on April 21 by William John Batho, the grandnephew, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £37,000. The testator gives £1000 and his furniture and effects to his wife, Mrs. Ellen Joanna Batho, and one or two other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life. At her death he bequeaths £250 each to the Church Missionary Society, the London City Mission, the Society of Moravian Brethren, the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, the Infant Orphan Asylum (Wanstead), the British Orphan Asylum (Slough), the Religious Tract Society, the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Society for Promoting the Due Observance of the Lord's Day, the Clergy Orphan Corporation, the Hospital for Incurables (Putney), and the Bath United Hospital; £16,000 to the children of his late nephew William Smith Batho; and other legacies. The ultimate residue is to go to his grandnephew the said William John Batho.

The will (dated Dec. 28, 1888) of Miss Phebe Budd-Budd, late of Twickenham Park, who died on April 18, 1890, was proved on April 22 by Frederick John Budd-Budd (formerly

Baker), the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £33,000. The testatrix leaves all her real and personal estate, upon trust, for Frederick John Baker (her late father's steward), for life, and then for his children living at her death, in equal shares, conditionally upon his and their taking the name of Budd-Budd.

The will (dated Jan. 21, 1891) of Mrs. Sarah Udall, late of The Chesnuts, Egham, who died on Feb. 9, has been proved by the Rev. William Trevor Nicholson and John Fraser, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £31,000. The testatrix bequeaths £5000, upon trust, for her granddaughter, Annie Elizabeth Bruce Stevenson, for life, and then for her children; and legacies to nephews, nieces, and others. The residue of her real and personal estate she gives to her daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Mercy Nicholson.

The will (dated July 23, 1888) of Miss Mary Emily Moss, late of 25, Queen's Road, South Wimbledon, who died on Feb. 28, was proved on April 18 by Matthew Henry Moss, the brother, and Philip Schooling, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £18,000. The testatrix gives numerous legacies to relatives and others, and leaves the residue of her real and personal estate equally between her brother, Matthew Henry Moss, and her nephews, Lionel Boyd Moss and Louis William Beauvais Moss.

The will (dated Nov. 14, 1885), with a codicil (dated May 26, 1887), of the Rev. Henry Mills Astley, late of 31, Rue du Coudray, Nantes, France, who died on March 6, was proved in London on April 18 by Dulcibella Louisa, Vicomtesse de Kersabiec, the daughter, and Edward Lee Warner, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £16,000. The testator leaves £4125, upon trust, for each of his sons William Henry and Edward Evelyn, and the residue of his property to his said daughter.

FAR, FAR AND AWAY THE BEST NIGHT LIGHTS.

CLARKE'S "FAIRY" AND "PYRAMID" LIGHTS.

N.B.—If any difficulty in obtaining the above Lights, write to the manufacturers, who will give the address of their nearest Agent.



THE NEW
PATENT SAFETY
NIGHT LIGHT.



THE SHADED PART
REPRESENTS THE
PLASTER FIRE-PROOF CASE.

CLARKE'S
"PYRAMID" LIGHT.

Patent Fire-Proof Plaster Case.

THE "BURGLAR'S HORROR."

Single Wicks, burn 9 hours each, in Boxes containing 8 lights. 8d. per Box.

FAR, FAR and AWAY THE BEST TO PREVENT BURGLARIES.

THE POLICE RECOMMEND AS

FAR, FAR and AWAY THE BEST, CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" NIGHT LIGHTS, IN FRONT AND BACK OF EVERY HOUSE.

FAR, FAR and AWAY THE BEST, TO SAVE VALUABLE PROPERTY. USE CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" NIGHT LIGHTS.

CLARKE'S
PATENT
THE QUEEN OF LIGHTS.

As used by Her Majesty the Queen.
"FAIRY" LIGHT.

With Double Wicks, in Boxes containing 6 Lights and Glass, burn 10 hours each. 1s. per box.

CLARKE'S REGISTERED "PYRAMID" NIGHT LIGHT WATCH-HOLDER.



Japanned Watch-Holder and "Pyramid" Lamp complete, 2s. 6d. Invaluable at every bedside.

N.B.—There is no PARAFFIN or other DANGEROUS material used in the manufacture of ANY of the ABOVE LIGHTS, which are the only Lights that can safely be burned in Lamps.

CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" & "FAIRY" LIGHT CO., LTD. LONDON. Show Rooms: 31, ELY PLACE, HOLBORN, E.C., & 484, COLLINS ST., MELBOURNE.

WHERE ALL DESIGNS IN "FAIRY" LAMPS CAN BE SEEN. RETAIL EVERYWHERE.

SUNLIGHT

A CHEERFUL OLD SOUL

EVERY WOMAN

who has her own housework to do knows that washing day is the chief cause of the careworn look, broken health, and premature old age noticeable in so many of her sex. Many a woman has to bend over a steaming washtub full of soiled clothes—to boil all the forenoon, and rub all the afternoon—and, while still warm and perspiring from the hot filthy steam, run out into the cold—bare-headed and bare-armed—to hang up the clothes on a freezing line. This is done, not once, but week after week, and the wonder is how any woman lives through it—many don't! The sudden change from the hot perspiring labour and wet steaming room inside to the cold air outside produces the natural result: a cold, followed quickly by pneumonia or diphtheria, or some kindred disease, ending in the death of the poor victim. Friends call it a dispensation of Providence. What the woman actually died of was poor soap, hard labour, and exposure. Health is a preservation of Beauty, is a necessity to Happiness, and the lives of your children. Don't grow old before your time. Washing under the most favourable circumstances is hard enough. No trouble should be spared in securing a soap which is pure, effective, and long-lasting. All these qualities will be found in the "Sunlight Soap," and by its use the wash—in comparison with the old way—is almost child's play. A girl twelve years old can do a larger wash in less time with "Sunlight Soap" than a strong woman can with an ordinary soap.

Beware!—Do not allow other Soaps, said to be the same as the "Sunlight Soap," to be palmed off upon you. If you do you must expect to be disappointed. See that you get what you ask for, and that the word "Sunlight" is stamped upon every tablet, and printed upon every wrapper.



MY WAY.

BEING compelled to do my own washing, and being in delicate health, it was simply "killing me" by the old method and with ordinary laundry soap. By using the "Sunlight Soap" in the following way I get my clothes beautifully white and clean, and without tiring myself in the least. First, then, I dip one of the garments in the tub of water, draw it out on the washboard and rub the soap over it lightly, being particular to soap all the soiled places. I then roll it in a tight roll, just as a piece is rolled after it is sprinkled for ironing, and lay in the bottom of the tub under the water, and go on until all the pieces have the soap rubbed on them and are rolled up. I then go away—from thirty minutes to an hour—and pay my attention to some light employment about the house, letting the "Sunlight Soap" do its work. After soaking this way I wash them out lightly on the washboard, and the dirt appears to drop right out. I do not scald or boil a single piece. If a streak is hard to wash, I rub some more soap on it and throw it back into the suds for a few minutes. I rinse in luke-warm water, rubbing the garment lightly over the washboard through the rinse water to get the dirty suds out. I then blue—using very little—as this soap whitens the clothes, and hang out. Coloured goods, flannels, woollens, &c., I treat in the same way; but they need not soak so long, and I make the last rinse water a trifle soapy.

Cashmeres, woollens, flannels, and mousselines de laines are rendered soft and smooth by the use of this soap.

Soaping the clothes and rolling them up is so easily done that the method is well worth trying. White flannels can be washed with the other white goods.

Don't rub hard, or the dirt will be rubbed in. Rub lightly, and the dirt will drop out.

THROUGH USING SUNLIGHT

SOAP

NEW MUSIC.

METZLER'S NEW MUSIC.

NEW SONGS.

A WINTER LOVE SONG.
LAWRENCE KELLIE.
New Song. Just Published.
Sung by the Composer.

SEA! SAD SEA! Lawrence Kellie.
New Song. Just Published.
Sung by Miss Annie Griffiths.

THE FOUNTAINS MINGLE WITH THE RIVER.
LAWRENCE KELLIE'S Popular Song.
Sung by the Composer.

BE SILENT, DOVE.
LAWRENCE KELLIE'S Popular Song.
Sung by Mr. C. Hayden Coffin.

HAD I BUT KNOWN. Mrs. Harding Cox.
Sung by Mr. C. Hayden Coffin.

TWO NEW SONGS by Mrs. Harding Cox.
FOR ETERNITY.
LOVE'S DIAL.

WYNKEN, BLYNKEN, AND NOD.
Dutch Lullaby, by MARION STEPHEN.
"A quaintly pretty Song."

THE MISTRESS OF MY HEART.
New Song by R. DE KOVEN.
Words by F. E. Weatherly.

INDIAN SUMMER WALTZ. C. Lowthian.

INDIAN SUMMER WALTZ. C. Lowthian.
Caroline Lowthian's New Waltz.
Post free, 21 stamps each.

METZLER and CO'S CATALOGUES
OF
MUSIC AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

Sent gratis and post free to any part of the World.
Catalogue of Sacred Music.
Catalogue of Part Songs, &c.
Thematic Catalogue of Soprano Songs.
Thematic Catalogue of Contralto Songs.
Thematic Catalogue of Tenor Songs.
Thematic Catalogue of Bass Songs.
Thematic Catalogue of Pianoforte Music.
Thematic Catalogue of Dance Music.
Thematic Catalogue of Violin and Piano Duets.
The Yellow Catalogue of Cheap Music.
Catalogue of Music Albums and Journals.
Catalogue of Organ Music.
Catalogue of Instrumental Music.
Thematic Catalogue of Vocal Duets.
Illustrated Catalogue of
MASON AND HAMLIN AMERICAN ORGANS.
Illustrated Catalogue of
HARMONIUMS, by ALEXANDRE, &c.
Illustrated Catalogue of
MUSTEL ORGANS AND CELESTAS.
Illustrated Catalogue of
PIANOS AND ORGANO-PIANOS.
Illustrated Catalogue of
STRINGED INSTRUMENTS.
Illustrated Catalogue of
BLASS INSTRUMENTS.
Illustrated Catalogue of
PERCUSSION INSTRUMENTS.
Illustrated Catalogue of
WIND AND REED INSTRUMENTS.
Illustrated Catalogue of
MELODEONS, ACCORDEONS, CONCERTINAS, &c.
Illustrated Catalogue of
MUSIC CABINETS, STOOLS, &c.
Illustrated Catalogue of
PITCH PIPES, TUNING FORKS, MUSIC-STANDS, &c.
Publishers of every description of Music, and Manufacturers
and Importers of all kinds of Musical Instruments.

ESTABLISHED OVER 100 YEARS.

METZLER AND CO.,
40, 41, 42, and 43, GREAT MARLBOROUGH ST., W.
AND
33, 35, 37, and 39, FOUNTAIN PLACE, REGENT ST., W.
LONDON.

EDINBURGH EXHIBITION, 1890.
HIGHEST AWARD—THE DIPLOMA OF HONOUR.

BRINSMEAD PIANOS.
JOHN BRINSMEAD AND SONS,
PIANOFORTE MAKERS BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT TO
H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES, LONDON, W.
Lists Free, and of the Leading Musicians.

Founded 1838.

MOORE AND MOORE'S PIANOFORTES.
10s. to 90 Guineas. American Organs 7s. to 88 Guineas.
Cash or Three Years' System. Carriage free. Lists free.
104 and 105, Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C.

PIANOS for HIRE, 10s. per Month. Tunings
free. No hire charged if purchased in six months.
The most economical and judicious mode of obtaining a
really good pianoforte is to hire one (with the option of
purchasing it if approved) of the Manufacturers, THOMAS
OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker-street, W.

PIANOS—15s. per Month, Three Years'
System. Become the property of the hirer if the pay-
ments are kept up. There is no other house in London that
offers such really good pianos at 15s. per month on the three
years' system as the Manufacturers, THOMAS OETZMANN
and CO., 27, Baker-street, W.

PIANOS, £15 to £100.—An opportunity
now offers to those who are able to pay cash, of pur-
chasing really good sound Second-Hand Pianos by Broad-
wood, Collard, Erard, and other good makers at nominal prices.
Lists free.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker-street.

PLEYEL, WOLFF, and CO'S PIANOS.
EVERY DESCRIPTION FOR SALE OR HIRE.
Illustrated Lists Free.
170, New Bond-street, W.

BORD'S PIANOS on SALE, with 25 per
cent. discount for cash, or 15s. per month (second-hand,
10s. 6d. per month) on the three-years hire system.—Lists free
of C. STILES and CO., 42, Southampton-row, Holborn, London.
Pianos exchanged.

D'ALMAINE and CO.—PIANOS AND
ORGANS. Absolute Sale. 50 per cent. discount. Ten
years' warranty. Easy terms. Cottage Pianos, 8 guineas,
10 guineas, 12 guineas, &c.
Class 0, 14 guineas. Class 3, 23 guineas. Class 6, 35 guineas.
Class 1, 17 guineas. Class 4, 26 guineas. Class 7, 40 guineas.
Class 2, 20 guineas. Class 5, 30 guineas. Class 8, 45 guineas.
American Organs, by all the best Makers from 45 guineas
upwards. Full price paid will be allowed for any instrument
within three years if one of a higher class be taken, and will
be exchanged free if not approved of within one month.
Illustrations and particulars post free.—T. D'ALMAINE and
CO. (Established 104 Years), 91, Finsbury-pavement, London.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL.
Under the immediate patronage of
Her Most Gracious Majesty THE QUEEN,
Their Royal Highnesses the PRINCE and PRINCESS of
WALES.
MR. SIMS REEVES'S FAREWELL CONCERT
(Positively his last appearance in public).
MONDAY NEXT, MAY 11, at EIGHT.
Mr. Sims Reeves has the honour to announce that he will be
assisted on this occasion by the following eminent artists:
Madame Christine Nilsson (who comes expressly from Madrid
to sing at this concert), and Mrs. W. B. Eaton (pupil of Mr.
Sims Reeves), Miss Alice Gomez and Madame Antoinette
Sterling; Mr. Herbert Reeves, Mr. Barrington Foot, and
Signor Foli, The Meister Glee Singers. Pianoforte, Mlle.
Jeanette, Violin, Mr. Percy Sharnan. Orchestra Conductor,
Mr. August Manns. Accompanists, Signor Arditi, Mr. Ganz,
Mr. Maudner, and Mr. Kuhn.
Boxes, 25 5s., 23 3s., 22 2s.; Stalls, 15s., 10s. 6d.; Balcony,
7s. 6d., 5s.; Orchestra, 3s.; Gallery, 2s.; at Royal Albert Hall,
usual Agents, and Tree's Office, St. James's Hall.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL.
MONDAY NEXT, MAY 11, at EIGHT.
MR. SIMS REEVES has great pleasure in announcing that
MR. HENRY IRVING
will appear and speak a FAREWELL ADDRESS,
Written by Mr. Walter Herries Pollock.

WALKER'S CRYSTAL CASE WATCHES.
An Illustrated Catalogue of Watches and Clocks at
reduced prices sent free on application to
JOHN WALKER, 77, Cornhill; and 230, Regent-street.

NEW MUSIC.

IVANHOE.

GRAND ROMANTIC OPERA.
The Libretto adapted from Sir Walter Scott's Novel
by Julian Sturgis.
The Music composed by ARTHUR SULLIVAN.
VOCAL SCORE Net 7s. 6d.
VOCAL SCORE BOUND 10s. 0d.
PIANOFORTE SOLO 4s. 0d.
LIBRETTO 1s. 0d.
Separate Songs, Pianoforte Arrangements, &c.
THE ABOVE NOW READY.

AN APRIL SONG (Printemps d'Avril).
LIZA LEHMANN.
Just published.
Sung by Miss Liza Lehmann with great success.

AN APRIL SONG (Printemps d'Avril).
LIZA LEHMANN.
"An exceedingly clever and pretty song,"—Times.
"A charming song,"—Daily News.
"Clever and flowing,"—Daily Graphic.
"A dainty little song,"—Sunday Times.

THE GOLDEN BAR. Frederick Bevan.
Words by F. E. Weatherly.

THE GOLDEN BAR. Frederick Bevan.
Just Published. In C, D, and E flat.

BY THE OLD, OLD SEA. H. Trottere.
Words by Clifton Bingham.
In B flat, C, and E flat.

BY THE OLD, OLD SEA. H. Trottere.
The last New Song by this very Popular Composer.

NEAPOLITAN SONG. Paolo Tosti.
"The melody is earnest, and the pianoforte accom-
paniment appropriate,"—Daily Telegraph.

NEAPOLITAN SONG. Paolo Tosti.
"A pretty and attractive song; certain to please,"—
Sunday Times.
Sung by Mr. Reginald Grooms.

THE RIVALS (Neapolitan Duet).
F. BOSCOVITZ.
For Tenor and Bass. Just published.

THE RIVALS (Neapolitan Duet).
F. BOSCOVITZ.
Sung by Mr. Henry Guy and Mr. Farley Sinkins on Madame
Albani's Tour with great success.

NEW PIANOFORTE PIECE
by COTSFORD DICK.

VILLANELLE (from "Suite Provençale")
Just published.

VILLANELLE. Cotford Dick.

FRANCIS THOM'S NEW PIANOFORTE
PIECE.
Just published.

CLAIR DE LUNE.
Romance for Piano.
By the Composer of "Simple Aven."

CLAIR DE LUNE.
"A dreamy, graceful romance,"—Sunday Times.
"A graceful drawing-room piece,"—Daily News.
Arranged also for Violin and Pianoforte, price 2s. net each.

CHAPPELL and CO'S PIANOFORTES,
with complete Iron Frames, for DRAWING-ROOMS,
YACHTS, COLLEGES, SCHOOLS, and EXTREME
CLIMATES. New Designs, Improved Tone and Action. A
Liberal Cash, or on the Instalment System.

STUDENTS' PIANOS From 16 Guineas.
PIANOS " 23 "
COTTAGE PIANOS " 40 "
OVERSTRUNG PIANOS " 50 "
UPRIGHT GRAND PIANOS " 70 "
GRAND PIANOS " 90 "
BOALIAN PIANOS " 53 "

CLOUGH and WARREN'S American Organs.
A Combination of Pipes and Reeds. New Styles and
New Designs. From 6 to 250 Guineas.

CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond-street.

CRAMER'S
THREE YEARS' SYSTEM.

WITH reference to a RECENT DECISION
in the Queen's Bench Division of
the Court on a THREE-YEARS HIRING
AGREEMENT, CRAMER and CO. beg
to point out they DO NOT SEEK TO
INFLECT FINES for any unnotified change
of residence; and should the Hirer at any
time be UNABLE TO CONTINUE THE
REGULAR PAYMENTS, CRAMER and
CO. are ready to forego the instrument
for SIX MONTHS, during which
period the hirer can pay arrears and
RESUME POSSESSION of the Pianoforte.
CRAMER'S three-years system of hire,
as originated by them, is applicable to in-
struments by all leading makers, English,
Continental and American, and is carried out
on a THOROUGHLY LARGE and LIBERAL
SCALE ONLY BY THEMSELVES.

Regent Street, W.; and 40 to 46, Moorgate Street, E.C.

WHAT IS YOUR CREST and MOTTO?
Send name and county to CULLETON'S Heraldic
Office. Painting in heraldic colours, 7s. 6d. PEDIGREES
TRACED. The correct colours for liveries. Arms of husband
and wife blended. Crests engraved on seals and dies. Book-
plates engraved in medieval and modern styles. Signet rings,
18-carat, from 42s.—25, Cranbourn Street, London, W.C.

CULLETON'S GUINEA BOX of CRESTED
STATIONERY—a Half-ream of BEST QUALITY Paper
and SQUARE ENVELOPES, all stamped in COLOUR with
Crest or Address. No charge for engraving steel die. Wedding
and Invitation Cards, card-plate and 50 best Visiting
Cards, 2s. 6d.—T. CULLETON, Seal Engraver, 25, Cranbourn
Street (corner of St. Martin's Lane), London, W.C.

CHOCOLAT MENIER. Awarded
the
HIGHEST HONOURS
AT ALL EXHIBITIONS.

CHOCOLAT MENIER in $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. and $\frac{1}{4}$ -lb.
PACKETS.

For
BREAKFAST,
LUNCHEON, and SUPPER.

CHOCOLAT MENIER. Daily Consumption
exceeds 50 tons.

CHOCOLAT MENIER. Paris,
London,
New York.
Sold Everywhere.

TAYLOR'S CIMOLITE,
OR PREPARED WHITE FULLER'S EARTH.

Is the only reliable and thoroughly harmless SKIN
POWDER. It is prepared by an experienced Chemist, and
under its Latin name of "Terra Cimolia" is constantly pre-
scribed by the most eminent living Dermatologists, and was
especially recommended by the late Sir Erasmus Wilson,
F.R.S., and the late Dr. Tilbury Fox. For general use it is
simply invaluable. It is the Best Dusting-Powder for Infants.
Formerly used in the Nurseries of Her Majesty the Queen, the
Princess of Wales, the Duchess of Edinburgh, the Duchess
of Teck, &c., and now extensively employed in the Nurseries
of her Imperial Majesty the Empress of Russia, our own
Royal Princesses and Duchesses, H.R.H. the Duchess
of Cumberland, the Grand Duchess Paul of Russia, the Duchess
of Sparta, and most of the Aristocracy. Recommended by
the Faculty. The eminent physician Dr. Routh says: "I
cannot too highly recommend it." "I cannot afford to
be without it."—Dr. Bainbridge. A lady writes: "Here, in
India, for 'Prickly Heat,' I found it worth a guinea a tea-
spoonful." Post free. Send 14 or 36 penny stamps.
Ask for "Taylor's Cimolite." See that the Trade Mark, Name
and Address, are on every Parcel, and do not be persuaded to
take imitations.
Introduced into medical practice and prepared by
JOHN TAYLOR, Chemist, 13, Baker-street, London, W.

BLAIR'S GOUT and RHEUMATIC PILLS.
The Great Remedy for Gout, Rheumatism, and Neuralgia.
The acute pain is quickly relieved and cured by this cele-
brated Medicine. All Chemists, at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d. per Box.

WHITSUNTIDE ARRANGEMENTS.

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAIL-
WAY.—EXTENSION OF TIME FOR RETURN TICKETS
for distances over Ten Miles.
EXTRA TRAINS (First, Second, and Third Class) from
London on Saturday, May 16. Returning the following Monday
and Tuesday.

PARIS AT WHITSUNTIDE.—SPECIAL
CHEAP EXCURSIONS, via Newhaven, Dieppe, and
Rouen. Leaving London Bridge 10.35 a.m. and 9 p.m., and
Victoria 10.15 a.m. and 8.50 p.m., Saturday, May 16.
From London Bridge 9 p.m. and Victoria 8.50 p.m., Friday,
Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, May 15, 16, 17, and 18.
Returning from Paris by the 8.50 p.m. Train and Boat in
connection on any day within fourteen days of the day of
issue. Fares, First Class, 39s. 3d.; Second Class, 30s. 3d., by
either Morning or Evening Service; and Third Class, 26s., by
Evening Service only.

PORTSMOUTH and ISLE OF WIGHT.
CHEAP TRAINS, Saturday, May 16, to Havant and
Portsmouth from Victoria, 1 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction;
from London Bridge, 2.30 p.m.; and Kensington (Addison
Road), 12.45 p.m.; returning, by certain Trains only, the fol-
lowing Tuesday evening.

WHIT SUNDAY.—CHEAP TRAINS from London Bridge,
8 a.m., calling at New Cross, Norwood Junction, and West
Croydon; and from Victoria, 7.50 a.m., calling at Clapham
Junction, Mitcham Junction, Sutton, Epsom, Leatherhead,
Chichester, Havant, Portsmouth, and the Isle of Wight;
returning same day.

WHIT MONDAY.—CHEAP TRAINS from London Bridge,
Victoria, and Kensington (Addison Road) at 8.40 a.m., to
Havant, Portsmouth, and the Isle of Wight. Returning same
day.

Return Fares between London and Portsmouth Town, and
Havant, Day Excursions Whit Sunday 4s. Whit Monday, 5s.
Saturday to Tuesday, 6s. 4d.

For Isle of Wight connections, through Cheap Return
Tickets to Ryde, Cowes, Ventnor, and Isle of Wight Railway
Stations, available for one or more days, see handbills.

HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARDS.—WHIT
SUNDAY, CHEAP TRAINS from London Bridge 8.5
a.m., calling at New Cross, Norwood Junction, and Croydon;
and from Victoria 8 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction. Re-
turning same day. Fare there and back, 4s.

WHIT MONDAY.—CHEAP TRAINS from London Bridge
and Victoria 7.40 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction. Return-
ing same day. Fare there and back, 5s.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS BY THE NEW
DIRECT ROUTE.—CHEAP EXCURSIONS on Whit
Sunday from London Bridge 8.35 a.m., calling at New Cross,
Norwood Junction, and Croydon, from Victoria 8.50 a.m.,
calling at New Cross, Norwood Junction, and Croydon. Fare
there and back, 3s.

On Whit Monday from London Bridge 8 a.m. and 9.30 a.m.,
calling at Croydon, from Victoria 7.55 a.m. and 9.30 a.m., calling
at Clapham Junction. Returning same day. Fare there and
back, 4s.

EASTBOURNE and LEWES.—SPECIAL
CHEAP TRAINS on WHIT SUNDAY and MONDAY
from London Bridge 8 a.m., from New Cross 8.15 a.m.,
calling at all stations to Croydon inclusive; and from Victoria
7.50 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction.

BRIGHTON.—SATURDAY TO TUESDAY.
SPECIAL CHEAP TRAINS SATURDAY, MAY 16, from
Victoria 2 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction; from Ken-
sington (Addison Road) 1.50 p.m., calling at West Brompton,
Chelsea, and Battersea; and from London Bridge 2.15 p.m.,
calling at New Cross, Norwood Junction, and Croydon.

Returning only on the following Tuesday, and then only by
the 7.10 p.m. Train. Fare there and back, 6s. 4d.

EVERY SUNDAY, CHEAP FIRST-CLASS TRAINS from
Victoria 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction
and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

SPECIAL CHEAP TRAINS on Whit Sunday, Monday, and
Tuesday, from London Bridge direct, and from Victoria,
calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—FREQUENT DIRECT
TRAINS, DAILY to the Crystal Palace from London
Bridge, New Cross; also from Victoria, Kensington (Addison
Road), West Brompton, and Chelsea and Clapham Junction.

FOR full particulars see Handbills, to be
obtained at Victoria, London Bridge, or any other
Station, and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets
may also be obtained: West-End General Offices, 28, Regent
Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar
Square, Hay's Agency, Cornhill, Cook's Ludgate Circus Office,
and Gaze's Office, 142, Strand.
(By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

WHITSUNTIDE ON THE CONTINENT.

Cheap Tours via the Harwich Route to Antwerp,
Brussels, the Ardennes (Cheapest Continental Holiday),
Rotterdam, The Hague, The Rhine, &c., Liverpool Street
Station, G. E. R., dep. 8 p.m. every week day to Antwerp and
Rotterdam. Cheap Excursions to Hamburg from Liverpool
Street Station at 8 p.m. on May 12, 15, and 16, and Harwich
(Parkers Quay) at 10 p.m., by G. S. N. Company's passenger
steamers.

Further particulars and tickets at 61, Regent Street, W.; or
of the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

SUMMER HOLIDAYS.

TOURS TO WEST COAST and FJORDS of
NORWAY and to ST. PETERSBURG; quickest and
cheapest route. The First-class Steamers ST. SUNNIVA and
ST. ROGNVALD will leave LEITH and ABERDEEN for
TWELVE-DAY CRUISES on May 23, June 6, June 20, July 4,
July 11, July 18, July 25, August 1, August 8, August 15, and
August 22; and ST. SUNNIVA to CHRISTIANIA, ST.
PETERSBURG, &c., on August 24.—Full particulars and
Handbook, 3d. each, may be had from W. A. Malcolm, 109,
Queen Victoria Street, E.C.; Sewell and Grouther, 18, Cock-
spur Street, Charing Cross, S.W.; Thos. Cook and Sons, Ludgate
Circus, E.C., and all branches; George Hourston, 64, Constitu-
tion Street, Leith; and Charles Merrylees, Northern Steam
Wharf, Aberdeen.

YACHTING TRIP TO NORTH CAPE,
NORWEGIAN FJORDS, &c.—The First-class Steamer
ST. ROGNVALD will leave LEITH and ABERDEEN for
TWENTY-ONE DAYS' TRIP TO NORTH CAPE, NOR-
WEGIAN FJORDS, &c., on June 18.—Full Particulars and
Handbook of Information, 3d., may be had from Sewell and
Grouther, 18, Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, S.W.; Thos.
Cook and Sons, Ludgate Circus, E.C., and all branches; George
Hourston, 64, Constitution Street, Leith; and Charles Merry-
lees, Northern Steam Wharf, Aberdeen.

LYCEUM.—CHARLES I. this (Saturday)
Morning, at Two. No performance this and next Monday
Evening. Tuesday, May 12, and Every Evening, THE
CORSIAN BROTHERS, and NANCE, OLDFIELD at 8.15;
also Matinee May 16, at TWO.
Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) open Ten to Five, and during the
performance.

JAY'S MOURNING HOUSE.

Invite the honour of a visit to inspect a variety of
ELEGANT COSTUMES,

MANTLES,
ARTISTIC MILLINERY,

And every variety in Dress,
Representing the correct Fashions of the present Season.
Specially selected in Paris for their Establishment.

NOVEL COSTUMES FROM PARIS.

MESSRS. JAY have just received from
Paris choice Costumes as Models, also some elegant
designs of Court Trains and Dinner and Evening Gowns
which combine great originality with excellent taste.

MODEL MANTLES FROM PARIS.

MESSRS. JAY have already received
charming Mantles from the leading designers in Paris.
Copies of these novelties have been prepared, and are offered
at most reasonable prices.

MOURNING ORDERS IN THE COUNTRY.

MESSRS. JAY'S Experienced
ASSISTANTS and DRESSFITTERS

Travel to any part of the Kingdom,
Free of expense to purchasers.
They take with them Dresses, Mantles, and Millinery,
Besides patterns of materials,
All marked in plain figures.

And at the same price as if purchased at the warehouse.
Reasonable Estimates are also given for Household Mourning.

JAY'S,
REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

TRELOAR'S
SPECIAL LOW PRICES.

TURKEY CARPETS

Have never been so low in price as at present.

BRUSSELS CARPETS.

500 BORDERED CARPETS,
Made from remnants and old patterns, always
in stock at reduced prices.

CHEVIOT CARPETS.

		£	s.	d.
8 ft. 0 in. x 7 ft. 0 in.	...	0	18	6
9 ft. 0 in. x 7 ft. 0 in.	...	1	1	0
9 ft. 3 in. x 8 ft. 3 in.	...	1	5	6
10 ft. 3 in. x 8 ft. 3 in.	...	1	8	0
10 ft. 9 in. x 9 ft. 9 in.	...	1	16	0
11 ft. 3 in. x 8 ft. 3 in.	...	1	14	6
11 ft. 9 in. x 9 ft. 9 in.	...	1	18	0
12 ft. 9 in. x 9 ft. 9 in.	...	2	2	0
12 ft. 9 in. x 11 ft. 3 in.	...	2	8	0
13 ft. 3 in. x 11 ft. 3 in.	...	2	10	0
14 ft. 3 in. x 11 ft. 3 in.	...	2	14	0
15 ft. 0 in. x 10 ft. 6 in.	...	2	12	6
15 ft. 6 in. x 10 ft. 6 in.	...	2	14	0
16 ft. 0 in. x 12 ft. 0 in.	...	3	10	0

PATTERNS SENT ON APPLICATION.

TRELOAR'S LINOLEUM

IS WELL SEASONED,
AND THEREFORE WEARS WELL.

3000 KURD RUGS

At 6s. 6d. each.

ANATOLIAN RUGS,

DAGHESTAN RUGS

(IN ALL SIZES).

DECCAN RUGS.

10s. 6d. each.

KURDESTAN CARPETS,

25s. to 35s. Size about 9 ft. by 5 ft.

Axminster, Wilton, Brussels,

AND

SAXONY CARPETS

AT REDUCED PRICES.

SHETLAND CARPETS.

**COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA,
BRONCHITIS, and NEURALGIA.**

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S
CHLORODYNE.—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood
stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. Collis Browne was un-
doubtedly the inventor of Chlorodyne; that the whole story
of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue, and he
regretted to say it had been sworn to.—See "Times,"
July 13, 1884.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S
CHLORODYNE.—The Right Hon. Earl Russell commu-
nicated to the College of Physicians and J. T. Davenport that
he had received information to the effect that the only remedy
of any service in cholera was Chlorodyne.—See "Lancet,"
Dec. 31, 1863.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S
CHLORODYNE.—Extract from the "Medical Times,"
Jan. 12, 1866: "Is prescribed by scores of orthodox prac-
titioners. Of course, it would not be thus singularly popular
did it not supply a want and fill a place."

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S
CHLORODYNE is the best and most certain remedy in
Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Consumption, Neuralgia, Rheumatism,
&c.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S
CHLORODYNE is a certain cure in Cholera, Dysentery,
Diarrhoea, &c.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S
CHLORODYNE.—CAUTION.—None genuine without the
words "Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne" on the Government
stamp. Overwhelming medical testimony accompanies each
Bottle. Sole Manufacturer, J. T. DAVENPORT, 33, Great
Russell-street, Bloomsbury, London. Sold in Bottles, 1s. 1½d.,
2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s.

BENZINE COLLAS.—FOR ARTISTS.
A SPECIALLY GOOD MEDIUM FOR PAINTING
on Silk, Satin, Gauze, Lincrusta, Wood, Canvas, Glass,
Tapestry, Cards, Leather, &c.

BENZINE COLLAS.—Ask for "Collas."
CLEANS GLOVES.—CLEANS DRESSES.
REMOVES TAR, OIL, PAINT, GREASE,
FROM FURNITURE, CLOTH, &c.

BENZINE COLLAS.—FOR ARTISTS.
A SPECIALLY GOOD MEDIUM FOR PAINTING
on Silk, Satin, Gauze, Lincrusta, Wood, Canvas, Glass,
Tapestry, Cards, Leather, &c.

BENZINE COLLAS.—Try "Collas."
See the word COLLAS on the Label and Cap.
Extra refined, nearly odourless.
On using becoming quite odourless.

BENZINE COLLAS.—Ask for "Collas"
Preparation, and take no other.
Sold everywhere, 6d., 1s., and 1s. 6d. per Bottle.
Agents: J. SANGER and SONS, 489, Oxford Street, W.

DINNEFORD'S FLUID MAGNESIA.
The best remedy for Acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn,
Headache, Gout, and Indigestion, and safest aperient for
delicate constitutions, ladies and children. Sold everywhere.

**GEROLSTEIN,
A PERFECT TABLE WATER.**
PURE,
SPARKLING,
DELICIOUS.

SUPPLIED TO MANY ROYAL FAMILIES,
and
Recommended by the most Eminent Physicians.

GEROLSTEIN CO., 153, Cheapside.



THE FLORENTINE CYCLES.
Riders say: "No one could wish
for better." Cash or Payments.
Testimonials. Catalogue. Clearance
List. **T. HOUGH,**
Florence Works, Wolverhampton.

**SALT THE KING OF SALINES.
REGAL**

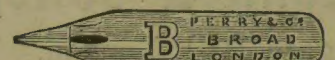
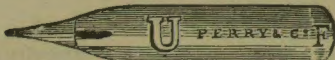
FOR
INDIGESTION, HEADACHE,
and all Stomachic Irregularities.

2s. 9d., OF ALL CHEMISTS,
or by post from the Manager,
SALT REGAL WORKS, LIVERPOOL.

**Rowland's
Odonto**

A NON-GRITTY TOOTH POWDER.
Whitens the Teeth, Prevents Decay, and gives delightful
Fragrance to the breath. 2s. 9d. per Box. Ask any Chemist
or Perfumer for Rowland's, of 20, Hatton Garden, London.

PERRY PENS.



EVERLASTING WEAR.

Sold by all Stationers.

WHOLESALE—

18, 19, 20, Holborn Viaduct, London.

JUNO CYCLES are the
very best.



SOLE MAKERS:
**THE METROPOLITAN
MACHINISTS**
CO., LTD.
LISTS, over 100
pages, POST FREE.
Upwards of 50
Patterns.

JUNO CUSHION, £12 12s., 10 per cent. Cash Discount, or 21s.
Monthly.

75 & 76, BISHOPSGATE WITHOUT, LONDON.

TO STOUT PEOPLE.

Sunday Times says: "Mr. Russell's aim is to ERADICATE, to
cure the disease, and that his treatment is the true one
seems beyond all doubt. The medicine he prescribes DOES
NOT LOWER, BUT BUILDS UP AND TONES THE SYSTEM."
Book (116 pages), with recipe and notes how to pleasantly
and rapidly cure OEDISY (average reduction in first week is
3 lbs.); post free eight stamps.

F. C. RUSSELL, Woburn House
Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.

1891. NATIONAL EXHIBITION OF PRAGUE, 1891.
Under the high patronage of H.M. the EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH, for
Celebrating the Centenary of the First Industrial Exhibition organised on the
Continent in 1791.
OPEN MAY 15 to OCTOBER 1891.

SCIENCE, FINE ARTS, INDUSTRY, AGRICULTURE, FETES,
EXHIBITIONS, ILLUMINATED FOUNTAINS, LOTTERIES, &c.

S. Sainsbury's
Lavender Water
Prices 1s. to 6s., &c. Sold throughout the Country.
Manufactory: 176 & 177, STRAND, LONDON. ESTABLISHED 1839.

HOP-TEA 2/- 2/6

The Hops are specially prepared for this purpose by Snelling's Patent Process.
A DELICIOUS BLEND OF INDIAN & CEYLON TEAS WITH ENGLISH HOPS.
Pronounced by the Medical Profession and the Press to be much more wholesome than any other Tea.
Soothes the Nerves, Stimulates the Appetite, Assists Digestion, & is a Boon to the Sleepless.
SOLD RETAIL BY ALL GROCERS.
WRITE FOR SAMPLES AND PARTICULARS TO
THE HOP TEA COMPANY, Ltd. (Wholesale), St. George's House, Eastcheap, E.C.
½, 1, and 1 lb. Samples, with Testimonials, &c., will be sent on receipt of P.O.O. or Stamps.

"EXCELLENT—OF GREAT VALUE."—Lancet, June 15, 1889.
CONCENTRATED.
GOLD MEDALS, 1884, 1886.
DELICIOUS FLAVOUR.
PEPTONIZED COCOA
AND MILK
(Patent).
SAVORY & MOORE, LONDON.
Tins 1s. 6d. & 2s. 6d.
OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE.
For TRAVELLERS.
DELICATE CHILDREN.
AND ALL OF WEAK DIGESTION.

FOR INFANTS, CHILDREN, & INVALIDS.
EXTRACT FROM PRIVATE LETTER.
"I am pleased to say that when every form of diet failed we were enabled to
give 'Benger's Food' and to see our Children gain rapidly and permanently."
Benger's Food
THE MOST DELICIOUS,
NUTRITIVE & DIGESTIBLE.
Retail in Tins, 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 5s., and 10s.
of Chemists, &c., Everywhere.
WHOLESALE OF ALL WHOLESALE HOUSES.



—ASK FOR—
CARR'S STAMPED LADDER TAPE.
and see that the name is stamped on
the interwoven cross-straips ONCE
IN EACH YARD.
FOR VENETIAN-BLINDS

LIQUEUR OF THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE.



This delicious Liqueur, which has lately come
so much into public favour on account of its
wonderful properties of aiding Digestion and
preventing Dyspepsia, can now be had of all the
principal Wine and Spirit Merchants.

Sole Consignee—W. DOYLE, 35, Crutchedfriars, London, E.C.
THE BEST JUDGES OF CIGARS
NOW OBTAIN THEIR SUPPLIES AT
BENSON'S, 61, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.
Really good Foreign Cigars at **London.**
16s., 20s., 22s., per 100 (and upwards) Samples 5 for 1s. (14 stamps).

BOILING WATER OR MILK.
EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
COCOA
BREAKFAST OR SUPPER.

DORÉ GALLERY. Grandest Collection of
RELIGIOUS PICTURES in the world, by the eminent
painter GUSTAVE DORÉ. Also an important new Picture
by EDWIN LONG, R.A., entitled "The Market-Place at
Nazareth." ON VIEW at 53, New Bond Street, W., daily,
Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

NOTICE.—ESPECIALLY TO LADIES.

ALFRED WEBB MILES and COMPANY,
12, 10, and 8, BROOK STREET, HANOVER SQUARE,
LONDON, W.
having completed extensive additions to their premises, beg
to notify the opening of a NEW DEPARTMENT for the
supply of JUVENILE CLOTHING. A select variety of
fashionable attire suitable for boys from four years of age,
consisting of serge man-of-war suits, Scotch knickerbocker
suits, Rugby suits, Eton suits, Covert coats, Inverness capes,
&c., of the highest class and newest style, will be always kept
in stock ready for immediate use at moderate prices for cash
payments. Close at 2 p.m. on Saturdays.

HOOPING COUGH.
CROUP.

ROCHE'S HERBAL EMBROCATION.
THE celebrated effectual cure without
internal medicine. Sole Wholesale Agents, W.
EDWARDS and SON, 157, Queen Victoria-street, London,
whose names are engraved on the Government Stamp.
Sold by most Chemists. Price 4s. per Bottle.

LONDON LIFE ASSOCIATION.
Established 1806.
Assurance Fund, Four Millions.
Mutual Assurance at least cost.
No. 81, King William-street, E.C.

GOLDEN HAIR.—Robare's AUREOLINE
produces the beautiful golden colour so much admired.
Warranted perfectly harmless. Price 3s. 6d. and 10s. 6d. of all
principal Perfumers and Chemists throughout the world.
Agents, R. HOVENDE and SONS, 31 and 33, Berners-st., W.

STAMMERING BOYS receive a thorough
Classical Education and Preparation for Public Schools
while being treated for their impediment. Brampton Park
Huntingdon: Principal, Mr. B. BEASLEY, who cured himself
after suffering nearly forty years.

CURE your Corns Permanently, Speedily, and
Painlessly by using LEROY'S MAGIC TISSUE. Easily
applied, takes up no room in boot, and never fails to cure.
Price 1s. 1½d., post free for 1s. 3d.
A. LEROY and CO., 33, New Bridge Street, London, E.C.

ASK FOR AND DRINK ONLY
GREERS'

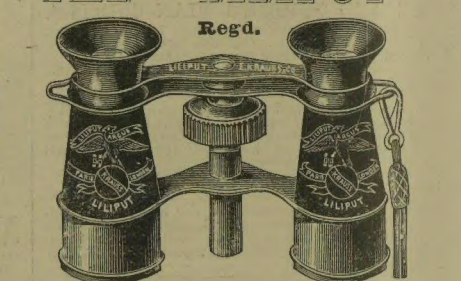
O. V. H.
OLD VATTED HIGHLAND WHISKY
(IN SQUARE BOTTLES),
At 45s. per dozen case.

A blend of the finest Highland makes, which a
"Medical Analyst" describes as the perfection
of Scotch Whisky.

Sold at Harrods', Brompton Road, London, S.W.,
and at all the leading Stores in London.

Wholesale Offices: 59, Mark Lane, E.C.

THE "LILIPUT"



Price 16s. 6d., with soft Leather Case and Cord.
The "LILIPUT" is a very useful, light, but strong
vest-pocket Field and Opera Glass. Its particular
newly invented Perfect Achromatic Combination Glasses
are made in accordance with the directions of the Tech-
nical Artillery Commission Office of Policies (France),
and render the "LILIPUT" equal if not superior to all
the large and cumbersome glasses generally used in the
Army, Travelling, Theatres, Races, &c. 50,000 in use all
over Europe. Thousands of best testimonials.
Illustrated Catalogue sent free on demand.
E. KRAUSS & CO.
10, Shaftesbury Avenue, Piccadilly Circus.
PARIS—4, AVENUE DE LA REPUBLIQUE.

EDELWEISS,

This New Registered Perfume is most Exquisite, Ori-
ginal, and Permanent, and has been pronounced by
connoisseurs to be the finest ever produced. It is unique.

THE ROYAL PERFUMERY COMPANY.
Dépôt: 27, Old Bond Street. Price from 2s. 6d. per Bottle.

CAUTION.

Other and Inferior
makes of WOVEN
LADDER TAPES
are being offered in
the Market.
The ORIGINAL
and BEST make
has the name
CARR'S
printed across both
Wrapper and
Ticket,
and stamped on one
of the cross straps
ONCE
in each yard.

CASSELL and COMPANY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS. "ROYAL ACADEMY PICTURES."

Now Ready.
THE FIRST PART OF
"ROYAL ACADEMY PICTURES," 1891.
To be completed in Three Parts,
price 1s. each.
Parts II. and III. ready during May.
"ROYAL ACADEMY PICTURES," 1891, will contain about
One Hundred and Fifty beautiful reproductions of repre-
sentative pictures in the Academy, and will form a compre-
hensive and permanent Fine Art record of this year's
exhibition.
Notwithstanding the fact that the price of this Work has
hitherto been advanced almost immediately after publication,
the Parts have gone rapidly out of print. Orders should
therefore be registered at the booksellers forthwith.

THE MAGAZINE OF ART.

Now Ready, price 1s.
THE MAGAZINE OF ART for MAY.
CONTAINING—
"GLAD SPRING." By George Wetherbee, R.I. Etched by
J. Dobson.
THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1891. By M. H. Spielmann. With
Three Illustrations.
BERKELEY CASTLE. By Percy Fitzgerald. With Six Illus-
trations by W. Hatherell.
THE MYTH OF THE NIGHTINGALE ON GREEK VASE
PAINTINGS. By Miss J. E. Harrison. With Two Illus-
trations.
THE INTERNATIONAL SHAKSPEARE. With Three Illus-
trations.
THE ROYAL HOLLOWAY COLLEGE PICTURE GALLERY.
By Walter Shaw-Sparrow. With Six Illustrations.
HOKUSAI. A Study. In Two Parts. By S. Bing. With
Seven Illustrations.
THE FRENCH REVIVAL OF ETCHING. By Frederick
Wedmore. With Four Illustrations.
THE CHRONICLE OF ART: Art in April.
The best written and best illustrated of the art period-
icals—a wonderful sifting of the world's Graphic.
CASSELL and COMPANY, Limited, Ludgate Hill, London.

GEORGE MEREDITH'S NEW NOVEL.
Now ready, at all Libraries,
ONE OF OUR CONQUERORS.
By GEORGE MEREDITH.
3 Vols., crown 8vo.
CHAPMAN and HALL, Limited, London.

ÆGIDIUS.

ÆGIDIUS.—The only FLANNEL SHIRTS
that never shrink in washing. Made in neutral colours,
and can be worn without an undershirt. Three for 3s. 6d.,
or, Single Shirts, 13s. 6d. each, carriage free. Write for
Patterns to the only Makers,
H. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

SHIRTS.—OLD SHIRTS Refronted, Wrist
and Collar Banded, fine linen, three for 6s.; superior,
7s. 6d.; extra fine, 9s. Send three (not less) with cash.
Returned ready for use, carriage paid.
H. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

SHIRTS.—FORD and CO., the only Makers
of the "EUREKA" SHIRT. Ask your Hosier or
Draper in Country Towns for FORD'S "EUREKA." See
name stamped inside collar band.

SHIRTS.—FORD and CO. send a Single
Shirt or more carriage free. Write for Illustrated
Price List and Self-Measure to the only Makers,
FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

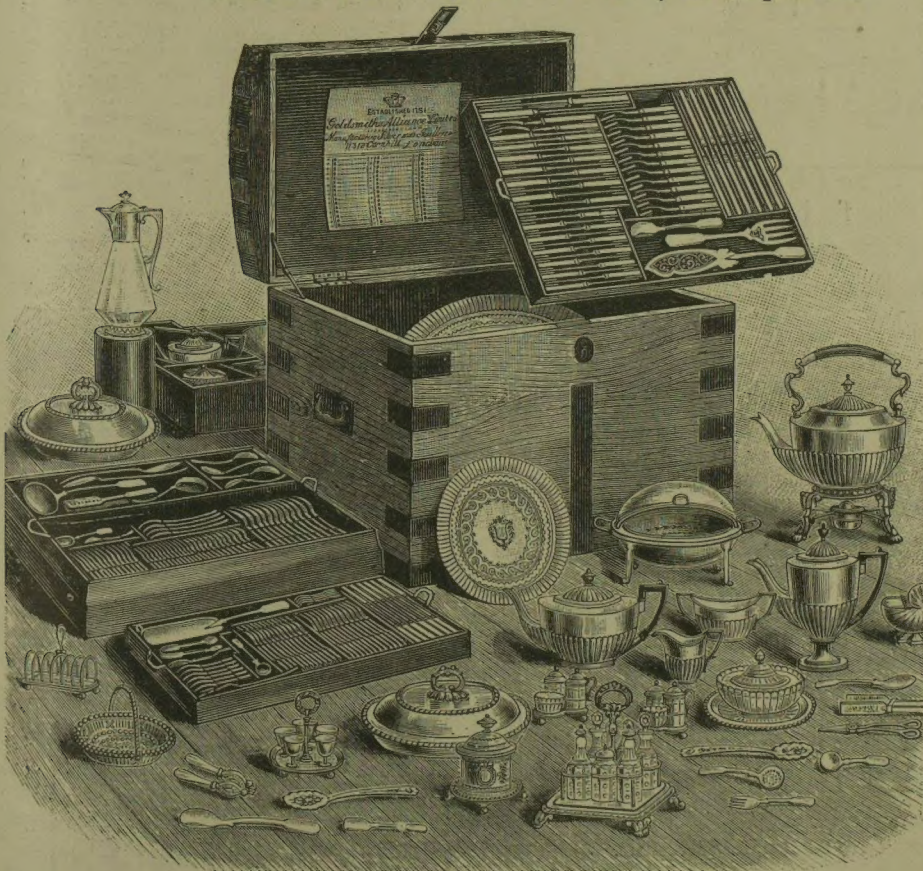
SHIRTS.—New Patterns of the best French
Printed Cambric Shirts, and the Mat Oxfords, for
making the Eureka Shirt, sent free by post, six for 30s.
FORD and CO., Eureka Shirt Makers, 41, Poultry, London.

THE TOWER FURNISHING COMPANY,
Limited supply GOODS on HIRE direct from Manufac-
turers: one, two, or three years' credit, without security. Pur-
chasers have the choice of 100 wholesale houses. Call or write
for prospectus. Address, SECRETARY, 43, Great Tower-st., E.C.

GOLDSMITHS' ALLIANCE, LIMITED, Manufacturing Silversmiths, 11 & 12, CORNHILL, LONDON, E.C. (Opposite the Bank of England.)

ABOLITION OF SILVER PLATE DUTY—REDUCED PRICES.

SOLID SILVER SPOONS AND FORKS, 5s. 6d. per Ounce.



The above drawing represents a complete service of Best Quality Silver-Plated Ware and Best London made
Ivory Handle Cutlery, fitted in strong Iron-Bound Oak Chest, lined Cloth.

PRICE COMPLETE, £95.

Canteens and Plate Chests may also be had to contain smaller quantities of Silver or Silver-Plated Ware.
Estimates Post Free.

REDUCED PRICE OF SILVER-PLATED SPOONS AND FORKS.

In consequence of the improvements in machinery and the perfection of their dies, the Goldsmiths' Alliance,
Limited, are enabled to supply Silver-Plated Spoons and Forks at prices far lower than any other house or
co-operative store, whilst at the same time maintaining the high standard of quality for which their Silver-Plated
Spoons and Forks are so justly celebrated.

ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLETS POST FREE TO ALL PARTS.

REDFERN DRESS & HABIT MAKER BY APPOINTMENT TO H.R.H. Princess of Wales, &c.

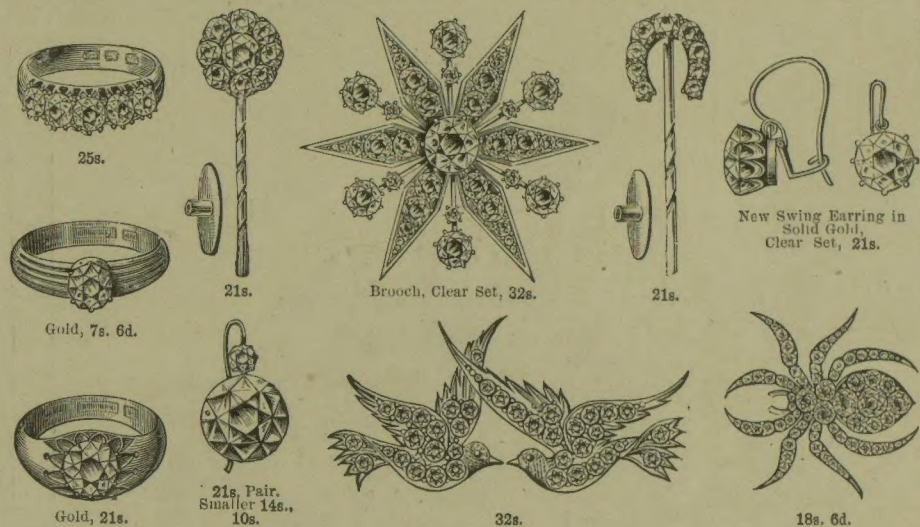
GOWNS, COATS,
MANTLES, AND WRAPS
IN CLOTH, SILK, AND VELVET.

NEW DRESSES FOR THE SPRING.

RIDING HABITS with a New Safety Skirt, Patented.

PATTERNS AND SKETCHES FORWARDED POST FREE ON APPLICATION.

THE FAULKNER DIAMOND (REGD.)



The FAULKNER DIAMONDS are invariably set transparently or in Antique settings. Being a hard Crystal, will stand
any amount of wear, is most beautifully cut and faceted by the first lapidaries of the day. The purity and dark rich fire of
these stones are unsurpassable, and infinitely superior to many expensive real gems of inferior quality. The great reputation
of the FAULKNER DIAMOND is now well known all over the world. The stones are set in gold and silver, and can be mounted
side by side with the finest brilliants. They are patronised for Court and all great occasions. Thousands of testimonials can
be seen from all parts of the world. The public are cordially invited to inspect the marvelous selection now on view, which
we guarantee will surpass all expectations. Illustrated Catalogue post free. Awarded three Gold Medals.

ARTHUR FAULKNER (TWO DOORS FROM BURLINGTON ST.), 167, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

LUCERNE.—Hôtels Schweizerhof and
Lucernerhof. An extra floor and two new lifts added
to the Schweizerhof. The electric light is supplied in the 300
rooms; no charge for lighting or service.
HAUSER FRERES, Proprietors.

ALPINE HEALTH RESORT.

MALOJA, UPPER ENGADINE,
SWITZERLAND, 6000 ft. elevation.
The Grand HOTEL KURSAL, Maloja, open from June to
September. Magnificent establishment, with high comfort,
350 beds. Spacious saloons, lawn-tennis court, jai-alous and
shelters, glass-covered galleries, lift, band, electric light,
dark-rooms for photographers, boating, climbing, picnics; best
system of ventilation, heating; and English system of drain-
age. English and Catholic Churches. Residing Physician,
Dr. M. G. Foster, M.A., M.B. For terms and further particulars
apply to MANAGER.

M O N T E C A R L O.

For a summer stay, Monte Carlo, adjacent to Monaco, is
one of the most quiet, charming, and interesting of spots on
the Mediterranean sea-coast. The Principality has a tropical
vegetation, yet the summer heat is always tempered by the
sea-breezes. The beach is covered with the softest sand; the
Hotels are grand and numerous, with warm sea-baths; and
there are comfortable villas and apartments, replete with
every comfort, as in some of our own places of summer resort
in England.

Monaco is the only sea-bathing town on the Mediterranean
coast which offers to its visitors the same amusements as the
Establishments on the banks of the Rhine—Theatre, Concerts,
Venetian Fêtes, &c.

There is, perhaps, no town in the world that can compare in
the beauty of its position with Monte Carlo, or in its special
facilities and attractions—not only by the favoured climate
and by the inviting scenery, but also by the facilities of every
kind for relief in cases of illness or disease, or for the restora-
tion of health.

As a WINTER RESORT, Monaco occupies the first place
among the winter stations on the Mediterranean sea-border,
on account of its climate, its numerous attractions, and the
elegant pleasures it has to offer to its guests, which make
it to-day the rendezvous of the aristocratic world, the spot
most frequented by travellers in Europe—in short, Monaco
and Monte Carlo enjoy a perpetual spring. Monte Carlo is
only thirty-two hours from London and forty minutes from
Nice.

TEPLITZ - SCHÖNAU, IN BOHEMIA.

is one of the Oldest Watering-places in Europe, whose
hot alkaline springs (from 98 to 120 deg. Fahr.) may be used
during the whole year.

The Teplitz springs have a direct effect in removing Gout
and Rheumatism from the system, in curing sprains,
dislocations, and fractures, gun-shot and sword wounds,
paralysis, palsy, neuralgia, sciatica, and other nervous
affections, &c.

The "Städtischer Bäder-Inspector" in Teplitz, as well as
the Mayor of Schönau (Bohemia), will be pleased to give any
information desired.

PLEASURE CRUISES

TO THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN by the
ORIENT COMPANY'S STEAMSHIPS
CHIMBORAZO, 3847 tons register, and
GARONNE, 3870 tons register,
Leaving London

JUNE 19, for 27 Days. JULY 23, for 27 Days.

JULY 1, for 27 Days. AUG. 5, for 23 Days.

Calling at Leith two days later.

The Steamers will be navigated through the "Inner Lead"—
i.e., inside the Fringe of Islands off the Coast of Norway, thus
securing smooth water, and on the first three trips the North
Cape will be reached while the sun is above the horizon at
midnight.

The CHIMBORAZO and GARONNE are fitted with electric
light, electric bells, hot and cold baths, &c.

Managers, F. GREEN and Co., 13, Fenchurch Avenue;
ANDERSON, ANDERSON, and Co., 5, Fenchurch Avenue, London,
E.C. For Passage apply to the latter firm, or to the West-End
Agents, GRINDLAY and Co., 33, Parliament Street, S.W.

GOUT AND RHEUMATISM CURED!

Particulars and Testimonials post free of
PRINCE'S ITALIAN TRAVEL COMPANY, Limited,
32, Kirkdale, Sydenham, S.E.

ASTHMA CURED by the "FRUNEAU

PAPER" (Papier Frumau), which has obtained the
Highest Award in the Paris Universal Exhibition of 1889.
London Agent: GABRIEL JOZEAU, 49, Haymarket, London.

COLEMAN'S LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT IS THE BEST.

HIERATICA

THE ANCIENT WRITING PAPER OF THE PRIESTS.

NOW THE FAVOURITE NOTE PAPER.

A Parchment Paper at moderate price. Hard smooth surface, delightful to write upon.
For Private Correspondence - 5 Qrs. 1/- Court Shape Envelopes - 1/- per 100
Thin for Foreign - 5 - 1/- Thin for Foreign Correspondence - 100
For Sermons, ruled or plain - 5 - 1/6 Court Shape 1/6 " 100
Every Sheet and Envelope bears the Water-mark "HIERATICA"; Reject Imitations.
Of all Stationers. Insist on having "HIERATICA"; or send stamps to
HIERATICA WORKS, 68, Upper Thames Street, London, E.C. Samples Free. Parcels Carriage Paid.

COVENTRY MACHINISTS' CO.,

LIMITED.
BY APPOINTMENT TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

"SWIFT"
CYCLES.

"The Leading Machines."

London: 15 & 16, Holborn Viaduct,
Manchester: 9, Victoria Buildings.
WORKS COVENTRY.



"CLUB"
CYCLES.

Best Quality and Workmanship.

CATALOGUES FREE.

Any Machine supplied on gradual
payments.

THURSTON'S BILLIARD

Established 1814.

Sole Appointment to Her Majesty.

By Appointment to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

Great Billiard Invention—ADAMANT BLOCK, fitted to the "PERFECT" LOW CUSHIONS.

16, CATHERINE STREET, STRAND, W.C.

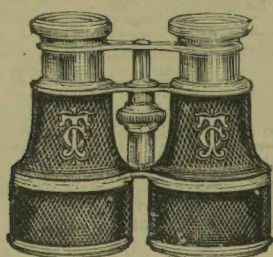
AT THE SUMMIT DURING 16 DECADES.



BEST, PUREST, AND CHEAPEST OBTAINABLE.

87, SOUTH LAMBETH ROAD, S.W.

THE RACES. NEGRETTI & ZAMBRA'S



CELEBRATED BINOCULARS.

In Sling Cases. Unrivalled for Power and Definition.
New Illustrated Price-List Free by Post.

NEGRETTI & ZAMBRA,

OPTICIANS AND SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENT MAKERS
TO THE QUEEN,

HOLBORN VIADUCT, E.C.

Branches: 45, Cornhill; 122, Regent Street;
Photographic Studio, Crystal Palace, Sydenham.

Negretti and Zambra's ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE of
Meteorological, Optical, Nautical, and Surveying Instru-
ments, 1200 Engravings, price 5s. 6d.

Telephone No. 6583.

Telegraphic Address: "Negretti," London.

FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA

To secure this Article, please ask for
"Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa."

"It is especially adapted to those whose digestive organs
are weak."—Sir Charles A. Cameron, M.D.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.
FOR LIVER.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.
FOR BILE.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.
FOR INDIGESTION.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.
FOR HEARTBURN.



ROBINSON and CLEAVER'S CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.

Samples and Price Lists post free; also of
Linen, Collars, Shirts, &c.

Embroidered Handkerchiefs, from
1s. to 20s. each.

Children's .. 1/3 Hemstitched:—
Ladies' .. 2/2 Ladies' .. 2/11 Per Doz.
Gent's .. 3/3 Gent's .. 3/11

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, BELFAST.

MELLIN'S FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS. FOOD.

Hindes PATENT HAIR CURLERS

BRIGHT METAL.
SIXPENCE the BOX of FOUR.
Imitations absolutely useless
are offered. See the words
"Hindes Patent" are on the
box. Of all Dealers; or Sample
Box, Seven Stamps.

HINDES, LIMITED
(London); METROPOLITAN
WORKS, BIRMINGHAM.



ED. PINAUD PARIS, 37, Bd de Strasbourg

LILAS de FRANCE (French Lilac) BORGHETTO

the two latest novelties, the most
fragrant perfumes, in essences for the
handkerchief, extra fine toilet soaps face
powder, sachets, cosmétiques, toilet-
water, etc., in splendid fancy boxes;
the great success of the season.

Sold by all first class perfumers
Wholesale: R. HOVEDEN & SONS, 31, Berners
Street (Oxford Street) LONDON W.

DR. DE JONGH'S KNIGHT OF THE ORDER OF LEOPOLD OF BELGIUM KNIGHT OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL

Incontestably proved by Thirty-five Years' Universal Medical Experience to be
THE PUREST, THE MOST PALATABLE, THE MOST DIGESTIBLE, AND THE MOST EFFICACIOUS
IN CONSUMPTION, THROAT AFFECTIONS, AND DEBILITY OF ADULTS AND CHILDREN.

SELECT MEDICAL OPINIONS.

Dr. PROSSER JAMES,

Lecturer on Materia Medica, London Hospital.

"Dr. DE JONGH'S Oil contains the whole of the active
ingredients of the remedy, and is easily digested. Hence
its value, not only in Diseases of the Throat and Lungs,
but in a great number of cases to which the Profession is
extending its use."

JOSEPH J. POPE, Esq., M.R.C.S.,

Late Staff-Surgeon, Army, India.

"The value of 'hydro-carbons' in all debilitated states
of the system is now becoming thoroughly recognised.
Dr. DE JONGH'S Oil places in everyone's reach a reliable
and valuable remedy."

Dr. THOMAS NEDLEY,

Physician to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

"The most uniformly pure, the most palatable, and
the most easily retained by the stomach is DR. DE
JONGH'S Light-Brown Oil. I have habitually prescribed
it in cases of Pulmonary Consumption, with very beneficial
results."

LENNOX BROWNE, Esq., F.R.C.S.E.,

Senior Surgeon Central London Throat Hospital.

"The action of Dr. DE JONGH'S Oil has proved, in
my own experience, particularly valuable in many
cases of weakness of the Singing and Speaking Voice,
dependent on Bronchial or Laryngeal Irritation."

Sold ONLY in Capsuled Imperial Half-Pints, 2s. 6d.; Pints, 4s. 9d.; Quarts, 9s.; by all Chemists and Druggists.
Sole Consignees—ANSAR, HARFORD, & CO., 210, High Holborn, London, W.C.

CAUTION.—Resist mercenary attempts to recommend or substitute inferior kinds.



It is said that Beecham's Pills find great favour with
the Czar, insomuch that he frequently carries a box of them
in his pocket, and may be seen swallowing a couple before he
sits down to meat.—EXTRACT FROM FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Cleaver's Juvenia Soap

MARVELLOUS EFFECT!!

PRESERVES AND REJUVENATES THE COMPLEXION.

£200 TO BE GIVEN AWAY IN PRIZES.—Send stamped and directed
envelope to 33, Red Lion Street, Holborn, London, for particulars.

DR. REDWOOD'S REPORT.

The ingredients are perfectly pure, and WE CANNOT SPEAK TOO
HIGHLY OF THEM.

The Soap is PERFECTLY PURE and ABSOLUTELY NEUTRAL.

JUVENIA SOAP is entirely free from any colouring matter, and contains
about the smallest proportion possible of water. We consider this Soap fully qualified
to rank amongst the FIRST OF TOILET SOAPS.—T. REDWOOD, Ph.D., F.I.C.,
F.C.S.; T. HORNE REDWOOD, F.I.C., F.C.S.; A. J. DE HAILES, F.I.C., F.C.S.



SWEET LAVENDER

(MAUDE MILLETT BRAND,
REGISTERED).

The Favourite
English Perfume.

ALWAYS REFRESHING,
SWEET, AND LASTING.

Prices 1/-, 2/6, 5/-, and
10/6 per Bottle.

To be had of Perfumers,
Chemists, &c.

Wholesale of R. HOVEDEN
and SONS, 31 and 32, Ber-
ners-street, W., and 91-95,
City-road, E.C., London.

TIME-CHECKING MACHINES

FOR ALL PURPOSES.

Absolute Accuracy.
Great Economy.

CHECKS OVERTIME WORKED.

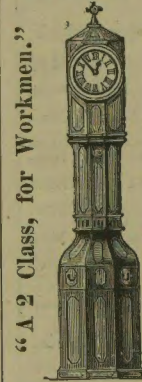
Indicating, Counting, and Clock-
work Mechanism a Specialty.

EXPERIMENTAL WORK FOR INVENTORS
CONDUCTED.

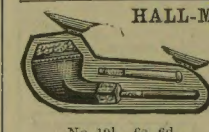
Patent Business transacted by

W. M. LLEWELLYN, C.E.

LEWELLYN MACHINE CO., BRISTOL.



"A 2 Class, for Workmen."



HALL-MARKED SILVER BRIAR

PIPE, with Rim, amber and
vulcanite stem in leather-covered
case. Free by Parcel Post in
United Kingdom, 6s. 6d.

A. W. ABRAHAM, Manufac-
turer of High-class Pipes, 29,
Edgbaston-street, Birmingham.
Catalogue free.



ROUGH ON RATS

TRADE
MARK
DON'T
DIE IN THE HOUSE

Gone Where the Woodbine Twineth.

Rats are smart, but "Rough on Rats" beats them.
Clears out Rats, Mice, Roaches, Water Bugs, Flies,
Beetles, Moths, Ants, Mosquitoes, Bed Bugs, Hen
Lice, Insects, Potato Bugs, Sparrows, Skunks,
Weasel, Gophers, Chipmunks, Moles, Musk Rats,
Jack Rabbits, Squirrels, 7d. and 1s. Boxes at
Chemists only. Wholesale agents, F. NEWBERRY &
SONS, 1, King Edward Street, Newgate Street,
London, E.C.

New Illustrated Catalogue for 1891 now ready.

"THE GUN OF THE PERIOD."
Honours—Sydney, 1879.
Melbourne, 1880.
Calcutta, 1883.

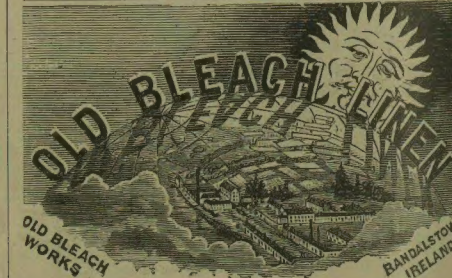


Price from 15 guineas;
or with B.-A. Locks, from
10 guineas.

THIS Gun, wherever shown, has always
taken honours. Why buy from Dealers when you can
buy at half the price from the Maker? Any gun sent on
approval on receipt of P.O.O., and remittance returned if, on
receipt, it is not satisfactory. Target trial allowed. A choice
of 2000 Guns, Rifles, and Revolvers, embracing every novelty
in the trade. B.-A. Guns, from 50s. to 50 guineas; B.-A. Re-
volvers, from 6s. 6d. to 100s. Send six stamps for New Illus-
trated Catalogue for season 1891, now ready, embracing every
Gun, Rifle, and Revolver up to date; also Air-Cane, and
Implement Sheets. For conversions, new barrels, Pin Fires to
Central Fires, Muzzleloaders to Breachloaders, re-stocking,
&c., we have a staff of men second to none in the trade.

SPECIAL.—We sell Guns, &c., at one profit on first-cost of
manufacture; Re-stocking, from 15s.; Pin Fires altered to
Central Fires, from 30s.; New Barrels, from £2 to £10; M.-L.
altered to C.-F., B.-L., from 60s., with B.-A. Locks; and from
80s., with Bar Locks, including new hammers, and making up
as new; Altering Locks to Rebound, 12s.

G. E. LEWIS, 32 and 33, Lower Loveday-street,
BIRMINGHAM. Established 1850.
Telegrams: "Period, Birmingham."



Renowned all over the World for superiority of manufacture,
exquisite finish, and honest soundness, holding the first rank
among the highest class of pure Irish Linen Goods—a genuine
revival of the excellent old-fashioned grass-bleached Linens
of the past generation, which lasted a lifetime.
"An exceptionally strong Linen, will last years."—The Queen.
Old Bleach Works: RANDALSTOWN, Co. ANTRIM.

RUPTURE

(HERNIA.)

All sufferers from this dangerous complaint should
know that they need no longer torture themselves by
wearing useless trusses. MR. C. B. HARNES

NEW APPLIANCES

are made to suit every form of Rupture, and are
positively guaranteed to

GIVE IMMEDIATE RELIEF.

An experienced and skilful Surgeon attends daily,
and examines patients, free of charge, at the

ELECTROPATHIC AND ZANDER INSTITUTE,

of the MEDICAL BATTERY Co., Ltd.,

52, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.

(Corner of Rathbone Place.)